The Outlook

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The Arrival of Prince Henry

The American people, officially and unofficially, have received Prince Henry with hearty cordiality. His arrival last Sunday on the Kronprinz Wilhelm was almost the one topic of conversation and of newspaper prominence. All accounts of his daily life on shipboard and of his sayings and doings since landing indicate that the Emperor's brother is a man of simple and unaffected character, almost democratic in his manner toward those with whom he comes in contact, highly interested in all that is new or typical of American life. The arrival was delayed by the storm, but was announced on Saturday night by wireless despatches received from the Kronprinz at Nantucket Light; the steamship, by the way, had several wireless talks between Bremen and New York—with Bremen, with three of the stations in Great Britain, and with two Cunard steamships; one of the signals was received at a distance of about three hundred miles. At Quarantine Prince Henry was greeted by Admiral Evans; as he passed up New York Bay on one of the most beautiful winter mornings of the year he was saluted by an American naval squadron and by the informal and vociferous whistling of scores of vessels; when on the Imperial yacht, the Hohenzollern, calls of ceremony were paid by the selected representatives of the President, the Army and the Navy, and by Mayor Low; later these visits were duly returned, the battle-ship Illinois was inspected, and, after attending a reception at the Deutscher Verein, Prince Henry departed for Washington. The programme for Prince Henry's entertainment and in his honor for the present week included on Monday a formal reception at the Capitol, a visit to Congress to see the workings of that body, a dinner at the White House, and the return to New York. Tuesday was devoted to the launching of the Emperor's yacht, Meteor III., to a formal reception by the city of New York and a dinner given by Mayor Low, and to a gala performance at the Metropolitan Opera-House. For the following day sightseeing, a luncheon with representatives of commerce and industry, a press banquet, and a torchlight concert are planned. Thursday at Washington was devoted chiefly to the memorial exercises for President McKinley, while visits to Mount Vernon and Annapolis are among the plans for the latter part of the week, and on Saturday the Southern and Western trips will begin. The bare outline for the three weeks during which Prince Henry will be on American soil occupies a long column of fine type in the daily papers, and one is glad that the Prince is a man of excellent physique and of a pleasantly receptive turn of mind, for a man of little strength of body or mind might well be dismayed at the array of receptions, committees, luncheons, dinners, visits, and sightseeing excursions before our royal visitor. Elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook will be found an interesting article on Prince Henry's personality by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who knew the "Sailor Prince" when both were boys and speaks from full knowledge of his career, while The Outlook extends its special word of greeting in a brief editorial.

⁂

Savagery in the Senate

After the House of Representatives had further abdicated its functions as a deliberative assembly by passing the War Tax Repeal Bill without debate and without the opportunity for amendment, the week in Congress was uneventful until its very close, when the deliberative branch was disgraced by a debate ending in a fist fight between the two Senators from South Carolina. Senator Tillman was the aggressor. In the course of his speech on the Philippine tariff bill he declared that the two-thirds vote needed to secure the ratification of the treaty with Spain was secured only by the use of patronage. Senator Spooner demanded that Senator Tillman should make this charge specific instead of vague if he had the grounds to warrant it, and Senator Tillman finally said that a Senator from his own State had been induced to vote for the treaty by improper means, and had since handled the Federal patronage for the commonwealth. Senator McLaurin was not present when this was said, but, returning to the Senate when informed about it, he gained the floor upon a question of personal privilege, and proceeded to declare that the charge made against him was "a willful, malicious, and deliberate lie." "At this point," says the "Congressional Record," which seeks to make the matter as little disgraceful as possible, "Mr. Tillman advanced to Mr. McLaurin and the two Senators met in a personal encounter, when they were separated by Mr. Layton, the acting assistant doorkeeper, assisted by several Senators sitting near." According to the press despatches Senator Tillman sprang upon Senator McLaurin, striking him in the forehead with his fist, and receiving in return a blow in the face which drew blood. When the combatants were separated, the Senate by a unanimous vote declared that both Senators were in contempt, and without a division ordered that the matter be referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections to report what action should be taken by the Senate in regard thereto. These last proceedings took place behind closed doors. When the doors were reopened, it was stated that the two Senators desired to apologize for their conduct. They were allowed the floor for that purpose, though they were still in contempt and could not have obtained the floor except on the motion of other Senators for the purpose named. Each of them apologized, and there is danger that drastic proceedings against them may first be delayed and then abandoned. A considerable number of the Senators, however, favor the course of expelling Senator Tillman as the aggressor in the disgraceful scene. The charge that he brought against Senator McLaurin was one that he could not possibly have known to be true, and Senator McLaurin's reply, while a gross violation of parliamentary law, was made under the most extreme provocation. The descent from words to blows not only injured the Senate in the eyes of this country, but injured republican institutions in the eyes of the world. It is not a time for leniency. The Senate will itself be disgraced if it does not clear itself by vigorous action. Very properly, the President has withdrawn his invitation to Senator Tillman to the dinner in honor of Prince Henry, as Mr. Tillman is in contempt of the body as a member of which he was officially invited.

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Reported Concession to Cuba The Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives are reported by the New York "Tribune" to have agreed upon the following resolution respecting reciprocity with Cuba:

> *Resolved*, That it is the sense of the majority members of this Committee (subject to the approval of the Republican members of the House in caucus assembled, to be held as soon as practicable) that the Committee report a bill in substance authorizing the President to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with the Cuban republic when established, providing for the entry of our products into Cuba upon such terms as shall be deemed by him to be advantageous to us: Provided, however, that such treaty shall secure for our products going into Cuba duties less than those allowed to other countries, substantially equivalent to the concession made by us; that the consideration upon our part for such treaty shall be a concession of twenty per cent. of our tariff duties upon imports, the products of Cuba, upon this condition: that Cuba shall first enact our immigration laws.

There are three objections to this action: (1) that our concession to Cuba cannot go into operation until her Government is organized and a treaty is negotiated by which we get something "advantageous to us." America did not go to war with Spain to get something "advantageous to us." (2) A twenty per cent. concession is a niggardly one. It ought to be at least twice that amount. (3) A permanent reciprocity treaty might well guard our country against competition with coolie laborers; but an immediate and temporary concession ought not to require any immigration laws of Cuba as conditions precedent to help from us. What Congress ought to do, and do *at once*, is to admit Cuban products at fifty per cent. less than the present tariff, for, say, two years, and leave negotiations for terms "advantageous to us" and for immigration laws like our own for future consideration. What the American people want is not haggling over terms with a bankrupt people, but relief accorded to them in the same chivalric spirit which led America into the war for Cuba's emancipation.

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Governor Taft and Secretary Root on the Philippines

Governor Taft's testimony before the Philippine Commission of the Senate was continued and ended last week. Among the more important of his replies to questions were statements that the relation of the religious sects was in the main friendly; that deportation to Guam was confined to irreconcilables whose influence was injurious; that the sedition law would prohibit newspapers in the islands from advocating independence; that while Manila is quiet and has been practically so ever since the American occupation, it is still a center of agencies for the promotion of insurrection, and that the sedition law was largely aimed at the secret societies, and was a quasi-war measure, in part at least to be repealed when peace was restored. Of Aguinaldo Governor Taft said: "Personally he is a man of dignity, though of limited education. He knows how to keep his own counsel, and understands the failings of the Filipinos. He knows how to reconcile the differences of leaders and how to avoid arousing jealousy of himself. That he has any idea of civil liberty or of any kind of liberty I have no reason to believe." The final expression of opinion by Governor Taft was that the intervention of the United States in the Philippines was the best thing that could happen for the Filipinos, and was the only course open for us, but that it would have been for our own advantage if we had not gone there. He added: "If the result in the end proves to be in the interest of the general welfare, then we can possibly justify ourselves on the ground that we have taken only our share of the burden of civilization in bringing out an uncivilized people."——Of equal interest with Judge Taft's views was the vigorous reply of Secretary Root to an inquiry from Senator Lodge as to the charges of cruelty in the Philippines brought against American soldiers. Secretary Root states that in practically all cases investigated the reports have proved either false or grossly exaggerated; that General Funston has declared the assertion that the "water-cure" torture was commonly used an "atrocious lie without the slightest foundation of fact;" and that "the war in the Philippines has been conducted by the American army with scrupulous regard for the rules of civilized warfare, with careful and genuine consideration for the prisoner and the non-combatant, with self-restraint and with humanity never surpassed if ever equaled in any conflict, worthy only of praise, and reflecting credit upon the American people." Secretary Root adds that, on the other hand, there have been many acts of barbarous cruelty on the part of the Filipinos. It is inevitable that our American soldiers, witnessing such deeds, should occasionally be regardless of their orders and retaliate by unjustifiable severities. "Such things," he says with reason, "happen in every war, even between two civilized nations, and they always will happen while war lasts. That such occurrences have been sanctioned or permitted is not true. The cases have been few and far between. That these occasional cases have characterized our army or its conduct is not true, any more than the deeds of lawless violence which constantly occur in every large city characterize the people of the city."

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The President on the Schley Case

President Roosevelt's terse phrase, "It was a captains' fight," will be accepted by the people as a just description of the naval battle at Santiago. Admiral Schley's appeal to the President from the findings of the Court of Inquiry was largely based on the fact that evidence as to the command of the squadron was excluded by the Court—rightly excluded, because the "precept" constituting the Court did not include this subject, while it specifically named the points on which inquiry was to be made. Mr. Roosevelt declares that on the whole the Court did substantial justice, and that, as regards the question whether Schley or Sampson was in nominal command, what he has to decide is whether President McKinley did injustice in indicating in his recommendations for promotion that Sampson was in technical command. He sees no warrant for reversing President McKinley's action, and adds: "Technically, Sampson commanded the fleet, and Schley, as usual, the western division. The actual fact—the important fact—is that after the battle was joined not a helm was shifted, not a gun was fired, not a pound of steam was put on any engine-room aboard any ship actively engaged, in obedience to the order of either Sampson or Schley, save on their own two vessels." Admiral Schley is praised for the general conduct of the Brooklyn in the fight, but the unanimous finding of the three admirals composing the Court as to the "loop" is sustained, and even emphasized by calling it "the one grave mistake made by any American ship that day." President Roosevelt properly devotes the greater part of his memorandum to a discussion of the specific matters upon which appeal was taken, but he is careful to state that the findings in which the Court was unanimous were the most important ones. Thus he says: "The Court is a unit in condemning Admiral Schley's action on the point where it seems to me he most gravely erred: his 'retrograde movement' when he abandoned the blockade, and his disobedience of orders and misstatement of facts in relation thereto." The President adds, however, that some of these acts held censurable by the Court and by himself were in a way officially condoned by the lack of action against Admiral Schley by his commander, Admiral Sampson, and his continuance as second in command. Only on two points does the President disagree with the Court, and upon these he lays little stress. He thinks the Court should have specifically condemned the failure to enforce an efficient night blockade at Santiago while Admiral Schley was in command. On the other hand, he believes that there is a reasonable doubt whether he did not move his squadron with sufficient expedition from port to port. Finally, the President declares, with characteristic clearness and directness: "There is no excuse whatever from either side for any further agitation of this unhappy controversy. To keep it alive would merely do damage to the navy and to the country." In this conclusion the country will heartily concur.

* * *

A Reform Victory in Pittsburg

The voters of Pittsburg by an unprecedented majority have rebuked the administration of Governor Stone and the "ripper" legislation which discredited and disgraced the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature. Our readers will remember that an act was passed "ripping" or ousting from office certain of the elected officials of second-class cities (Pittsburg, Allegheny, and Scranton), and giving power to the Governor to appoint and remove their successors until April, 1903, or more than two years after the passage of the act. The intention was to drive out of politics Senator Flinn, the boss of Pittsburg, who had been active in opposition to Quay, and also to strengthen Attorney-General Elkins's candidacy for Governor, and Governor Stone's candidacy for United States Senator. Governor Stone at once proceeded to exercise his power, and appointed as Recorder of Pittsburg Major A. M. Brown, who proved to be a little difficult to handle. While he did considerable "ripping" on his own account, he refused to go as far as the Governor wished or in the desired direction. Senator Flinn in the meantime, representing the old régime and incidentally the various companies enjoying public franchises as well as his own municipal contracts, opened up negotiations and finally concluded a deal with Stone and Elkins and with Durham, the new boss of the State. What the price of peace was will perhaps never be disclosed, unless it was disclosed by the remarkable postscript to Governor Stone's letter removing Major Brown, in which he added that he was not bribed to take this step, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. Senator Flinn's man, J. O. Brown, was appointed to A. M. Brown's place, and then the ripping began in earnest; and then the people of Pittsburg began generally to resent having their city government made a football in the political arena. The Democracy was regalvanized and George W. Guthrie, one of Pittsburg's most eminent citizens, induced to take the chairmanship. The Independents, formerly known as Municipal Leaguers, who had almost lost heart, took up the fight again, and these two elements, aided by the Republicans who had been turned out of office by the Governor, entered into a campaign which constituted one of the most exciting in the history of the city. The fusion forces adopted as a cry-word Stone's statement, "I was not bribed." The previous bad record of the Flinn machine and the scandalous record of the Stone administration were made the issue, and, despite every trick known to a shrewd and unscrupulous machine, the Flinn-Stone forces were defeated by over eight thousand votes and lost control of Councils. This victory not only gives great encouragement to the anti-machine voters throughout Pennsylvania, but may have far-reaching effects in bringing about a realignment of the Republican lines. Elkins is the machine candidate for Governor. He stands for all that the Stone administration stands for, and represents in his own person all the shortcomings and iniquities of the machine. The result in Pittsburg has also brought George W. Guthrie to the front as an anti-machine candidate for Governor.

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A Victory in Harrisburg The results in Harrisburg, where Vance McCormick, Democrat, was elected Mayor by an unheard-of majority of 2,500, indicate that elsewhere in Pennsylvania the people are able to assert their civic rights and act independently of party. Two weeks ago we called attention to the unique campaign for municipal improvements then drawing to a close in the capital of Pennsylvania. The election on February 18 resulted in the approval by the voters of the city of the proposed loan of $1,000,000, necessary to carry out the suggestions made by the Harrisburg League for Municipal Improvements in respect to water filtration, sewerage improvement, street-paving, and a park system. The measure received about two-thirds of the votes cast, although actively opposed, and the satisfactory majority is indicative of the strength of a campaign of education, even though that campaign is carried on coincidentally with a local partisan election fight. Notable aid was given by the clergy of the city in the way of sermons or allusions on the Sunday previous to the election, fully three-fourths of all the pulpits setting forth on that day the righteousness of the movement. It is significant to note that the forces of good government were powerful enough in Harrisburg not only to bring about the adoption of the municipal improvement loan, but to elect a very satisfactory city administration, including a Democratic Mayor, a Republican City Comptroller, and a Democratic City Treasurer, with a board of City Assessors selected according to merit from the tickets of both parties. The two financial officials are simply continued in office, having done most admirable work in the term just closing. The Mayor is a young man of wealth and position, who has made an enviable record in the city councils, and who was notably connected with the municipal improvement movement. His opponent, the Republican nominee, declined to take sides. It is most interesting to note that the majorities received by the officials elected were almost the same, showing that in the smaller cities, as well as in some of the larger ones, voters are beginning to select according to competency and record rather than in deference to the dictation of a partisan machine.

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The Danish Islands The Senate has ratified the treaty by which the United States will purchase the Danish West Indies, and there is little doubt that the Danish Rigsdag will take similar action. While the people of the islands are not unanimous in a desire for absorption by the United States, there is no evidence of such combined or general opposition as would be likely to interfere with the transfer. The sum to be paid is $5,000,000. The advantages to be derived from the purchase by this country are chiefly military and strategic, together with a desire to forestall the possible future purchase by one of the great European Powers, which, in the opinion of many international jurists, would not contravene the Monroe Doctrine because it would not involve extension of European power in America, but merely a transfer from one country to another. The position of the islands in relation to Porto Rico, and our general system of southern coast defense and future guardianship of the Isthmian Canal, would make the Danish Islands of distinct and substantial value to the United States in any future war, and of value at all times as a coaling station. The harbor at St. Thomas is one of the safest and best in the West Indies. Commercially the islands are far from prosperous, but the United States assumes no burden of debt. Like Jamaica and the other West Indian islands, the Danish Islands have suffered severely by the depression of the sugar-raising industry. The political status of the newly acquired territory will be dependent upon the action of Congress; it seems to be generally assumed that its status will be like that of Porto Rico, while it is possible that it may actually be placed under the charge of the Porto Rican Government; St. Thomas is but thirty-eight miles from the coast of Porto Rico. Of the three islands—St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix—the last is the largest and most productive, and has two towns, Frederiksted (population 3,700), and Christiansted (5,500). St. Thomas is the most important because of its splendid harbor facilities at Charlotte Amalia, at which port 10,000 out of the island's 12,500 population live. The total population of the islands is about 30,000. Most of the people are colored—descendants of the slaves liberated in 1848. English is the language commonly spoken. Denmark has owned the islands since 1671; they have been a source of expense above income to Denmark for many years, and more than one effort has been made to sell to the United States.

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The Northern Securities Company

Last week Attorney-General Knox announced that some time ago President Roosevelt had requested him to give an opinion whether the merger of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railways in the proposed Northern Securities Company violates the United States Anti-Trust Act of 1890, by which "every contract, combination in form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade . . . between any . . . State or States . . . is hereby declared illegal." The Company is organized to hold and own the stock of the roads in question, and on its face appears to be a merger of competing lines, and to this extent a combination in restraint of trade. This is the opinion of Attorney-General Knox; and, in consequence, the President has directed that suitable action be taken to have this question judicially determined. Hence a bill in equity to test the legality of the merger is now in course of preparation and will shortly be filed. It will ask that the merger effected through the exchange of shares of the Northern Securities Company for shares of the two railway companies be dissolved, and such shares ordered re-exchanged to restore the stocks of the two railway companies to their original holders. These two companies and the Northern Securities Company will be the defendants in the bill. The proceedings will be instituted in the Federal District Court, probably in Minnesota. The Northern Securities Company, as is well known, was also the defendant in a case in the Supreme Court, by which the Court was asked to decide whether it had jurisdiction in a complaint from the State of Minnesota that its laws prohibiting the consolidation of parallel lines were violated by the railway merger. On Monday of this week the application was denied, on the ground that the Court is without jurisdiction. The Minnesota case involved only the statutes of a single State, whereas the Government's coming action, instituted by the President's direction, will determine the applicability of a Federal law to the case in question. As far as both financial and political interests of the country are concerned, the President's action was well timed. All investors should welcome it; the sooner this and allied questions concerning proprietary companies are settled, the better for all concerned. While political considerations may not have dictated Mr. Roosevelt's course, the effect both upon his party and upon the entire country will be good. For it is the general belief that a combination of interests *which affords the power*, whether used or not, or whether intended to be used or not, to control rates or to eliminate competition, constitutes a violation of our Anti-Trust Law.

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For Industrial Peace The seriousness with which the members of the "Arbitration Committee" of the National Civic Federation have taken hold of their work is shown by the fact that twenty-eight of the thirty-six were present at the first regular meeting held in this city last week, and that ex-President Cleveland, who was one of the absentees, sent a letter expressing his "distress" that he was unable to be present. The Committee, it will be recalled, was appointed as a result of the December Conference in this city, and is composed of three sections, representing respectively employers, employees, and the general public. Senator Hanna is the President, and President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, the Vice-President. At last week's meeting by-laws were adopted to govern the procedure of the Committee, and also a statement outlining its purpose. The Committee's purpose, as we have before indicated, is chiefly to prevent strikes and lockouts by securing amicable conferences between employers and employed, and secondarily to end such conflicts by substantially the same method. The Committee has faith that, if there are friendly conferences on equal terms, the common sense of fairness and fellow-feeling will lead to an adjustment of many if not most labor difficulties. Only when conciliation through conference has failed does the Committee offer its services to arbitrate conflicts—and even then only when its services are requested by both parties. The by-law relating to arbitration reads as follows:

> Arbitration.—Should the efforts of the Conciliation Committee prove ineffective, and should both parties to the dispute desire the services of the Executive Committee of this department, they may be invited to select two employers and two wage-earners from said Executive Committee to serve as an Arbitration Board. Should the four find it necessary to appoint an umpire to finally decide the dispute, they may select a fifth member from the group representing the public.

It is perhaps because the Committee sensibly puts conciliation rather than arbitration in the foreground that it uniformly avoids referring to itself as the "Arbitration Committee" and steadfastly preserves its formal title as "The Executive Committee of the Industrial Department of the National Civic Federation."

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Governor Odell and the Insane Asylums Governor Odell, of New York, has signed the bill to abolish the local boards of managers for the insane asylums of New York and transfer their powers to the State Board of Lunacy, and has filed an extremely able memorandum justifying the change. The substance of the Governor's argument is as follows:

> All the economies of recent years have been the result of actions taken by the Lunacy Commission and by the Legislature, which has gradually taken away from the Boards of Managers the functions they theretofore possessed, and scarcely one of them has ever emanated from such a board. It is a fact that all of the scandals and all of the extravagance which have marked the administration of this branch of the State Government have resulted from the administration by local boards, while on the contrary no Governor, no matter what his political affiliations may have been, has sought to build up at the expense of the State charitable institutions a personal or political following. Governors Cleveland and Flower protested against the extravagances due to divided responsibility and unbusinesslike management under the unsalaried and inattentive local boards. Governor Hill urged the need of a superintendent who should give his entire time to the work of the asylums, and Governor Black insisted upon the injustice of housing the pauper insane so much more luxuriously than the mass of self-supporting people are able to house themselves. In 1879 it was shown that the per capita cost of buildings at the Hudson River Hospital was $3,300, while the per capita cost of private dwellings in the same county was $396. Last summer the State architect reported that 1,300 more patients could be cared for in the present hospitals, if present quarters were more systematically arranged and less space given to the officials. The per capita cost of construction of buildings since 1890 has been limited to $500; and since the same date, as a result of State investigation, the cost of maintaining insane patients at various hospitals has been reduced from over $5 a week to less than $3.50. The members of some local boards of managers during the past year are found to have averaged but one or two visits a year to the asylums under their charge. The present bill proposes to substitute for a triple management one having absolute and entire control. With that plan absolute responsibility can be placed upon the superintendent of each institution, rendering any evasion by him impossible. Acting for the Governor is the Board of Visitors for each hospital, who are charged with the duty of visiting their institutions once every month and reporting directly to the Governor

and to the Commission in Lunacy. In this way the Governor is placed in touch with the important interests of the State, while the Commission in Lunacy, which has effected such important reforms in the past, is given adequate power to carry out further reforms without the hindrance of the local boards.

This argument is much stronger than any made for the bill before its passage. It must be recalled, however, that it is the statement of one party to the present controversy, and that the other is yet to be heard in reply. It is also to be recalled that the State Charities Aid Society and the other organizations of philanthropists which have so unanimously opposed the present bill do not ask a return to the system under which local boards spent the State's money with but lax State supervision. They want the supervision, both local and State, to be constant and rigorous, and oppose the present measure because it practically destroys local supervision and saps the interest of public-spirited men and women in the conduct of the State's institutions. Every close student of political affairs knows that the advantages of centralization are mere supplements and not substitutes for the advantages of decentralization, and that centralization has the greater danger of weakening the healthful public activity by which alone any advantages can be permanently secured. Without doubt, while the new system of centralized control of the asylums is on trial, there will be evidences of economy and efficiency, but when public attention is relaxed there is imminent danger that a bureau controlling four million dollars of public expenditure will be administered as a machine in the interests of the person, faction, or party in control.

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Lord Rosebery and the English Liberals

Last week at Liverpool the Earl of Rosebery, formerly Prime Minister, made an important speech in which he distinctly wiped off the project of Irish Home Rule from his political slate. In so doing he allied himself with the great body of Liberal-Unionists, led by the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain, and also attracted to his new policy such former Gladstonians as Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Fowler, and Sir Edward Grey. It is believed that Lord Rosebery, with his accustomed acumen, did not lightly enter upon this new departure, but marked his return to active politics by a course which he believed would unite enough voters under his banner to insure a new center of coalescence and perhaps his return to the Premiership. Nor is his sincerity to be doubted. He was never fully convinced of the necessity of Mr. Gladstone's proposals for Ireland, although willing to count himself, for the time being, a supporter of that statesman. The speech did not have any other effect upon the Gladstonian Liberals, however, as represented by their party machine, than to elicit an address by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, at the annual meeting of the National Liberal Federation, which was held a few days later. After the customary strictures on Lord Salisbury's Government for its incapacity and wrong-headedness in failing to conclude an honorable truce with the Boers, Sir Henry strongly reaffirmed his adhesion and that of the Liberal party machine to Irish Home Rule. Lord Rosebery's reply came in the form of a letter to the London " Times " announcing his final separation from Sir Henry's section of the Liberal party. Whether this action will have the ultimate effect to create a new and more effective Liberal party, or to further weaken it as an opposition to the Conservative party, will depend upon the degree to which Home Rule for Ireland is still a living issue in English thought.

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Russia and Manchuria

Last week the letter of February 1 from Mr. Hay, American Secretary of State, to the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs was made public. Its cause dates back to 1842, when certain Chinese ports were opened to the world's trade; but particularly to 1858, when the American and Chinese Governments bound themselves to secure to citizens of the United States in China "equal privileges with those of any other nation regarding navigation, commerce, and political or other intercourse." In 1895 China was defeated by Japan in war, and concluded peace by giving Japan possession of the Liaotung Peninsula on the mainland. This peninsula—a prolongation of the Chinese province of Manchuria—had long been an objective point in the glacial move of Russia eastward; she now saw its probable acquisition as a return favor from China if a less humiliating treaty might be imposed. Moved by similar ambitions, France and Germany joined Russia in forcing Japan to retrocede the peninsula, which Russia then promptly demanded from China, together with the right to construct a railway through Manchuria (a province as large as seventy Connecticuts), and the right to protect that enterprise. This was Russia's first open stroke in absorbing the province. The Powers professed some alarm; but Russia's progress threatened America most of all, because our trade with Manchuria had grown more rapidly than had any other. In 1899 Mr. Hay secured from all the Powers concerned in dealing with China assurances that they would respect freedom of trade. His triumph was the more remarkable since Germany, France, and Russia were expected to oppose the plan; the last-named Power, however, has agreed to it, not only then, but half a dozen times since. It is suspected by some that the Boxer rebellion the next year was secretly instigated by Russian agents. At all events, it gave opportunity for a second open movement in Manchuria on the part of the absorbing Power; Russia used the right to police her railway to pour two hundred thousand men into the province; so far as we know, she has not since withdrawn a single soldier. Particularly did she take care thoroughly to occupy Niuchang, a treaty port and the chief town of the province. Though no doubt longer exists as to the pacification of southern Manchuria, Russia still not only holds the town, but, in direct defiance of American and other treaty rights, has levied duties and has seized the telegraph system.

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Mr. Hay's Letter Despite all this, an official statement of the Russian Government a few days ago reads thus: "We are happy to ascertain that England and Japan are pledged to maintain the integrity of China and the independence of Korea, two principles which Russia was the first to establish as the basis of foreign policy in the Orient." Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador at Washington, adds: "Wherever Russian influence extends in the Orient, the commerce of the United States and of all other countries finds an open door." These two statements directly conflict with Russian territorial and commercial history. In return for pretended service in 1900, Russia has been trying to impose a treaty upon prostrate China, by which Manchuria would be practically ceded to her. The Powers protested, and, in particular, America, England, and Japan. In reply, Russia asked that the Russo-Chinese bank (really another name for the Russian Government) be granted the trade, mining, and transportation monopoly of the province. Mr. Hay then made the representation to the Russian Government—not a protest, as had been currently reported, since a protest is supposed to have "the mailed fist" behind it. His representation pointed out that any exclusive grants would be a distinct breach of the treaties concluded between China and the Powers, would seriously affect rights of American citizens, would impair China's sovereign rights, would be followed by demands for similar concessions from other Powers, and would wreck the policy of equality of treatment to all nations respecting trade, and finally he reminded Russia that the effort to gain such concessions is inconsistent with her repeated assurances in favor of the open door. It was not a mere coincidence that the date of this letter practically coincided with the date of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The double event showed that, although American traditions prevent our formally joining any alliance, our Government was really a consenting partner to this one. Such a moral league for the preservation of freedom of trade and integrity of territory had become pressingly necessary, since Russian intrigue was seen apparently to have won the Chinese Empress Dowager, while Russia's former partners in aggression, France and Germany, were apparently silent abettors. The net result of Americo-Anglo-Japanese action may not be to drive Russia from Manchuria and preserve Chinese integrity; it seems more likely that not only Manchuria but also Mongolia and the three northernmost provinces of China proper will ultimately be absorbed by Russia. What may be lost territorially, however, may be more than made good commercially. The result of Mr. Hay's letter and of the Anglo-Japanese alliance may compel Russia to respect the treaty rights of others, and even to keep her own promises.

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The Release of Miss Stone Last week it was announced authentically that over $70,000 had been paid to the captors of Miss Ellen M. Stone. Cable despatches of Monday of this week report that Miss Stone is free, and with her companion, Mme. Tsilka, has arrived at Strumnitz, on Turkish territory. It will be remembered that early in September last a party of missionaries who were traveling between Turkey and Bulgaria was surrounded by brigands. The men wore Turkish costumes, but by their speech were evidently Bulgarian. Detaining Miss Stone, whom they apparently knew, and Mme. Tsilka, they compelled the remainder of the party, among whom was Mme. Tsilka's husband, to go on their way. Since then negotiations have been carried on between the brigands and representatives of the United States Government for the payment of a ransom. The amount first demanded was $112,000. Inasmuch as the American Board, the Congregational Missionary Society by which Miss Stone was supported, had no funds out of which any money could be taken for such a purpose, and as the United States could not, of course, appropriate money for brigands, an appeal was made for a popular subscription. The money thus raised was sent to the American authorities at Constantinople. Since that time many reports have been received concerning the reasons for the capture, the movements of the brigands, and the progress of the negotiations; but to none of these reports can much credence be given. Of the experiences of the captives no trustworthy news has been received, except that during the captivity a child was born to Mme. Tsilka, and is reported to have survived. Undoubtedly the great interest aroused in the capture of these missionaries has been due partly to its personal element and partly to its romantic character—the sudden plunging of a twentieth-century civilization into conditions where it has been at the mercy of mediæval bandits. The international bearing of this event is equally interesting. The captors are by many supposed to represent a Bulgarian political party which aims at annexing Macedonia and takes this means of bringing complications upon Turkey; by others to represent brigands who are using this appeal to Bulgarian and Macedonian patriotism for their own personal aggrandizement; others think that the difficulty has been fomented by Turkey in order to embarrass the Bulgarian Government. Time only can sift out the truth among these contradictory reports; whatever that truth may be, congratulations are due to the Church and the friends of Miss Stone, and credit to the American representatives who have had to conduct the negotiations with the brigands under conditions of peculiar difficulty.

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"The Tombs Angel" One of the saddest deaths at the fire of the Park Avenue Hotel in New York last week was that of Mrs. Rebecca S. Foster, known as the Tombs Angel. Mrs. Foster was the widow of General John A. Foster. For fifteen years she had devoted herself to personal, practical charity among the prisoners, especially the women prisoners, confined in the City Prison known as the Tombs. She began her missionary work in connection with Calvary Episcopal Church, but very soon found a sphere of beneficence beyond the limits of the church itself. She was well known to all the judges, lawyers, and officials connected with criminal procedure in this city, and was so highly regarded that she was made a probationary officer of the Court of Special Sessions. She was a woman of unusual personal charm and attractiveness, and yet was unassuming and unaffected in her bearing; so that she moved about in the crowded and often disagreeable surroundings of criminal courts untouched by the hardening influences that necessarily affect those who have to deal with the criminal classes, and radiating everywhere by her very presence the refining, refreshing, and inspiring influence of a pure, unselfish, and sympathetic woman. She never sought publicity, and perhaps was not widely known in the city except in those circles which for some special reason came in contact with her work, and yet her death means a loss to the welfare of the life of the city greater than it would suffer from the death of many a prominent public official. The personal and official respect for her character, ability, and work is indicated by the fact that both the Criminal Department of the Supreme Court and the Court of Special Sessions adjourned for several hours as a tribute to her memory, and in each case memorial addresses were made by the District Attorney, by practicing lawyers, and by the presiding judges. District Attorney Jerome well characterized Mrs. Foster's qualifications for her work by saying: "There are many people of fine philanthropic impulses and feelings in this city on the one hand, and on the other many who have reliable, cool, and unswerving good sense. But I know of no one who combined human sympathy and sound judgment in the remarkable degree in which it was found in Mrs. Foster." Her love for humanity was so strong that the outcast and suffering criminal turned to her with confidence and an open heart; and her ability to read human character and to form the right estimate of the essential parts of the individual was so sound and unerring that the Judges of the Criminal Court almost invariably followed her advice in their treatment of those cases of which she had made an investigation. Her noble life and her tragic death have emphasized to all her associates, and we believe will emphasize to the public at large, the truth that purity, unselfishness, and sincerity of character constitute the greatest possession which it is possible for the human race to achieve. In the ideal State the prevailing methods of dealing with criminals will be like those which Mrs. Foster used, and the spirit will be the same as that which inspired her work. Mrs. Foster's life was thus in the highest sense a prophecy.

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The Tuskegee Conference Among the usual features of the Negro Conference in its eleventh annual meeting, during the third week of February, some points of fresh interest were conspicuous. An unusually large attendance of the heads of educational institutions and of the graduates of the school gave it a touch of the academic color of a Commencement day. Then the opportune arrival of Professor Calloway from his mission to Africa roused great enthusiasm. In this mission, undertaken in 1900 at the request of the German Government, he went with three young graduates of Tuskegee to introduce the best methods of cotton culture on the west coast of Africa. The young men are staying there, carrying forward an experiment which promises the largest success. Professor Calloway made a profound impression by his presentation to the Conference of "the greetings of the mother country." The colored people, he said, should go to Africa "not as emigrants, but as teachers in school and on the farm, in the shop and in business." New also in this Conference was the prominence of the doers of good things above those hoping and intending to do them. The discussions were almost wholly carried on by men who had bought and paid for their homes, and held them clear of all incumbrances. This a few years ago would have been impossible. In the bits of autobiography here brought out occasional pathos and a little satire mingled with the staple story of sturdy struggle. One old man, past eighty, told how he had paid for his ten acres with nothing but a weeding-hoe. The narrow religionism which slights mental culture as not contributory to salvation was hit off by another speaker: "The ministers round us don't say much about schools: they talk about going to heaven." Through its affiliated local conferences, two hundred of which have been organized in the last five years, Tuskegee has reached more than half the negro population of Alabama. The bulletins sent out free by its Bureau of Nature Study help thousands of farmers, fully two thousand of whom attended this Conference, where twenty-three States were represented. The Tuskegee Conference is a potent embodiment of the constructive ideas of its organizer and head. In electing him this year its President for life the fitting thing was done.

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Keynote of the Conference The annual address of Principal Washington, while in substance always on the same line, is always felicitous in its fresh variations of his fundamental thought that economic progress is a prerequisite to social progress in general. This year he urged, as the historic lesson of advancing civilization, that the prosperity and usefulness of any race largely depend on the ownership and proper cultivation of the soil. Agriculture lays the foundation for everything else. The South offers every black man the opportunity to own a farm and gain an independent living. If he cannot improve his condition here, few are the places on earth where he can. In his hands practically are the occupations relating to agriculture, mechanic arts, and domestic life. If he will put brains, skill, and dignity into these, he will hold them. If he fails to keep up with the world's progress in these, he will lose his hold on others. Nothing in politics or elsewhere compares in present importance to the negro's securing a home and educating his children in the important occupations close at hand. His most potent protection is to become the most useful man in his community. The Committee on Declarations strongly seconded Mr. Washington's counsels, advising, among other particulars, "keeping out of the large cities, North and South." A prominent effect of these Conferences has been in awakening ambition for landowning. Ten years ago few who attended cared to be proprietors rather than tenants. The present condition is just the reverse. In the Tuskegee district negro farmers are largely buying the land they have long occupied as renters. A company has bought four thousand acres to sell in small tracts, and forty-five negro families have already settled on it. In an adjoining county a similar movement is going on. In another, two large plantations have been bought and paid for in the last two years by a negro stock company. In Mississippi, also, the current is setting in the same direction. Southern men see that the negro is a much more valuable citizen as a landowner than as a tenant, and Northern capital is beginning to flow to what it has discovered to be a safe and profitable investment. A delegate from the Village Improvement Society of Texas reported it as now owning 50,000 acres, and as raising funds to establish an agricultural and mechanical school of the Tuskegee kind. The optimistic tone of the Conference, strong as it was, was well justified, and is founded on many practical results.

Newman Hall The death of Dr. Newman Hall, February 18, at the age of eighty-five, removes a conspicuous and venerable figure from the world. He won American hearts by his advocacy of our cause in the dark days of the Civil War. Fearing that his Government was likely to take the false step of recognizing the Confederacy, he went through the country lecturing on the principles at stake, speaking in the course of a single week at Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Hull, and Sheffield, two hours at a time, to crowded audiences. To him, as well as to others, the change in English feeling was due. When he first visited this country in 1867, the same purpose of keeping the bond unbroken between the kindred nations was in his main design of allaying the resentment felt here toward British sympathizers with the Confederacy. In this mission he made addresses in the large cities from Boston to Chicago, and his work for international concord was cordially recognized. Speaker Colfax invited him to preach on Sunday in the House of Representatives, and two thousand gathered to hear. This visit dates the beginning of a lifelong friendship with Dr. Cuyler, in whom he found a kindred spirit. Dr. Hall subsequently visited us twice, partly with an evangelistic purpose and partly to obtain funds for his projected international memorial of President Lincoln. Among other tokens of honor he received the degree of D.D. from Amherst College. Dr. Hall's ministry began in 1842 with the Albion Congregational Church in Hull, whence he removed to London in 1854 to take charge of the congregation in Surrey Chapel, made famous by Rowland Hill's fifty years' pastorate. His ministry here proved fruitful, reinforced as it was by open-air preaching, and in 1876 a new edifice was built, and named "Christ Church." Its noble "Lincoln Tower," two hundred and twenty feet high, to erect which many Americans as well as British contributed, is conspicuous on the south bank of the Thames near the Westminster Bridge road. In 1892 Dr. Hall relinquished his charge to the Rev. F. B. Meyer, and thenceforth devoted himself to a ministry at large, preaching often in various parts of the country, and writing the "Autobiography," which appeared in 1898. His central interest was loyalty and love to Christ. His writings were chiefly in promotion of this. His tract, "Come to Jesus," has circulated by millions in a score of languages. He was athletic, and loved mountaineering; æsthetic, and fond both of sketching in water-color and of writing poetry; a reformer, and an early advocate of total abstinence. Socially he was a man of warm and stirring geniality, in whose society coldness thawed and dullness was enlivened. The common people heard him gladly, and his intellectual and social attractiveness brought him into intimate relations with persons of distinguished note. Mr. Gladstone was among his guests, and at Lady Stanley's funeral (the wife of the great Dean) he walked as one of her pall-bearers. His influence on the world is to be measured, not by any works that preserve his name, so much as by its impression on his contemporaries, by noble purposes held in sincerity and pursued with steadfastness and ardor.

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A Self-Made Artist New York has lost, by the death of Mr. Charles L. Tiffany and Mr. Albert Bierstadt, two representative citizens who were fine types of American character and achievement. Although born in Düsseldorf, Mr. Bierstadt was brought to this country at so early an age that the influences which surrounded and formed him were American. His early opportunities were meager, and he was in the true sense of the word a self-made man. He showed in early youth not only a deep interest in but a noticeable aptitude for art. Certain crayon sketches made while he was still a boy excited interest, and at the age of twenty-one he began to paint in oils. At this point his education may be said to have begun. He spent four years in Düsseldorf and in Rome, returned to the United States in 1857, made a tour in the West, and obtained in Colorado and California the material which he later used in a series of large and impressive landscapes. In this field Mr. Church and Mr. Moran were his fellow-workmen; and the three, with many differences of method, were all interested in rendering certain broad effects which are characteristic of the Rockies and of the Sierras. Mr. Bierstadt obtained a greater popular vogue than either of the other two members of the group, and both here and abroad recognition of many kinds rewarded him. He received medals from Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, and Germany; a cross of the Legion of Honor was conferred upon him; he was elected a member of the National Academy of Design, and his large landscapes excited wide interest wherever they were seen. The later movement of American landscape-painting has been along such different lines that these early pictures are almost forgotten by people of the present generation. To the grandiose subjects and broad treatment of what may be called the Bierstadt period in American landscape has succeeded the period of comparatively small and very intimate landscapes painted by a group of younger men educated in foreign schools, who are separated from the earlier methods, not only by a generation in time, but by a revolution in American art. Forty years ago Mr. Bierstadt was perhaps more popular and more widely known among people at large as a representative of American art than is any American painter of the present generation. The defects of his work are very obvious, and they have been felt so keenly that that work is probably now undervalued.

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A Merchant Prince Mr. Charles L. Tiffany, who had attained the great age of ninety-one, was born in Connecticut, received his early education in a little country school-house and later at a country academy, took charge of a country store in his fifteenth year, came to New York at twenty-five, and opened a bric-à-brac store on Broadway on a capital of one thousand dollars. In 1847 his business had increased to such an extent that he moved into a larger store at the corner of Chambers Street, and made a specialty of diamonds, jewelry, watches, silverware, and bronzes. The growth of the great concern which is now a corporation, and which has on Union Square probably the largest and most complete store of the kind in the world, is part of the financial history of New York. Mr. Tiffany was much more, however, than a merchant. From the very beginning he recognized the art side of his business; and for many years past the world has honored him by every form of public recognition. The artistic spirit which has inspired Tiffany & Company has left its imprint on work of every kind which came from its hands. Few men have contributed more to the development of the art spirit in this city. Mr. Tiffany was the founder of the New York Society of Fine Arts, a trustee both of the Metropolitan Museum and of the American Museum of Natural History, a Fellow of the National Academy of Design, and a member of many other organizations which had kindred aims. He was a keen lover of nature, a botanist of considerable knowledge, had a deep interest in astronomy, and was a man who, in his personal and social relations, and in his conception of the craft in the handling of which he had developed a great business, deserved the old title of "merchant prince."

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Paderewski's Opera "Manru"

The new opera "Manru," by Ignace Jan Paderewski, was produced for the first time in America at the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York, on February 14. It has since been given once in Philadelphia and again in New York. The personal popularity of the composer, who has hitherto been known chiefly as the most eminent of living pianists, contributed more than any other one cause to the great interest awakened in the production of the opera. Certainly no new opera could have been heard under better conditions. The music, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, by the time of the third performance was admirably interpreted. The orchestra and chorus did their share, which was unusually large, with spirit and skill. The soloists, among them Mme. Sembrich, David Bispham, and Bandarowski, sang with power and effectiveness. More notable than even the singing was the acting, which far surpassed the ordinary conventional staginess familiar even in modern opera. Mr. Paderewski himself supervised the production at the first performance, and received an enthusiastic ovation from the audience. This success is the more remarkable because "Manru" is the first operatic work of its composer, in this respect resembling other successful operas of modern times, notably Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel" and Boito's "Mefistofele." To most music-lovers but one other large work of Paderewski's is familiar—a piano concerto. To the popular enthusiasm has been added the measured but genuine praise of competent critics. It is certain that Mr. Paderewski must hereafter be regarded as a composer of high attainment in the field of dramatic composition.

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The Character of the New Opera

The action of the opera is centered in the psychological experience of a gypsy who is tragically swayed between the domestic life, personified by his peasant wife, and the roving life of the open air, personified by his gypsy companions. The latter proves irresistible as expressed in the captivating Hungarian music of a gypsy fiddler; but it also brings as its recompense death for his peasant wife and himself. In this man's experience is typified the old struggle between the artistic temperament, which like the gypsy is so often unjustly made an outcast, and the temperament that lives in the purer but perhaps as morally perilous atmosphere of conventionality. Strangely, and yet perhaps most happily, the dramatic and psychological force of the opera lies, not in the libretto, but in the music. The composer's treatment of his theme calls for two comments. First, his work furnishes a new and welcome demonstration that the old-fashioned opera, consisting of a series of songs and recitatives sung with acrobatic skill in the midst of conventional stage setting, is irrevocably superseded by a real and vitally human drama in which poetry, voices, orchestra, scenery, and real acting are all combined in representing human passion and character. In other words, "Manru," like other modern operas, is a lyric drama. But in another respect this work of Paderewski's is in happy contrast with much contemporary music. Now that affectation and melodic poverty characterize a great deal of the music of the day, it is a pleasure to record that this opera is rich in melody and full of spontaneity. Mr. Paderewski, moreover, has used his mastery of orchestral coloring, of the thrilling rhythms of the Magyars, and of melodic invention, not merely to please the ear of the auditor, but far more to persuade him that underneath the rough, violent exterior of this gypsy there is in his moral nature the human instinct and tragic effort that incite, not to contempt, but to sympathy.

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The Guest of the Nation

The visit of Prince Henry, who is now the guest of the Nation, is to be welcomed as another opportunity of illustrating the grace of international hospitality. Nations have so long treated one another either as actual or as possible enemies that an interchange of friendly visits between nations, personified in their rulers, must be welcome to every lover of his kind. Americans are naturally hospitable, because they are naturally generous. The open door, the cheerful hearth, the well-spread table, the warm grasp of the hand, have never been lacking in a country to which many of the men who now rule it came as strangers. Among those strangers a large and very influential group were of the same blood as the royal visitor who is this week being entertained wherever he chooses to go. That blood has been in the veins of some of the foremost men of the race—men who have united in a rare degree the highest qualities of intellect, of heart, and of character; men like Luther, who have been great human types as well as great leaders; like Schiller, who have been not only artists, but prophets of the ideal life; like Goethe, the latest of the great figures to step into the ranks of the foremost men of all times; like Kant and Hegel, who lived the life of thought as heroically as other men have lived the life of action; like Humboldt and a great group of modern scientific investigators and discoverers, who have pushed back the boundaries of the world; like Beethoven and Wagner, who have charmed and stirred and laid the spell of music on the restless modern spirit; thinkers, scholars, poets, musicians, artists, and men of action, who have not only made Germany one of the great Powers in the modern world, but who have also long kept her in the forefront of intellectual movement for the higher emancipation of the race.

It is this creative people, with its incalculable services to humanity, in whose universities we have studied, which has wrought for us and for all men with keen eye, patient mind, and tireless energy, that Prince Henry represents; and in welcoming him we hold out the right hand of fellowship to a country to which the whole world owes an incalculable debt. It is especially fortunate that in the case of this visitor Americans can honor not only the country and the race, but the man. A member of a royal family distinguished by its capacity for hard work, its born instinct for leadership, its steady emphasis on the responsibilities rather than on the pleasures of power; himself a cultivated, genial, and unostentatious gentleman, who has won the hearts of all Americans who have ever been brought in contact with him, Prince Henry is assured in advance of the warm grasp of the hand of the whole American people in recognition of his personal qualities and as an expression of regard for a great people.

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A Needed Reform

The New York ladies who went before the Secretary of the Treasury to protest against the methods of inspection and enforcement of customs regulations in this city are entitled to the gratitude of the country; and the courtesy with which they were received by Secretary Shaw may be accepted, it is to be hoped, as significant of his intention to make a thorough investigation of the methods of dealing with incoming travelers at this port. The matter concerns the American people, not the city of New York; and while many Custom-House officers are thoroughly courteous and respectful, the regulations, as they have been interpreted, and the methods which have been employed, have been, in too many cases, vexatious, needlessly irritating, and humiliating to all right-minded Americans. Women have been subjected to indignities of a kind which filled the men who looked on, and who were helpless to aid them, with an intense feeling of humiliation that a great Power like the Government of the United States should be willing to employ methods which involved personal humiliation to its own citizens. Remembering the courtesy with which, as a rule, travelers are treated under the so-called arbitrary governments of Europe, returning Americans have been filled with a sense of shame that the spirit of their own institutions should be so grotesquely misrepresented. A Government of eighty millions of people, with enormous resources, professing to represent the most advanced and liberal political ideas, which waits at the pier, treats its own citizens as if they were liars, empties the contents of their trunks on the wharves, keeps them waiting sometimes five or six hours, and subjects women especially to indignities which fill every man present with rage, is in a very undignified and illogical position, and exposes itself to very natural misunderstanding on the part of foreigners.

The port of New York is not simply the point at which residents of New York disembark; it is the door through which the vast majority of Americans who go abroad return. What happens under Government direction at the wharves bears equally upon the citizens of every State; and it is not too much to say that the annoyance, humiliation, and indignities to which people have been subjected in the port of New York have done more to create powerful enemies of the tariff system throughout the country than any other single cause. It is sometimes assumed that Americans who travel abroad belong exclusively to the well-to-do classes. This is a great mistake. Well-to-do Americans travel in great numbers, but the vast majority of those who go abroad are people of very moderate means. They are largely men and women who belong to the professional classes—artists, teachers, clergymen—the most intelligent and, to a considerable extent, the most influential people in the country, not by reason of what they possess, but by reason of what they are. They belong to the class to whom a visit to Europe means material enlargement of their education; they are the people who ought to be encouraged to travel; and these are the people, under the present customs system in this port, who are often treated as if they were smugglers, and whose return home is marred by the most harassing and distressing experiences.

Protests have been presented to the Secretary of the Treasury against the regulation which permits the returning American to bring in only one hundred dollars' worth of new clothing without duty. This regulation, measured by the general standards of life in this country, is absurd, and is based, not on the welfare of the people of the country, but on the welfare of a few minor trades. The amount ought to be materially enlarged, for this Government cannot afford to deal in a niggardly and mean way with its citizens, especially if it is proposed to maintain the tariff system. That system can be justified, in the movement of modern thought and the change of modern trade conditions, only by a very liberal interpretation of its spirit. The average American traveler who returns from abroad ought not to be obliged to pay duty on petty purchases to the Government. The tariff laws are not aimed at overworked school-teachers coming back from a brief visit abroad with a few souvenirs; they are aimed at professional smugglers, and at those who are endeavoring to make large importations without accounting for them. As administered at present, the regulations distinctly foster untruthfulness. The conscientious passenger who makes a detailed statement of all the things which he is bringing back is often laughed at for his pains, if he is not positively reproved by the inspector for making trouble by compelling a thorough inspection of his baggage. It is not too much to say that the more conscientious a passenger is, the greater are the chances that he will be treated as if he were a smuggler. This is not only palpably unjust; it destroys respect for the law. There ought to be a revision of the customs regulations which should make it clear that they are aimed against the small number of people who intend to smuggle, and not at the great mass of honest and truth-telling people; that the Government of the United States is not waiting at the wharves to pounce upon the little mementos and trinkets of small value which incoming travelers are bringing back; that its function is not to empty the contents of women's trunks in broad daylight in the presence of spectators; above all, that inspectors ought to be chosen, not only because they are competent to do their work, but because they are gentlemen.

The Johns Hopkins University

The foundation of the Johns Hopkins University, which celebrated the completion of its first quarter-century with fitting ceremonies on Friday and Saturday of last week, marked a distinct epoch in the history of American learning. Up to that time universities, in the sense in which that term is used in the countries of Continental Europe, did not exist in the United States.

The aim of the American college was to supply to the young men within its walls such instruction, discipline, and inspiration as would make, so far as this was possible, every graduate a "gentleman and scholar." It was a fine aim, and in the best of our colleges it was pursued with notable success. Young men were taught the things which it was considered that every cultivated man ought to know; and they were given enough contact with the ideals of real scholarship—as distinguished from mere scholarliness—to stimulate in some measure the ambition of such among them as had a strong bent toward a life devoted to learning or science. They were regarded, if not quite as grown men, yet as much more than mere boys set to perform specified tasks. They were called upon in a number of ways to manifest their individuality in taste, in opinion, and in expression. Their regimen was very different from the hard routine of the German gymnasium. The difference between what was furnished by the college and by the gymnasium was qualitative rather than quantitative; and in quality the difference was both for better and for worse. The discipline of the German gymnasium was (and is) far more thorough, far more efficient for specific training, than that of the American college; and, on the other hand, the college gave a broader education, a more liberal development, a more mature and independent culture. The gymnasium turned out a well-trained boy, stored with exact knowledge in certain definite fields, and thoroughly prepared for university study, if that was his desire; the college—judged by its better products—turned out a young man of intellectual tastes, a fair amount of liberal knowledge, a certain breadth of view, and a certain maturity of judgment; a man ready for the career of an American citizen and an American gentleman.

For the pursuit of learning in a more serious sense there was in our country, during the first hundred years of its independence, no systematic provision. It is often said that the distinguishing mark of the German university is research; and it is quite true that the sharpest distinction between the European university and the American college was that research was the center of all the activity of the former, while the very idea of it was unrecognized in the work of the latter. But this is not all. The college did not attempt to put the student in possession of the highest results achieved in any science; it did not seek to make him master in any great department of intellectual endeavor. The knowledge acquired in our colleges was essentially elementary. It was not merely that the student did not receive the training of an investigator; he did not reach the point at which the ability to understand the work of an investigator begins.

It was with the advent of the Johns Hopkins University that higher education in America entered upon the university stage; and the successful achievement of this great step in advance will always be the distinction of that institution and of the President whose sagacity and foresight made such a success possible. For many years before 1876 there had grown up in a number of colleges the practice of "post-graduate" study, a reaching out toward genuine university work. Another of the notable movements in the college world, initiated a number of years before 1876, and thoroughly established and propagated by the example of Harvard, was the substitution of elective courses for the old "curriculum;" and in this must be recognized (aside from other factors) an attempt, whether conscious or not, to make the college perform in some measure the function of the university. Still another evidence of the same tendency is the raising of the standard of admission—and with it, of course, the standard of graduation—which had been going on so long and so steadily, and in which also Harvard was the effective leader.

At Baltimore, in 1876, a true university was created. This result was not to be compassed by a mere fiat, backed up by the possession of three million dollars, more or less. Clearly and boldly as President Gilman placed before himself the achievement of this end, and ready as he was to make a radical departure from all American precedent, he was bound to take into account the peculiarities of the educational situation in this country, the needs of the immediate and proximate environment of the Baltimore university, and those differences between American and German life which make impossible some of the strongest features of the German university system—especially the *privat-docent*, that corner-stone of the whole structure. It decided to create a college of the American type within the university; but, from the first, the university proper was the dominant factor. And in the university there reigned from the start university methods and university ideals; the atmosphere was charged with the university spirit. Every professorship was filled either by an acknowledged leader or by a younger man of such high promise as to assure admirable results; young men of talent, fresh from their studies in German universities, were made associate professors or associates; and the happy idea of establishing twenty fellowships, giving their holders the opportunity of prolonging by one, two, or three years the period of their advanced studies, gave the finishing touch to the organization of the university. There was something almost romantic in the sudden coming together of this company of ardent scholars. The opportunities and prospects opening up at the Johns Hopkins were so novel that the announcement drew to Baltimore a truly remarkable group of young men, and there are few of the original set of twenty Fellows who have not attained high distinction in their subsequent career. But it was not the prospect of future reward that made the sky so bright and the air so bracing in those early Johns Hopkins days. Every man whose happy fortune it was to form part of that gallant company felt something of the joy of the explorer in a new-discovered land, the first to taste high and pure delights. What all had been groping for was suddenly found; what hundreds of young men had pined to possess was richly spread out before these favored ones. The enthusiasm and delight of those early years must, in the memory of all who were partakers in that experience—professors, fellows, and students—remain the most impressive testimony to the greatness of the step that was taken when the Johns Hopkins University was established.

Nor were outward and visible signs of the effect being wrought by the Johns Hopkins slow in making their appearance. One of the foremost of these was the establishment of scientific journals. To-day the American periodicals devoted to learned specialties are, one is tempted to say, thick as leaves in Vallombrosa; in 1876 they were almost non-existent. Within two years after its foundation the Johns Hopkins University had established the "American Journal of Mathematics," the "American Chemical Journal," and the "American Journal of Philology"—forerunners of a long line of scientific publications issued by the Johns Hopkins and other universities. Next in importance to its publication activity in spreading the influence of the Johns Hopkins was the steady stream of young men who were sent out from its seminaries and laboratories, and were eagerly welcomed to professorships and instructorships in every section of the country. This overrunning of the land by the graduates of a single institution was something quite unique in our educational history; and it was a mere matter of course that the result was a mighty strengthening of the university impulse throughout the land. Finally, the spectacle of this splendid success naturally made a profound impression upon the stronger of the old universities, and in the course of time led to the adoption by them, with greater or less completeness, of the methods and aims of the Johns Hopkins—a remark which applies with even greater force to the great new foundations which have taken their origin since 1876. The result has been that the degree of doctor of philosophy—as the reward of several years of advanced study, in which methods of research are pursued, and in which the candidate must attest his competency by some piece of independent work—has become a thoroughly naturalized American institution; and the A.B. degree is now regarded, so far as a man seeking a university career is concerned, as merely a preliminary to the serious work leading, in due course and after proper tests, to the doctorate.

Where the Johns Hopkins University stood alone twenty or thirty years ago, it has now worthy and powerful rivals. As a center of general culture it has always had to admit the superiority of one or two of the older universities; in certain of its own departments of special study it has now been outstripped by some of the competitors that have followed in its footsteps. Its material resources have not kept pace with the largeness of its aims, or with the strides which the generosity of the multi-millionaires of our day has been making in university endowment. But, take it all in all, it still remains the best embodiment of the university spirit which this country furnishes.

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The Touch of Nature

It was the stillest of June mornings; nothing stirred save that deep, mysterious life which had risen again out of the heart of the earth, and, like some divine emotion, brought the soul of nature to shy disclosure. The flight of birds did not break the silence, and their songs seemed hardly to ripple the quiet of the solitude which folded all things in its heart. There was no priestess at the shrine; there were no sacred vessels of gold; no censers swung; no chorused praise floated from adoring hearts like a mist heavenward; but the woods were silent with adoration, and the very earth seemed to worship in a deep quietude which was tremulous with life. A sense of infinite peace brooded over the place, and in the soft shadows of the trees a fragrant coolness enfolded and calmed and soothed.

Into this refuge came a woman whose step was agitated and whose face was convulsed with anguish. She came alone, but something seemed to be pursuing her; she walked swiftly, fearfully, as if carried forward by dread of that which followed her. In the heart of the wood she paused a moment, struck, apparently, by a sudden recognition of the vast change between the world from which she had fled and that into which she had come; and it seemed as if an impossible gulf opened between her agitated spirit and the deep tranquillity of the shaded solitude. She glanced over her shoulder as if she half expected some torturing vision, some agonizing grief were swiftly approaching; but there was no stir in the woodland paths and the silence was unbroken. At a distance a clear, sweet, mysterious note floated upward, untouched by human passion or care or toil; a note which flowed through the upper air with the purity, the stainlessness, the lonely freedom, of the mountain brook. The trembling woman listened; it came again and again, borne to her as if from a distance, and bringing with it subtle suggestions of remoteness, of the ancient quiet of immemorial woods, of the vast, impersonal repose of nature, whose years are forgotten in the abyss of time. In that clear, penetrating note, held in the air by the silence which it penetrated, nothing spoke to the woman's anguish, to her tortured fancy, to the throbbing pain in her heart; there was no tone of consolation for the grief which had driven her into that solitude; no balm for the suffering of the moment; but something was borne in upon her spirit; a touch of something soothing and quieting was gently laid upon her soul. The measureless life of the world spoke to the immortal life in her.

She waited, still suffering, but calmed and expectant. And as she waited in the silence and solitude, with the distant song of the lonely thrush in her ears, the tumult in her heart subsided, the murky air of her mind cleared, the strain of her spirit relaxed. Out of the depths of the woods there came a solemn peace.

She looked up, and through the network of trees the sky was radiant as of old; she looked back to the life from which she had fled, and she saw that her pain was only a part of it, and that the universe had not become a great instrument of torture; the place where she had suffered was only a point in a world which spread out to far horizons on every side; and the anguish which had seemed to envelop earth and sky no less than her own heart appeared but an incident in an endless life. No voice yet spoke to her pain, but there came a calmness, a sanity, an opening of mind and heart for the comfort which was moving toward her, borne onward by slow-footed time. She had found that quietness which is the open door for the incoming of truth and strength and peace.

Two College Presidents

CERTAIN names are so intimately related to the building up of certain colleges that they suggest or interpret, by association, the genius of the different institutions. This is pre-eminently true of Mark Hopkins, whose son has been chosen to succeed his father after an interval of many years. To many people for many years Dr. Hopkins was Williams College. In the early days of his administration, when Williams, like every other New England college, was a small institution with a very limited income and a very small faculty, there was solid basis for this popular impression; in later years, when the faculty included men of great force and of wide reputation, it was still essentially true, so distinctly had Dr. Hopkins marked the lines of the development of the college, so simply and directly did he interpret its genius. He was pre-eminently a College as contrasted with a university president; a man, that is, who stood at the head of a community in which the unfolding of character was of as much importance as the training of intellect, and the chief concern of which was, not to educate scientists, teachers, or professional men, but to lay a broad foundation of generous culture, to realize, in its time and place, Comenius's noble ideal, "to train generally all who are born men to all which is human."

The key to Dr. Hopkins's system was to be found in his clear and simple grasp of man as a personality, not as a group of faculties which might be detached one from the other and trained separately. He dealt with man as possessing an indivisible unity of being; will, intellect, and emotion acting together harmoniously in an ordered and wisely directed life. From this fundamental conception, which is older than Plato and eternally true, Dr. Hopkins refused to be diverted by the wide extension of intellectual and educational interests in his later life; he was not interested in the training of experts; he was engrossed in bringing to clear self-consciousness that central force which is behind all its specific applications, the indivisible personality of the man.

In this grasp of the basal aim in education Dr. Hopkins was pre-eminently an exponent of the college as contrasted with the university idea. From this central point he interpreted all sides of education; to this test he brought all methods and materials of education. He was a philosopher in the old-fashioned sense of the word, but philosophy was not, in his view, a system of intellectual gymnastics nor a highly specialized department of education; it was man thinking, in order that he might feel not only deeply but intelligently, that he might act not only with force but with wisdom. To him, as to some of the Greek thinkers, philosophy was not like chemistry or philology or physics; it was the knowledge of life.

A great personality is often more influential with men in the impressionable age than a great teacher; Dr. Hopkins was both. He was a born teacher, with a genius for getting students to co-operate with him; but he was, above all, a great person; a character of such mingled strength and kindliness that men of a different temperament sometimes underrated his practical wisdom. He had charming geniality of nature, but no man ever thought of presuming upon his amiability. His breadth of view kept him sane and open-eyed, and preserved him from narrowness and fanaticism of all kinds. He knew human nature and was well acquainted with the special development of that nature which appears in college students. He held an easy rein, but he always drove. He had a keen feeling for reality and for ultimate results, and he knew when to ignore minor matters. On one occasion, when a misdemeanor of a somewhat dramatic kind had been committed in college, a trustee, who was much disturbed, declared that the culprit ought to be found if it was necessary to put a detective on the trail. Dr. Hopkins assented to his strong characterization of the offense, but added that it would be very much to the advantage of the College if the sinner escaped. One of his most interesting subjects was the Shorter Catechism, which he expounded with a lucidity and charm that captivated his classes. His theology, like his philosophy, was broad,

PHOTOGRAPH BY D. P. THOMSON, KANSAS CITY, MO.

HENRY HOPKINS

human, and progressive; but at that time the loosening of the bonds of dogma was in its early tentative stages. He was once asked what he did in the class-room with the doctrines of election and predestination. He answered promptly, with the smile which was so characteristic, "I have never yet been able to reach them." As a matter of fact, the deepest drift of his teaching reached them without specific direction. In all his thinking law was not only love, but love was law.

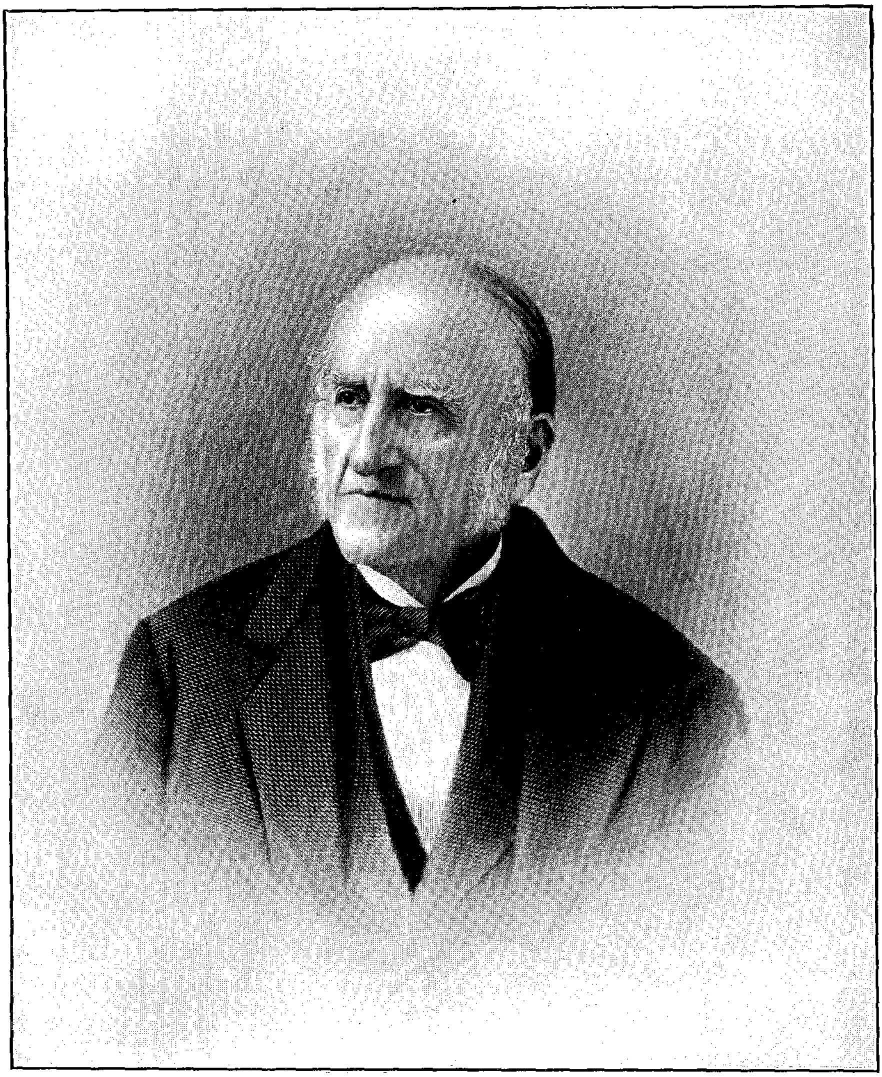
Much has been said about his thought, his teaching, his eminence in the world, but nothing adequate has been said about the charm of his nature; his gayety, his humor, his abounding and winning humanity. He was of a sunny, fertile nature, with a southern exposure in spite of and perhaps because of his New England environment; deeply in earnest, and yet never too strenuous; profoundly religious, and yet, although a theologian, possessed of a certain childlike simplicity of faith; a great teacher, but a companion rather than a master of the student's mind; a venerable and venerated figure, and yet never out of touch with youth, never without that spirit of the boy in him which is so often the sign of greatness—a beautiful prophecy of the unfading youth of the great spirit.

The writer of these lines spent a morning with Dr. Hopkins a few days before his death. The serenity of a soul at rest was in his face; the ripeness of a soul which had cheerfully accepted the teaching of life was in his thought. There was something sweet and noble in his repose, suggestive of a great experience which was about to receive its final interpretation. He talked long and with the deepest interest of a request which had come to him to prepare a statement of Christian truth for use in India. It was characteristic of his thinking, his teaching, his long and faithful life, that he should say: "I shall begin with the unity of all truth."

For that great fact the college he served so long still stands; for the training, not of specialists, but of men; for the unfolding of man's whole nature through the harmonious action of mind, will, and heart; for the fullest and freest self-development under and through that law of service which brings a man into vital relations with the race and with God.

Dr. Henry Hopkins will not only enter into the fruit of the labor and life of his father and of many other eminent teachers, but of the high-minded and thorough work which President Franklin Carter has done for Williams during the last two decades. A sensitive man, of thorough training, of the highest standards of personal life and of scholarship, Dr. Carter, animated by deepest religious motives and holding the same view of the importance of training the whole man that dominated Dr. Mark Hopkins, has widened the basis of the College, strengthened its teaching force, enlarged the scope of its work, and given it a unity, a solidity, and a uniformity of standards and effectiveness which it had never had before. He has left his mark permanently on the institution, admirably supplementing the work of his predecessors and as admirably preparing for the work of his successors. A scholar in the old-fashioned sense of the word, a man of culture, a gentleman of high ideals, Dr. Carter has deepened and broadened the traditions of culture in Williams College.

Dr. Henry Hopkins, whose election to the presidency of Williams was announced in these columns several weeks ago, will bring to the institution once more his father's honored name and personal qualities of a very distinct and high order. Although not by profession an educator, Dr. Hopkins's view of life has been educational. He belongs to the class of men who may be called founders; men who, by their clear vision of fundamental principles and their wise application of educational methods, lay the bases on which communities and cities are built up. For twenty-two years Dr. Hopkins has been pastor of the First Congregational Church of Kansas City; and he has so conceived his functions, and given such scope and quality to his work, that he has sometimes been spoken of as the first citizen of the representative Western town in which he has lived for the last two decades. He has built up a powerful church, the membership of which is coterminus with that of the city, and the influence of which has been felt throughout the State and the West. He has patiently pursued the policy of developing public spirit, in order, as he once said, "to make Kansas City a good place to live in." He has

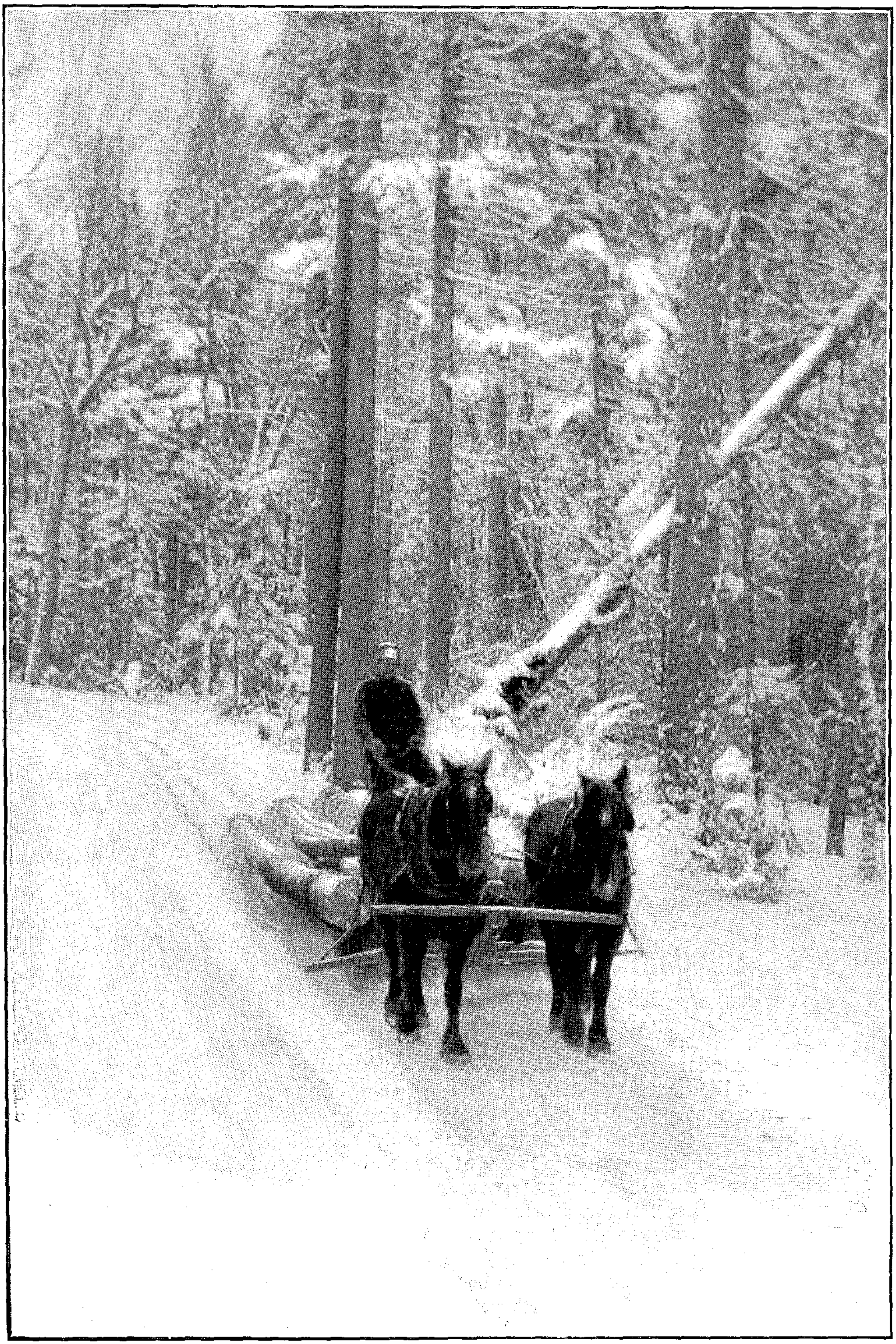


MARK HOPKINS

From a steel engraving owned by Williams College.

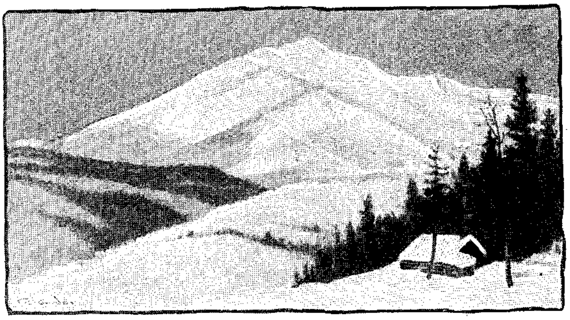
brought groups of men together to secure specific ends; but, above all, he has worked, in season and out of season, to raise the standard of living, and to embody in the life of the city the ideals of a Christian community.

Dr. Hopkins's personality has won him friends in all places where he is known. He combines with entire frankness, courtesy and consideration for others; with great working power, remarkable sympathy and tact; and with practical energy the enthusiasm of an idealist. He has been specially successful in dealing with young men; and although his work has lain in other fields, it will be seen that his attitude towards life, his perception of the preacher's function, his application of Christian principles to civic life, his power of organizing men for altruistic work, qualify him in an unusual degree to command the respect and hold the affection of a body of college young men. Williams has always been fortunate in the character of its students. The tradition of culture has never died out of the institution, and the traditions of undergraduate life have emphasized the higher qualities of manhood. Dr. Hopkins will give those traditions new vigor and reality. He will interpret to the college the very highest ideals of educated manhood.



BRINGING IN THE LOAD TO THE FOREST RAILWAY

WHEN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS ARE WHITE

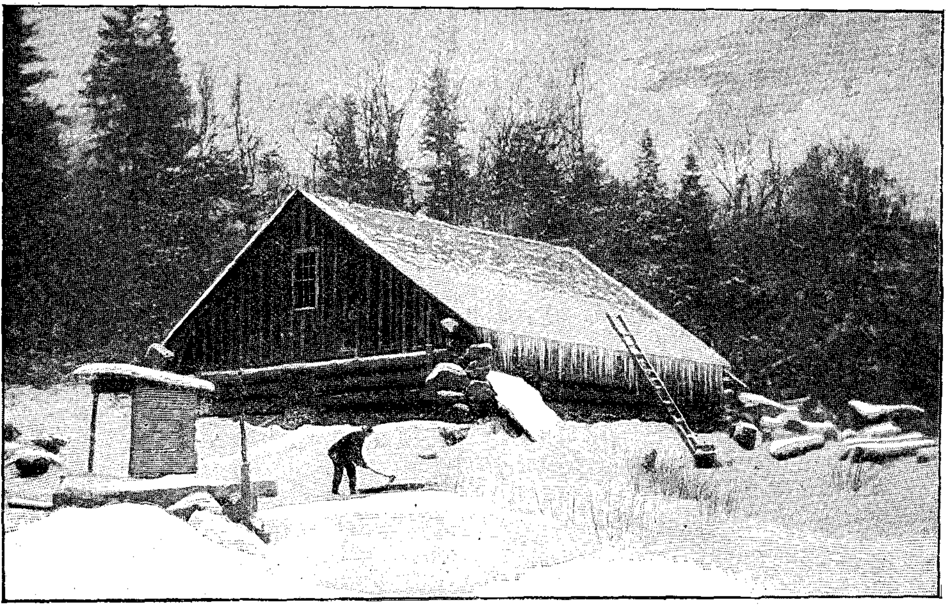


BY CLIFTON JOHNSON
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE southern half of New England was bare and brown; but as I went northward I began to see remnants of drifts, and there were upper hill slopes with a northern exposure that were quite white. By the time I reached the mountains snow was omnipresent, the roads were deep-buried, and traveling was done on runners. My train carried me many miles up the tortuous valleys, and the aspect of the region became less and less inviting the longer the journey continued. The little farms appeared unthrifty, and the frequent great vacant hotels accented the desolation.

I stopped at a village I will call Maple Glen. Like most of the hamlets of the district, it consisted of a small group of houses around the railway station, with scattered farm-houses on the roads leading away from this nucleus. It looked lost or misplaced in the white world of frost with which it was enveloped. One doubted if it would thaw out in all summer. Many of the dwellings were meager little affairs with a few pinched sheds about them. These seemed to be the homes of the unenergetic or thriftless. Their dreariness was not due to the poverty of the region and its remoteness from markets, for signs were not lacking that some degree of prosperity was within the reach of all. A portion of the inhabitants grasped it, as was evidenced by buildings repaired and modernized and made pleasing to the owners' eyes by the application of paint in the striking colors that are at present fashionable. The hotels furnish excellent markets during the summer for eggs, poultry, milk, and early vegetables, and considerable work is to be had at the sawmills which abound along all the streams, while in winter good wages can be earned chopping and teaming on the mountains.

Not far from the station was a sawmill boarding-house, and there I found lodging for the night. After an early meal the next morning I returned to the station. Outside was a log train switching back and forth, and preparing to make its daily journey back on a little branch road into the mountains. I decided to go with it, and climbed into the rude caboose at its rear. There were about half a dozen other passengers, who visited and joked and added vigor and spice to their conversation by a good deal of casual swearing and some even less excusable foulness. Our journey was up a winding valley, all the way through the interminable and silent woods. Considerable snow had fallen during the night, but it lay light and undrifted and did not materially impede our progress, though the steepness of the grade made the engine



JACQUES FRENEAU'S CAMP

pant heavily. The flakes were still flying, and I could only see a little strip of the whitened woodland on either side, and nothing at all of the mountains between which we were passing.

I went as far as the train would carry me, to the logging camp of Jacques Freneau, in the very heart of the woods. The camp stood in a clearing beside the tracks—a group of several buildings and an eighth of a mile of "landing," to which the logs were drawn from the forest and from which they were rolled on to the platform cars. With the exception of one or two little shanties of boards, the camp buildings were of logs made weather-proof by having their cracks chinked with moss. Their rude construction and the lonely winter forest that formed their background made them seem exceedingly primitive and out-of-the-world.

The choppers here numbered about fifty. They were not making a clean sweep of the forest, but only taking out the spruce and pines, so that they left woodland behind, though a good deal thinned and devastated. To see the wilderness changed to the desert I would have to go up another valley, where the "king contractor" of the mountains was at work. He employed seven hundred laborers, and had built for them a whole village of houses laid out regularly in streets. The mountains when he finished were shorn of everything but brush, and invited the further despoiling of fire and storm, so that it seemed doubtful if the forest glory of which they had been robbed could ever return.

A well-worn road led back from Freneau's camp into the woods, and I followed it until I found the choppers. They were working in genuine forest, that looked like the undisturbed handiwork of nature, and the trees grew crowded and stalwart. In the past these trees, when they waxed old, had added their forms to the ancestral mold among the rocks where they had stood. But now blows of axes and the grating of sharp-toothed saws were heard among them, and those tiny creatures, those destroying mites known as men, were bringing them down untimely, in youth and sturdy prime, and dragging them away.

The men sawed off the larger trees, but used their axes for the lesser ones. They usually chopped two to a tree, from opposite sides, and I noticed they could work equally well right- or left-handed. When a tree was about to fall, the men at its base shouted to warn such of their companions as were near. At first the tree swayed from the upright very gently and a little snow sifted down from its branches. Then its motion became more and more

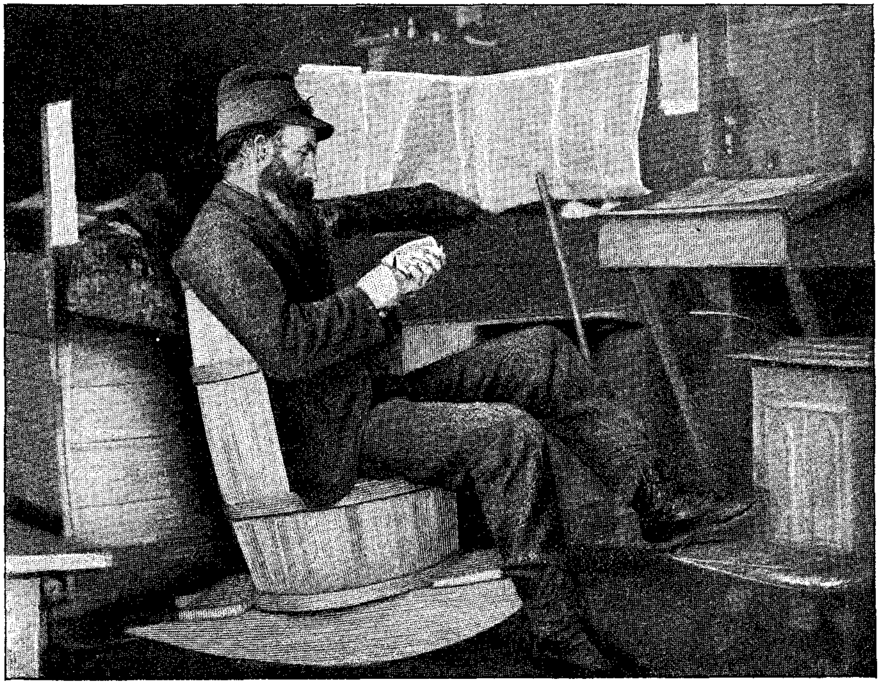
AT THE "LANDING"

rapid until it crashed to earth. The impact causes a great cloud of powdered snow to burst like smoke into the air. This slowly drifts away, and by the time it dissipates the men are working along the prostrate tree-trunk, cutting off the branches.

The woodsmen are portioned into crews of four—two choppers, a driver, and a sled tender. It is the duty of the last named to help the driver load, and while the team is making a trip he is busy rolling logs to the road ready for his companion's return. The driver has a single broad sled truck. To this the logs are chained, allowing the rear ends to drag. These ends furrow very smooth and hard tracks, which you have to tread most gingerly or your feet fly from under you with astonishing suddenness. The loads go skimming along the declines at a trot, and in a few minutes are at the landing, where are men who unchain the logs and load them on the cars.

A good deal of rivalry exists between the different crews, and they are always eager to compare records when these are made up in the evening. They work with special ardor on Saturdays, for it is quite an honor to come out ahead in the week's total. The boss does all he can to cherish this rivalry, and sometimes offers prizes—perhaps two plugs of tobacco to the crew which accomplishes most in a day, and one plug to each of the three crews which come next.

The logs were marked and a record of them kept by two scalers. The scalers were the aristocracy of the camp, and had a separate cabin of their own. In it, besides the inevitable box stove and a big wood-box, each man had a board desk roughly nailed together and fastened to the wall and an equally rude bed. Not much factory-made furniture is imported into the camps. The woodsmen get along with what they can construct themselves. Instead of chairs they use benches, though the scalers had contrived to supply themselves with a rocking-chair. The main substance of this article was a flour-barrel with a portion of the staves sawed off and inserted for a seat. On the bottom were nailed a few short lengths of boards to form a platform, underneath which were fastened edgewise a couple of boards fashioned into rockers. I tried the chair and found it more comfortable than I would have imagined, though its makers apologized for its lack of uphol-



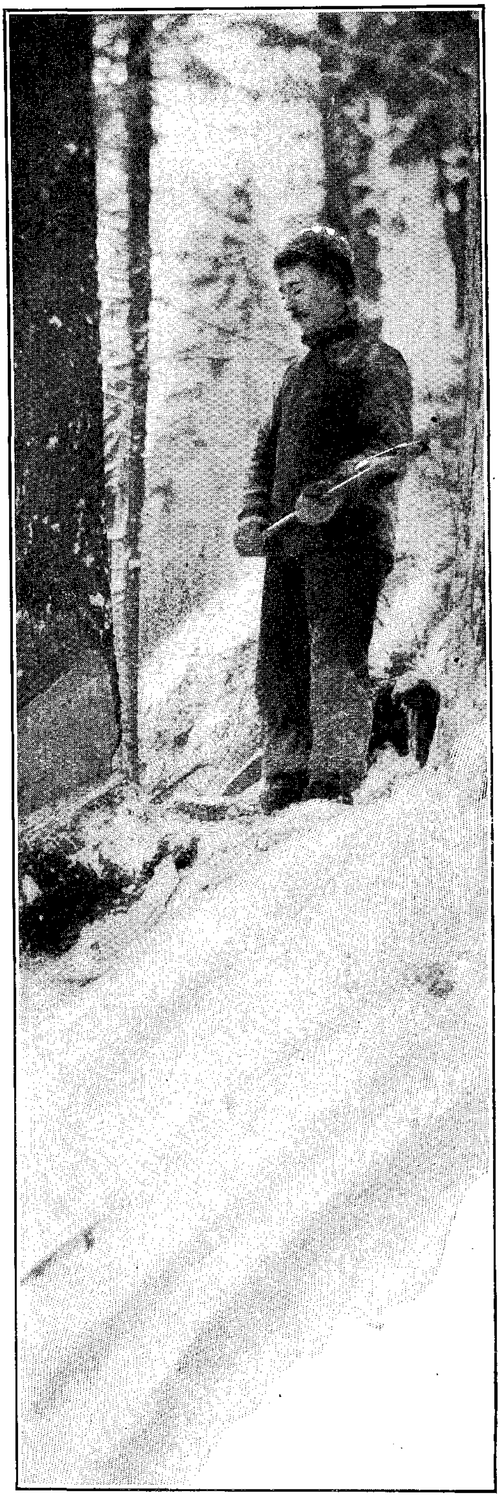
A SCALER AND HIS UNIQUE ROCKING-CHAIR

stering and for certain nails that were apt to restrain you when you rose.

The man who was chiefly responsible for this chair was a very ingenious sort of a Yankee. Among other things he had whittled out a birch broom, and each winter he was in the habit of making with his jackknife quite a number of slender toy barrels about six inches high, which he filled with gum and sold to an occasional man in the logging-camp who wanted to send away a forest souvenir, or to some chance visitor. The barrels were very neatly done in white poplar wood and were marvels of patience.

Camp visitors were usually either peddlers or people from the mountain villages who came on some sort of business. Possibly on a Sunday a priest or a Protestant home missionary might find his way to the camp and hold service, but none had come this winter, and the only manifestation of religion was the regular appearance of salt codfish on Fridays. One of the most recent of the peddlers was a man who took orders for made-to-order suits. His prices were from thirteen to twenty-two dollars, and he did very well; but a fellow with watches and jewelry was much more successful. In a single night he sold one hundred and seventy-five dollars' worth. The peddlers received payment in the form of orders on the boss, who deducted ten per cent. for his share in the transactions.

Nearly all the men in Freneau's camp were French from Canada. They cleared from fifty to one hundred dollars by their winter's work, on wages varying from seventeen to thirty dollars a month, the sum depending on the individual's ability and the work he did. The men were all young, and they seldom came more than two or three seasons. The probability was that they were struggling to pay for some little farm that cost about $150, and when this was accomplished they stayed at home to take care of it. There was no loitering, after the labor of the four white months in the forest solitude was done, on the part of these French. They started promptly northward, with their earnings almost intact; but the Irish and Scotch from Nova Scotia were apt to celebrate their release and affluence by a grand spree.



A CHOPPER AT WORK AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT LAFAYETTE

In Freneau's stout log barn were twenty-six horses. He had no oxen. Indeed, the latter are scarcely ever brought into the mountains now. Some of the valley farmers have them, and get out lumber from the woodland borders with them; but twenty years ago they were in common use everywhere, both in the forest and out. It was thought then that oxen could do rougher work than horses. The present view is that horses can be put in places where oxen could not, and their superior intelligence and quickness makes them accomplish decidedly more. The only oxen I learned of in the woods were two yoke in a camp a mile below. Their owner was an old-style farmer, who was getting timber from his own land. He had a tremendous voice, and on a quiet day could be clearly heard by the men at Freneau's shouting to his creatures, "Gee off there! Whoa, back! Whoa, hush! Whoa-ho!" etc.

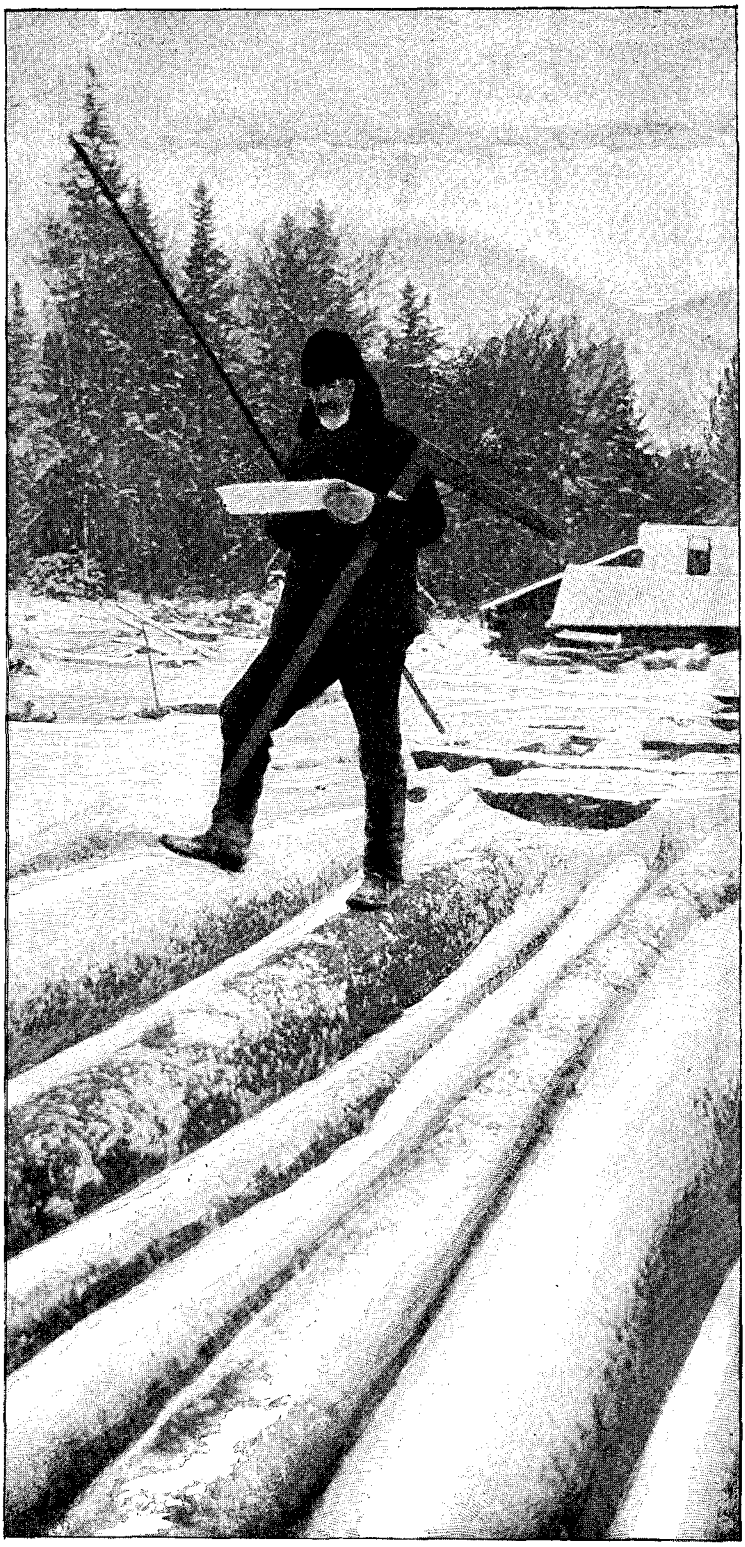
I wandered about outdoors nearly all my first day in the woods, but with the approach of evening sought the communal dwelling. The entrance opened on a low, dark apartment which was called the bar-room, though there was no bar, and no liquors were sold in the camp. Its correspondence to its name lay in its being the men's loafing-place when they were not at work. In one corner was a long sink, and next it a barrel into which excellent water flowed from a spring up the hill. A cracked box stove stood in the center of the room, and there was a big grindstone near a window and several rude benches against the wall. The dining-room adjoined. It was nearly filled by four long tables. Separated from it by a slight partition was the office of the camp, serving likewise as a storeroom and retail shop—a small, narrow room with a box nailed against the wall for a desk, and many shelves piled with gatherings of all kinds. Here were axes, chains, rope, parts of hammers, and a supply of old periodicals presented by some religious society. Then there were socks, mittens, overalls, and undershirts for sale; and, in the way of luxuries, plug tobacco, of which the men consumed great quantities.

When it began to grow dark, the workers came trooping in to supper, and, that disposed of, adjourned to the bar-room to spend the evening lounging and smoking. They enjoyed the heat and the relaxation, and I suppose did not mind the gloom, only slightly mitigated by a single lamp and stray rays from the cracks of the stove. At nine we all went upstairs to the loft where we were to sleep. This was even more barn-like than the rest of the house. On the floor around the room borders was a row of bunks, and above these was another row, all made of boards and furnished with straw mattresses and coarse blankets.

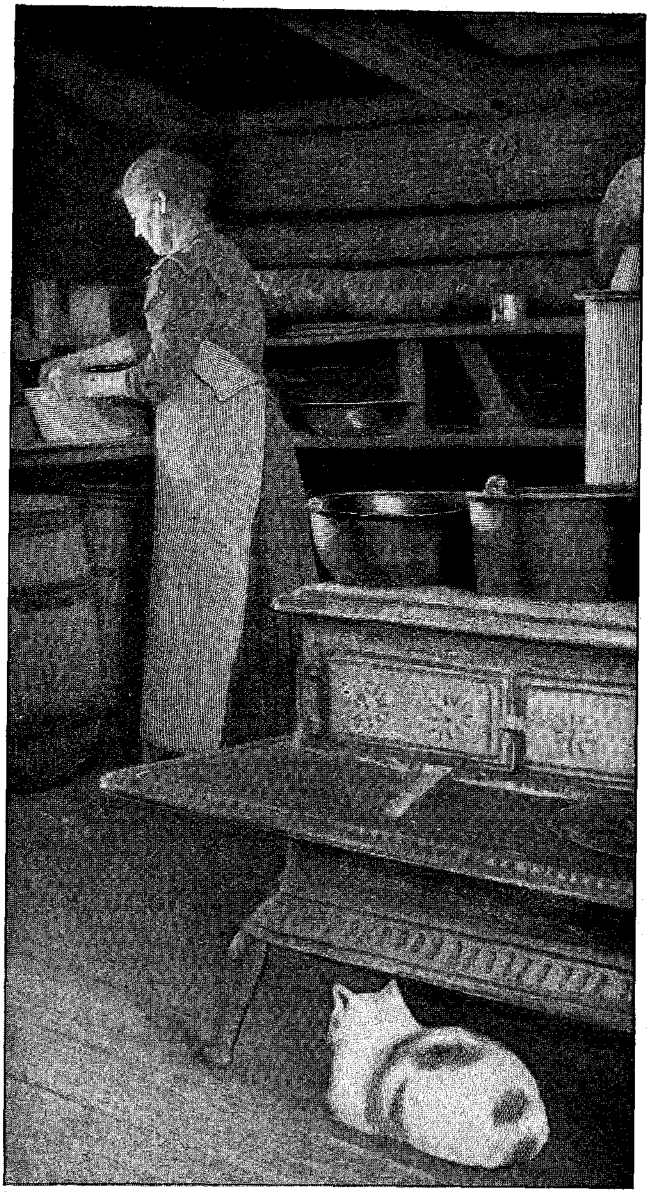
The men did not disrobe much, save to take off their jackets and shoes, and soon the dim lamp which had furnished us with light was extinguished and the scattering talk lapsed into silence. Yet there would still be an occasional cough, or some one would rise on his elbow to spit on the floor. These manifestations of wakefulness also ceased presently and no sound could be heard save the heavy breathing of the sleepers. I did not drop off as readily as the others; for the situation was new to me and the bed was not inviting. When I finally slept I was awakened only once. That was about midnight. One of the men was singing in his sleep, and he went through leisurely and melodiously a long ballad in French.

Morning was welcome, and I was up with the first risers, and went down to the kitchen—a commodious lean-to adjoining the dining-room. The work there was done by a little old German and his wife, assisted by a boy. Around the walls were shelves and broad counters, and everywhere were boxes and barrels of supplies, piles of tin tableware, pots and pans and tubs and kettles; and a trap door in the floor gave access to an excavation in which were stored potatoes. The cooking was done on a great flat stove. I wondered that those two old people in the kitchen could care for so large a household. They looked to be about seventy years of age. Both were thin and gray, the man crooked and stooping, the woman wrinkled but upright. They worked hard and made long days.

"I gets up at three o'clock every morning from dot bed," said the man, pointing to a rude couch in a far corner, "and I have on my underclothes and night-cap, and I don't stop not to put on nothings more but my rubber boots, and then I



A SCALER MEASURING LOGS



THE KITCHEN THAT SUPPLIES THE ENTIRE CAMP

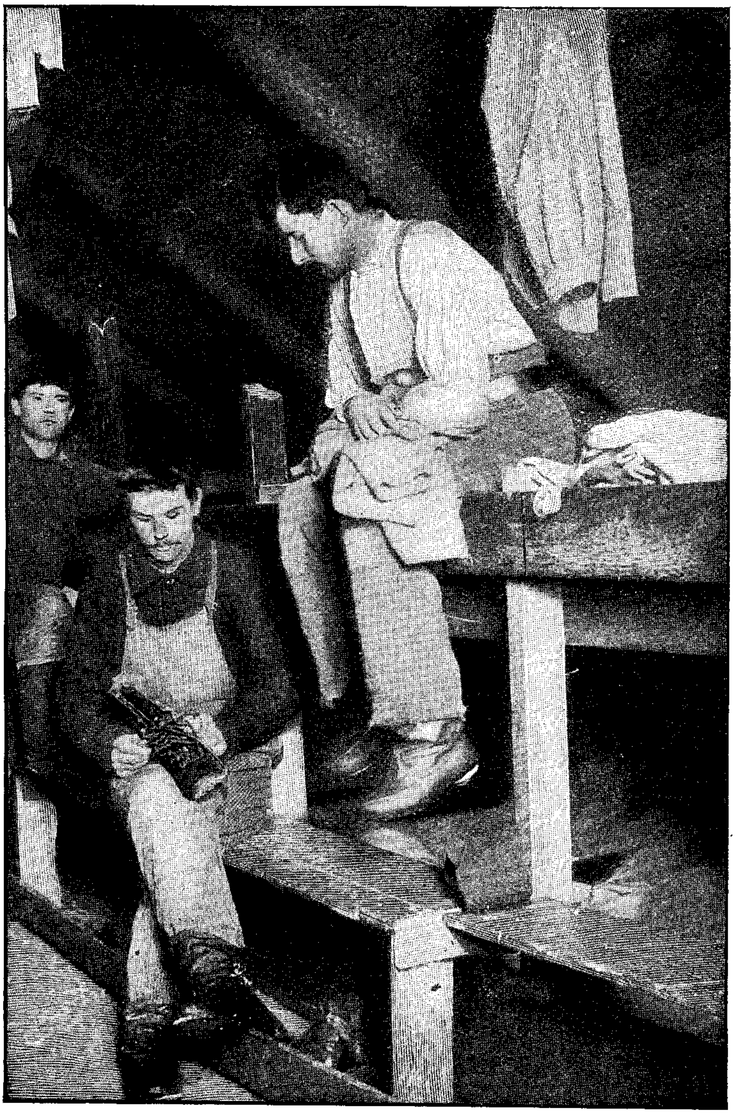
makes to start the fires here, and in the next room and the bar-room, and about in twenty minutes I get them all roar.

"Then my wife she get up and we begin get breakfast. The boy he not get up until the men. He like an old man—he so careful of hisself. He would be kill to get up like me. We have the breakfast at half-past five, but these las' few week it is not so soon, for the men they get not up when I rings the bell. They work like a tiger when they come at the begin of winter, but now they have got kind o' balky and will not to hurry.

"These French, they are as more like cattle as anything I have seen. All they have not is the horns. They eat like cattle, and sleep like cattle, and they have not care nothings about your house if it is clean or not. They spittin' everywhere—on the floor—everywhere. An American man, he take off the stove-cover and spit in, or he go outside. But not so the French. Look, too, the way they eat.

At the 'family table,' which is what I call to make high tone of it same like hotel—dot where is sat the boss and the teamsters who mos'ly not from Canada—and they take jus' one-quarter what do the others. They have the same kind, but they eat not so much. How much bread you think I make every day, hey? It is so much as fifty loaves!

"All the time these French they feelin' good. The least little thing they will laugh, and so hearty!—it seem to them so awful funny. They are jus' like colored people, I make it—so easy to please as a child. But they do not play much—only checkers sometimes, and another game which you lean over with your face in your hat and put your hand flat out behind you. The others they all stand round, and some one he slaps your hand and you jump quick mit your eyes out of your hat and try if you can see who it was. If you say right, that one take your place. They play dot game much and for a long time, and laugh and think it more fun as anything in the world. Other camps they play card; but Mr. Freneau do not allow card, for because they gamble their money and perhaps they fight. Last year some they play in the blacksmith shop of our



THE LUMBERMEN'S SLEEPING QUARTERS

camp and he found about it and turn them off.

"On Sundays we do not our breakfast eat until eight, and the men that day lie much in their bunks, and some read papers. But the half they cannot read at all, they are so ignorant, and so one man he may read aloud to a good many. They mend their clothings on Sunday, and perhaps they wash clean their underwears and hang them to dry, and they might whittle out some ax-helve. It is now coming spring and we are begin have warm Sundays, and the men they go out and run to chase themselves and crow like a rooster and blat like a sheep and all sort of noise, and see which the strongest man at rolling logs.

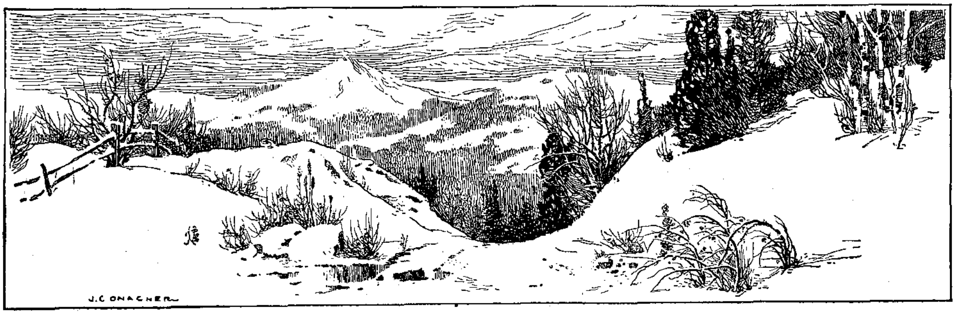
"I think I not come into the woods again another time. It is too much cold. This kitchen, it is like one ice-house. There are cracks so many the heat all go out. We had one night thirty-five below zero, and my bread it all froze solid and had to be thaw before I could get a knife into it. Dot most scare me. We tries to be neat and we wants to mop the floor often, but when it cold the water freeze right on it. Oh, you can't think there is no fun sometimes!

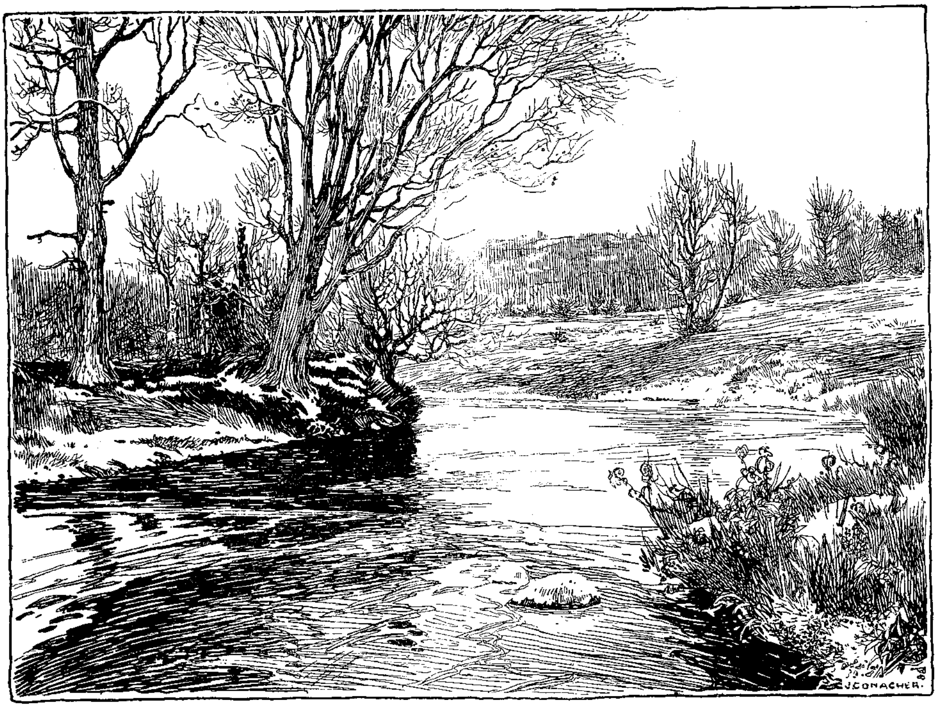
"The taters what we use now have got freeze too, and most all the times until this week the windows are frost all over so thick we cannot look out. But the worst is I have to fight and fight to get the wood to burn and have it split up good. I want not to meddle mit anything not my business, but how we can cook if we have not the wood? It is the dry wood only we use from dead trees—trees dot are dead and stand up, and you be surprised the wood in them so dry as one bone. If they fall, they get full of wet in no times. It kind of small work chop wood for stoves, and the men not like to spend the time to bother."

The cook while he talked did not pause in his work, save now and then to cast his eyes toward me at the more important points and make sure that I understood. But now he stopped both his remarks and his labor to peer out of a pane of glass in the low back door. "Did you never see this bird?" he asked at length.

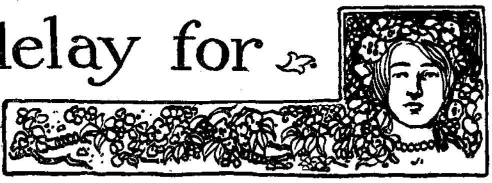
I went to the window, and there was a woodpecker digging away at a haunch of beef that lay over a barrel outside. Later I inquired of one of the scalers about the wild creatures of the winter woods, and he mentioned seeing crows, blue jays, chickadees, and flocks of snow-buntings, and he had heard hoot-owls and the little screech-owls. Red squirrels were plentiful about the camp, and they made away with a good deal of corn from the storehouse. Often he came across fox and rabbit tracks on the snow, and some of the men had seen a deer; but that was unusual. The creature must have been frightened in some way, for otherwise it would have stayed with its companions far back on some forest height in the yard that it and its companions had trodden for their winter quarters.

Nearly all the time I was in the logging camp it snowed, though never with much vigor, and there were spells when the storm would cease and the clouds would lift, disclosing the mountains rising in serene majesty all around. I could as easily have believed their ghostly heights were dreams as realities, so unexpectedly did they loom forth from the void and so strangely transformed and unsubstantial did they appear with the snow delicately frosting their tree-clad slopes to the remotest peak. But these wider outlooks were as fleeting as they were enchanting, and soon the veil of falling flakes would droop over the crystal summits and the world would quickly dwindle to a little patch of snowbound forest close about.



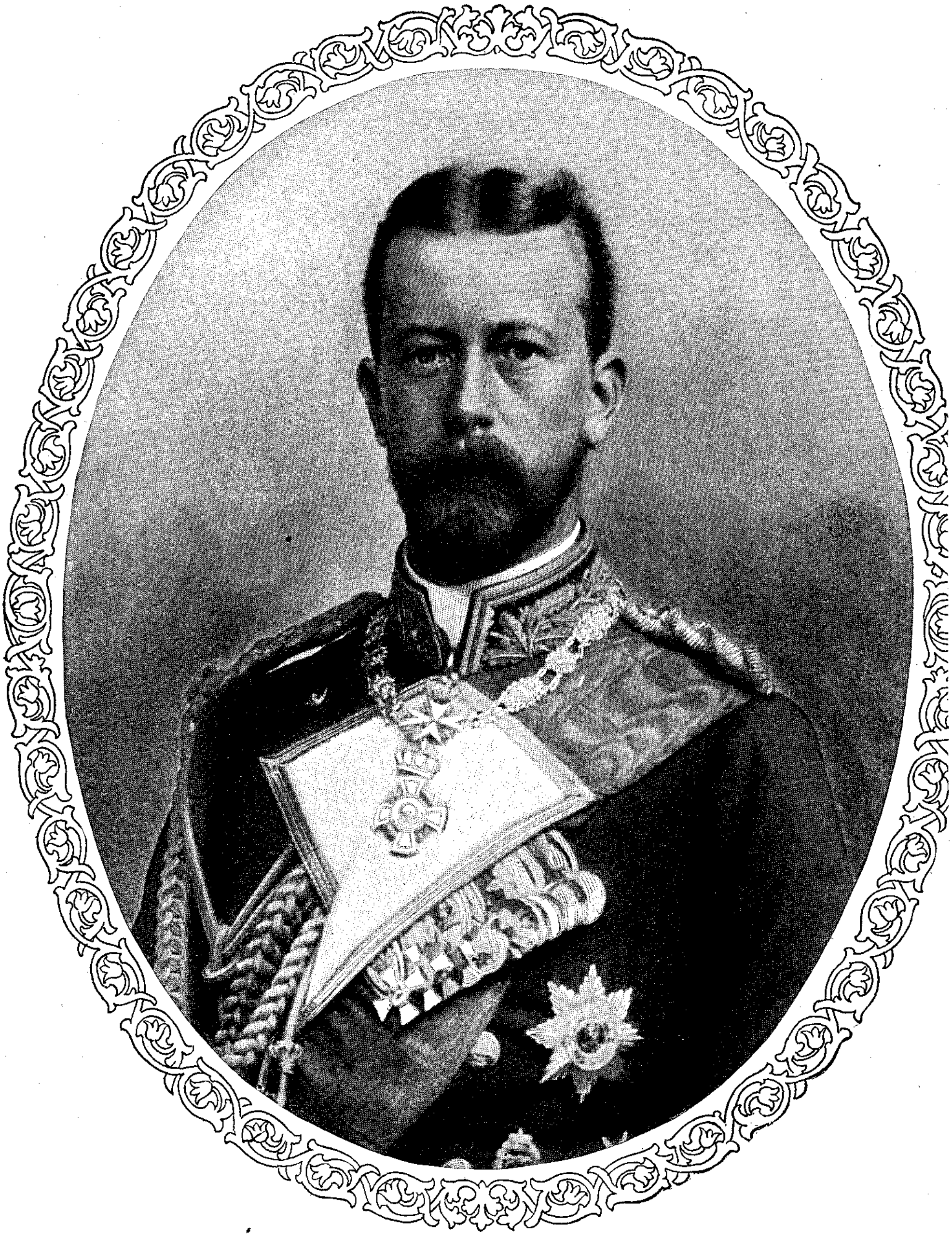


A Roundelay for March



In March there comes a day, a day,
When Winter mounts and rides away;
(God speed thee hence, Sir Winter.)
The Waters are again alive,
The doughty little Birds arrive:
(Pray turn not, Master Winter.)
'Tis time for Youth to sing, to sing,
And lightly on the soft Earth spring;
('Beseech thee haste, Dame Flora)
And to the good warm Sun who charms
The bitter airs, upfling his arms;
(Haste, haste thee, beauteous Flora.)

Hulbert Footner.



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA

HENRY THE SAILOR PRINCE

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW

Author of "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," etc., etc.

THE visit of Prince Henry to the United States in the year 1902 is a historic landmark which we cannot ignore if we wish to travel intelligently the path of international world politics. This visit is no sudden impulse born of a generous desire to shake the hand of an old friend—courts and cabinets rehearse their impulses very carefully.

In 1888 the German Emperor came to his throne, and at once commenced to pay personal visits upon his various royal and imperial neighbors, and to receive visits in return. In 1889 the present Russian Czar, then heir to the throne, visited Germany by way of returning a visit of William II. to his father. This was an official love-feast, but it did not prevent the Imperial Russian Government from crowding nine-tenths of its army up against the German frontier, from suppressing the German language in the old Baltic Provinces, and from acting as one usually does when he is looking for a good spot to hit.

That war was averted by rare tact and magnanimity on the part of the German Emperor. The secret archives alone will tell how near Europe was to a great war in the year 1900—a war that hung upon the nod of William II.—a war which he averted from motives of the highest character.

The German Emperor's father was the favored guest of Napoleon III. shortly before the war of 1870–71. This same Napoleon III. sent his own son to adorn an American patriotic celebration in Paris during our Civil War, for the purpose of proving to the United States Government that he loved us. But this did not prevent his sending an army into Mexico, or building cruisers for the Confederate Navy, at the same time. Our Napoleonic love-feast broke up in an ultimatum to the effect that in case Napoleon did not immediately take his troops out of Mexico we would fight him. So we would—and so he did.

This impulsive German visit to America —or rather this tentative visit—has been prepared with the utmost care; nothing has been omitted that could enhance its acceptability in the eyes of a public jealous of royal interference.

Our royal visitors have been so far rare birds of passage. The present King of England was warmly received in 1860, on a visit ostensibly to Canada. His personal charm and the obviously non-political character of his travels made us welcome him without reserve. Yet his back was hardly turned before some of us were clamoring for a fight with Great Britain over the so-called Trent affair.

Immediately after the Civil War, Russian royalty visited us in the person of the Grand Duke Alexis. He came ostensibly to shoot big game in the Rocky Mountains, and was received as a savior of this country because it was supposed that his Government was prepared to fight England on our behalf. That visit was not more than concluded before

Russia commenced a persecution of Poles, Germans, Jews, Finns—in short, inaugurated a policy of so-called Russification which shocked the civilized world and aroused in America bitter resentment. The hospitality shown to Alexis was requited by excluding or deporting every American traveler who visited Russia with a view to recording his impressions. I speak with some personal knowledge.

William II. could hardly have chosen a more fitting instrument for his purposes at this moment than Henry, his much-beloved brother. Sailors are the world's born diplomats, for their life is spent in a round of duties which involves meeting the officials of every seafaring country—and that means practically every great Power.

Prince Henry is a sailor prince, through and through. There have been "sailor princes" so called because they were given nominal command of ships and occasionally paraded naval uniforms. England has had such so-called sailor princes. But Prince Henry is a sailor of the Dewey and Farragut mold—a man whose buttons have turned green from facing the salt spray swishing behind the conning-tower.

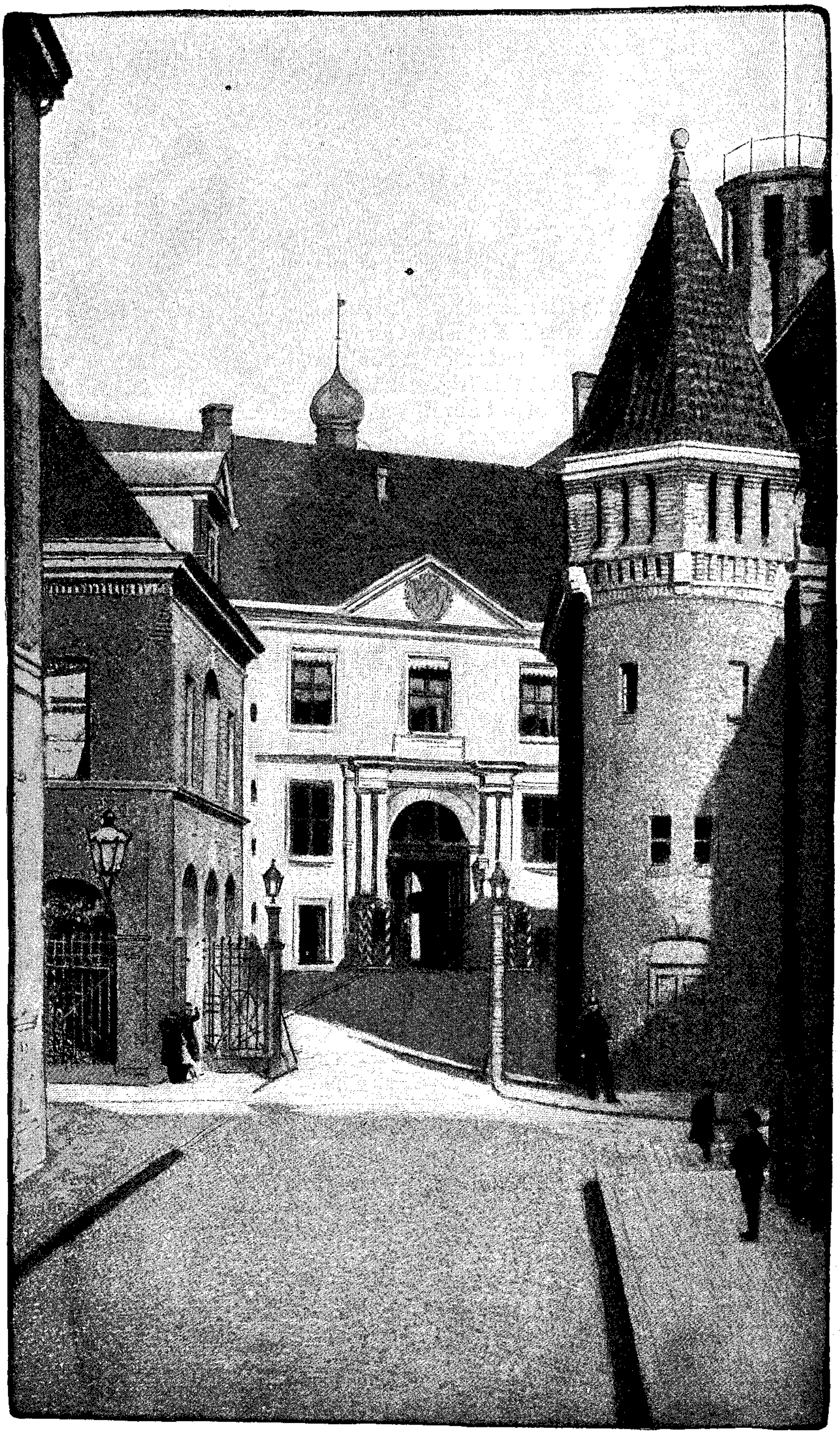
My first acquaintance with Prince Henry was during the Franco-German war, at a time when I was living in a German family near Berlin, studying the German language and otherwise fitting myself for college. It was a beautiful day of early summer; the lakes around Potsdam made me hate my Homer and Cæsar, and I commenced to have conscientious scruples as to how far I ought to pretend to be interested in my studies—whether it would not be more honest of me to run away, get aboard some ship, and go off for the life of a sailor!

There drove up just then a Royal carriage—something which had never before happened in that unfashionable street, and out sprang a serious elderly gentleman with the solemn precision of an undertaker. He came up to the door, rang the bell, and of course there gathered at once a dense crowd of curious neighbors conjecturing everything but the truth. The steps came upstairs, and, wonder upon wonder! who should be called for but my Yankee self! The austere man scrutinized me sharply, gave me several minutes of cold and clammy conversation, and finally unfolded the object of this sepulchral attention—namely, to request my presence at the Palace on the following afternoon. The reverend gentleman then retired, and my dear Professor Schillbach entered in a state of high excitement to hear the extraordinary news. At once his house became the center of interest to all his neighbors, and there was no Kaffee-Klatch in Potsdam where this visit was not the abundant theme for speculation.

As an American I was presumed to have learned my manners and morals among the Sioux and Apaches, and therefore I was promptly treated to a course of etiquette which was kindly meant, but was nevertheless grotesque as I look back upon it from this distance. I was loaded down with courtly precept which had been largely gleaned from hearsay and historical fiction, and had I paid more than perfunctory attention to what went into my infantile ears on that solemn occasion I should have made a complete fool of myself and probably never received another invitation.

Prince Henry was as a lad the very counterpart of what he has proved himself as a man—a simple, straightforward, sympathetic, courteous, modest, and eminently man's man. One of our principal diversions about Potsdam was to sail in the famous old frigate—a craft which at a distance looked like a three-thousand-ton full-rigged old-fashioned man-o'-war of the days of Nelson. She rode at anchor near the boat-house of the Emperor, and had been up to that time regarded merely as a nautical toy. Old Emperor William took no particular interest in anything but his army, and so for near half a century this interesting craft amused the curious at Potsdam—they looked at it much as we marvel at an Eskimo kayak in the ethnographic museum.

The history of this craft, and the manner in which it was constructed in England, brought across the Channel, carried up the Elbe and Havel, and presented to the great-grandfather of Prince Henry, the husband of the saintly Queen Louise—there is no room for that here. Suffice it to say that it was a gift of the English King, and that when you stepped on to its deck you found yourself on a little



COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE"

THE GATE OF THE ANCIENT PALACE IN KIEL

craft but slightly bigger than a man-o'-war's cutter—a full three-masted ship, yet so small that it would make but a fair-sized catboat in Long Island Sound.

Germany waited long for a fitting skipper to this craft, but did not wait in vain. William II. is also a keen yachtsman and a remarkable commander of battle-ships, but his left arm is not strong, and therefore he has not been able to do the work of a Corinthian yachtsman as completely as Henry. Their father, the late Emperor Frederick, and still more their English mother, encouraged the sailor tastes of Prince Henry, and in order that this frigate should prove the nursery of a future Admiral there was detailed to Potsdam a detachment of blue jackets commanded by an excellent petty officer, whose duty it was to keep the boats in good order and to give his royal pupil instruction in practical seamanship so far as that was possible on inland waters.

In this frigate we had many a cheery cruise up and down between the Lange Bruecke and the Wannsee—rounding the famous Pfauen Insel where Queen Louise spent many happy hours. All those waters are royal preserve, surrounded by pine forests with here and there the park of some member of the royal family. At times it is so silent and solitary that one might imagine one's self in the heart of the Adirondacks—particularly at night, when only the sound of the wild fowl or the snort of a deer comes to the ears of a wandering canoeist.

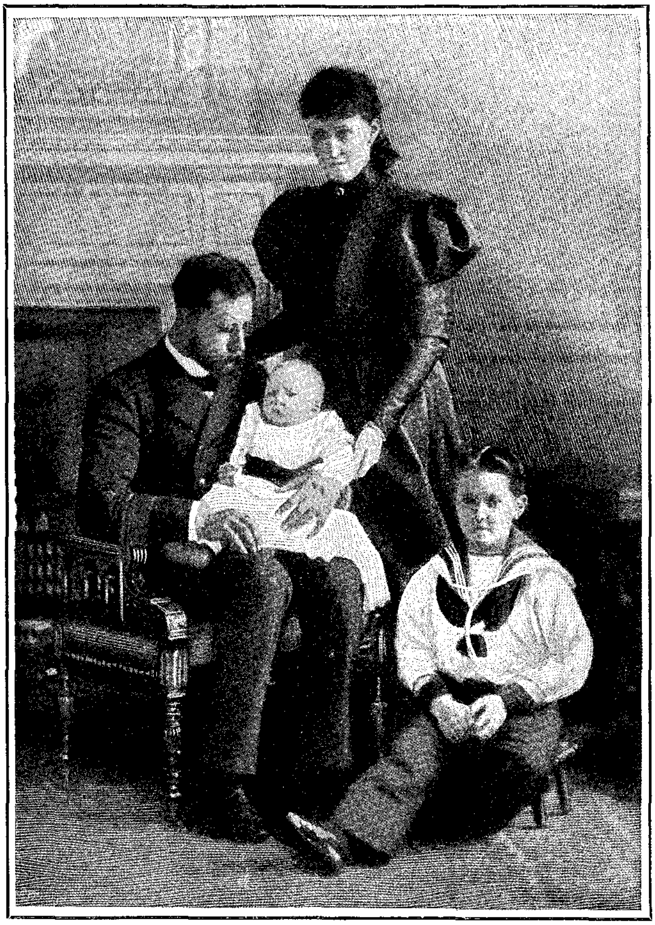
All the rigging of this miniature frigate had to be rove so that it came down to a species of cockpit, and it was at first very puzzling to one familiar only with large ships to find the halyards and braces all running close to one's hands, as might the jib sheets and downhauls in a single-handed cruiser.

In this practice Prince Henry early gained familiarity with the handling of ships, and so agreeably was this taught that he never felt his task irksome. Our day afloat was apt to close with a sort of high tea out-of-doors under the trees of the park, at some rustic house of refuge that had been prearranged as a rendezvous. Almost invariably the father and mother of Prince Henry would make their appearance, walking arm in arm, like a happy pair on their honeymoon. They took the greatest interest in what interested their children, and inquired with great detail as to every feature of the day's sport.

The Empress Frederick in particular showed the interest of all good mothers in the health of their children. She left nothing to hired nurses or governesses. She looked to it that the children were properly fed, that they had their napkins properly tucked about their necks, that they had wholesome food. She tasted it herself. Our meals, as I remember them, were mainly much simpler than anything I should have expected in America. There was no ice-cream, no rich cakes, or candies, or croquettes, or the many indigestble mysteries that disgrace the table of the average mother of my acquaintance who pretends to give children's parties. At the Potsdam Palace we had an abundance of delicious milk and bread and butter, and the cake was of that wholesome kind which resolves itself into an extra good loaf of bread with a raisin now and then. In other words, there never was anything at the table of the Empress Frederick that a child could not eat to satiety; there was nowhere about the surroundings of her two sons the degree of unwholesome luxury which is a commonplace in the families of my American neighbors. I was told one day that the cake was made by the Empress Frederick herself; it was certainly made under her direction, for no family ever bore more indelibly than this one the marks of a careful mother's hand.

Prince Henry's training as a sailor was further attended to in his youth by a system of nautical gymnastics which we youngsters cultivated with much gusto. The apparatus was very practical—no less than three masts planted in the sand at a retired point of the garden adjoining the Potsdam Palace, the so-called Neues Palais. These three masts were fully rigged with yards, foot-ropes, ratlines, stays, braces, halyards, and all the rest of the rigging of a full-rigged ship; and they were, moreover, all of a size that permitted of going aloft and learning practical seamanship, whereas the little toy frigate was too small for anything but steering from the cockpit and handling the rigging from one position.

This planted ship was an ideal gymnasium, and we spent many an hour clam-



PRINCE HENRY, PRINCESS IRENE, AND TWO OF THEIR CHILDREN

bering up the ratlines to the Jacob's-ladder, laying out on the royal yards, passing like monkeys from one mast to the other by hand-over-hand along the stays, and imitating the sailors' "shanties" as we attempted to hoist the topsail yard. The present Emperor was debarred from much of this work; but Prince Henry showed a catlike agility which proved a valuable asset for him when later he commenced to sail his own yacht in the races at Kiel, and showed that his seamanship was of the kind current in the New York Canoe Club and similar Corinthian organizations.

The education of Prince Henry was in marked contrast to that of the French Prince Imperial, who was being educated in Paris at about the same time. All that I recall of the French court at that time suggested the shams which deceived France in 1870 and brought about the downfall of the Empire. There was nothing real about the person of Prince Louis Napoleon. He never dealt with real things, as did Prince Henry. He was nominally trained for the army, but he never knew the responsibility of real command. He knew nothing of an officer's work in the field. He went to the war with his father, but his position was a political show and nothing more. He entered the English army for the Zulu war, but never treated his position there as anything more than that of a military guest. He could never be trusted to carry out the orders which were given to him. If he was sent as a staff officer to make a reconnoissance or report, a second officer had to be sent to do exactly the same work—privately. His life in France had been a sham, and his death occurred while in a service to which he brought neither practical experience nor disposition to learn.

There could be no stronger picture of

German power to-day than Prince Henry as embodying the thoroughness of modern German methods—even within the precincts of the royal palace. The Emperor, as we have good reason to know, is a trained soldier, and aside from that a man of so many gifts that should the Hohenzollern dynasty be abolished to-morrow he would find lucrative employment offered him by Mr. Pierpont Morgan or any other great organizer who has an eye for administrative talent.

All the princes of Germany are brought up to earn their living—at least as officers in the army; and this alone gives royalty a status of respectability among Germans who would otherwise resent the institution. The divine right of kings was never questioned in England until kings repudiated the responsibilities that all rights entail. The House of Hohenzollern is secure to-day because its representatives live up to their maxim that the King is the first servant of the State.

Prince Henry embodies eloquently the new spirit of the German Empire afloat. He is the first Prince of his house to make the navy his career from childhood and to work up through all grades to the rank of Admiral; and it is safe to say that to-day there is no navy in the world that accomplishes so thoroughly the work it professes to do as that of Germany. England has a larger navy, and we have in ours elements of superiority; but, all in all, the German navy represents a perfected organism without an equal—for certain purposes.

It was in 1889 that I first had an opportunity of seeing something of Prince Henry's work as a naval commander—something of the machinery with which he is incessantly playing—the weapons which he is handling as a master of arms—weapons which one day salute us in friendship and the next may bring our tall houses rattling about our ears. It was my good fortune to be guest of the German Emperor at the great combined military and naval operations which took place in the Baltic close to the Danish frontier, and which were intended to reproduce somewhat a leading feature of the war of 1864 between Prussia and her northern neighbor. To these maneuvers, which lasted about a week, were invited many members of neighboring royal houses and representatives of great naval powers. England sent the late illustrious Admiral Hornby, who brought a couple of naval aids with him. The maneuvers were watched by the English guests with the keenest interest: they had come expecting little; they left Kiel with expressions of wonder at what they had seen. The operations were exactly such as we had to execute in our attack on Cuba in 1898—to transport, disembark, assemble, and then attack a land position on a height. There were other features of the operations, but this was the one which in any of our future wars is likely to be tested most frequently.

The landing of the troops on the Baltic shores was carried out with a rapidity and smoothness which called forth the unstinted praise of the English naval officers with whom I talked on the subject. The landing was effected under protection of a heavy fire from the war-ships, which anchored as close to shore as prudence permitted. The enemy attempted to prevent the landing by running torpedo-boats through the swarm of landing cutters, but the fire of the war-ships was presumably too much for them. At any rate, there was the picture of several thousand men landed from a fleet within the space of half an hour or so, forming without confusion into their proper companies and battalions and regiments, and then marching up to the attack under the lead of the commander who had planned the combination. The army and navy worked together in this operation, and each officer who took part learned more in that week of practical experiment than could be learned elsewhere in a lifetime of books.

Prince Henry has worked his nautical machinery so persistently and so thoroughly that it is no discredit for us to admit that no officer in our navy could do what he could. The reason is that our officers never get the opportunity of learning some of the most important tricks of the trade until war is actually on. Prince Henry has been practicing those tricks all his life, and should the fortune of war demand that he command a landing party of one hundred thousand men to Venezuela or Brazil, we may take it as a solemn and very awkward fact that not only will have all the ships necessary for such a picnic, but that he will land those men in excellent condition and with a rapidity that may seriously embarrass the commander who has not been permitted to learn the same tricks in the same practical manner.

There are no better sailors than ours or those of England—in fact, salt-water men are much alike the world over. I would engage to pick a good crew even in Spain or Malta. The efficiency of one navy over another is a matter largely of organization, of discipline, and, above all, of officers. The sailors of Germany are recruited from the shores of the German Ocean which washes the east coast of England, and, for my part, it is hard to distinguish a German from an Anglo-Saxon when you see him in the forecastle or laying out on a topsail yard. We may dismiss as a myth the notion that Germans do not make good sailors. For war purposes the sailor of to-day is the man who represents the most effective machinery.

What I have seen of the German navy, not merely in German waters, but in the West Indies and in Chinese waters, leads me to think that in the event of war we would find Germany an enemy equal to ourselves in all respects, and in many respects our superior.

During our Spanish war Prince Henry was in the Far East, and some of his fleet took a distinctly personal interest in what Admiral Dewey was about in the Philippines. Much of this personal attention was not strictly friendly, at least not to the Government of the United States. The German officers seemed eager to show their love for their brother officers of Spain, and our officers were incensed by many acts of incivility attributed to the subordinates of Admiral Diedrichs. The German ships did not appear to regard themselves as being in Manila waters subject to the permission of the American admiral; on the contrary, their behavior showed plainly that they had come to show their respect for the Spaniards, and to see that Admiral Dewey did what in their eyes was proper. Prince Henry had nothing whatever to do with this act of international discourtesy—no more to do than had Admiral Diedrichs. Both of them were under orders from Berlin, and each did what he was told to do with the impersonality of a London policeman who arrests the traffic of Piccadilly for the sake of a nursery-maid and her baby-wagon.

Throughout the ports of the Far East Prince Henry was received with cordiality by English and Americans. Although it was at a moment when the German press, both private and official, was straining a singularly flexible language in the search after epithets of sufficient virulence to fit their opinion of British and American shortcomings, Prince Henry went from one British port to another, and was received with as much warmth as though the Government of his Imperial brother was sitting up nights composing love poetry in honor of John Bull and Uncle Sam.

In 1897 German ships under Admiral Diedrichs had occupied Kiaochow and virtually annexed a Chinese province about as large as France. This was ostensibly taken as part payment for the loss of two German Roman Catholic missionaries. The occupation of this province was the first step towards the partition of China, and was one of the leading causes of the Boxer movement which soon followed. The presence of Prince Henry in China soon afterwards, at the head of a strong fleet and as the representative of a policy hostile to Anglo-Saxon interests, was well calculated to create suspicion in the minds of neutral merchants throughout the treaty ports, for we who look to China for merely the right to trade peacefully cannot feel secure when a rival power takes military occupation of a large slice of our trading territory.

Officially Germany proclaims the open door in China, but practically she permits none but a German to enter freely. However, throughout the months when this policy was being most vigorously pursued by the Berlin Cabinet, supported by the German fleet in Eastern waters, Prince Henry was being toasted at the various Anglo-American clubs, and was playing polo at Hongkong, making himself the popular idol wherever he showed himself.

As I write these lines the press brings news that the Prince of Wales visited Berlin on the occasion of the German Emperor's birthday, January 27, and that he was coldly received. What a contrast, if this be true, to the reception of

Prince Henry throughout the Anglo-Saxon Eastern world in 1898! One reason for this is that we have in England and America no so-called official press. We do publish scandalous things at times, and our alleged news-gatherers draw largely from a fervid imagination, but there is no systematic working upon a credulous public by trained minds in the pay of the Government. In Germany, however, are large masses of people who from day to day are entertained by chronic abuse of England and America—not independent testimony of travelers and correspondents, but carefully prepared inventions fathered by the Government. These statements are never-ending, and no one dares to correct them. There are notable exceptions, but I am here referring only to a chronic condition of the majority. Thus it happens that from day to day a public sentiment is strengthened in Germany which regards all Americans as dishonest in business, as corrupt in politics, as purveyors of diseased foodstuffs. And in the same way Germany is taught from day to day that the British are a cruel and cowardly race who are treating the Boer women after the fashion of Red Indians. Germans take their papers seriously.

But, whatever distant plans the German Cabinet may be concealing, whether another Kiaochow in South America or another cablegram to South Africa, it is our privilege to regard Prince Henry as our honored guest and nothing more. Should his visit prove the inauguration of a period of peace founded upon compulsory arbitration, we shall feel that no more fitting ambassador could have been chosen for so humanitarian a mission.

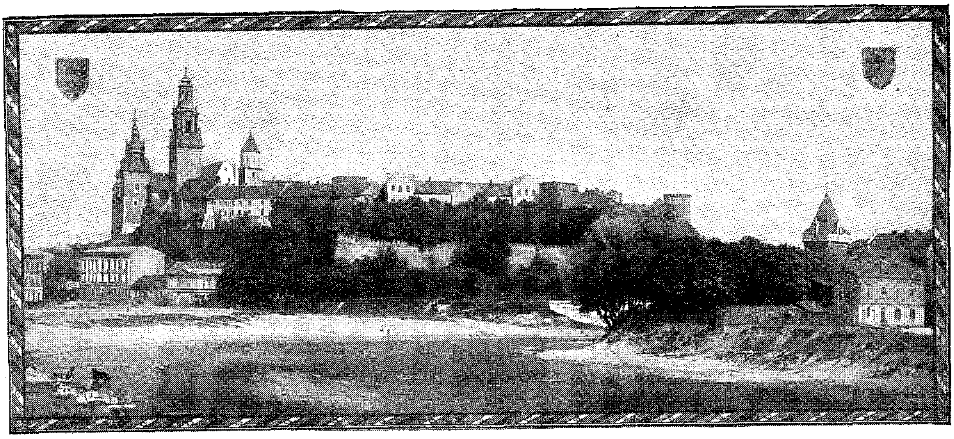
"The Mountains shall bring Peace to the People"

By Mabel Earle

Unto the hearts anhungered in life's ills,
Unto the lips athirst with yearning pain,
God hath ordained the healing of the hills,
The gracious ministries of sun and rain.
Shall these His angels call to us in vain?
Unto the feet grown weary while they pass
Through dust of toil and miry clay of sin,
God hath outspread the sweet deep mountain grass,
For rest and cleansing, ere their way begin
Beyond the gates He bids them enter in.

By silver lakes far flashing to the sun,
By shadowed shores of silence, cool and lone,
Unuttered voices breathe of peace begun,
Hands of an unseen pity touch our own,
Loosing life's fetters cramped on flesh and bone.
Where spreading fir-boughs shed their spicèd balm,
Where birch and alder interlacing sway,
For throbbing temples bides a pillowed calm,
And murmuring music, soft to lull away
In dreams the eyes grown weary of the day.

Cloistered in nooks where threading waters steal
Beneath the starry moss, and roots, and sod,
Pure ministrants of mercy wait to heal
The hearts that turn from ways which men have trod
Home to the blessed forest-lands of God.
And far above from granite peak and scaur,
Through lapsing centuries of solitudes,
Folding in endless peace life's petty war,
Hushing the doubt and fear of waywood moods,
The mighty patience of the mountain broods.



CRACOW AND POLISH PATRIOTISM

By EDWARD A. STEINER

WHEN you leave Vienna by the Northern Railway, you are leaving Europe, or at least that Europe known to the tourist, and just as soon as you step in to the huge, uncomfortable depot, sights and smells of civilization give place to those of a new continent which Carl Emil François calls "Half Asia."

Polish Jews gesticulating wildly and articulating loudly predominate in the motley crowd which waits for the train, but Slavic peasants, in their picturesque garb, shine out like stars from the clouds, while the Boyars of Roumania, princes from Russia, and nobles from Poland, dignified and calm stand like suns and moons among the planets.

The travelers who go by second or third class on the fast train between Vienna and Cracow know what to expect, and therefore rush toward their compartments, where, five minutes after the doors have been opened, standing-room is at a premium.

There is a legend current that the conductor will find you a seat if you press a florin into his ever-open palm; the only true part of this legend is that the conductor will take the money and promise you a private compartment as far as Cracow, but, in the language of Wall Street, "he cannot deliver the goods," as there are always at least four travelers for every vacant seat.

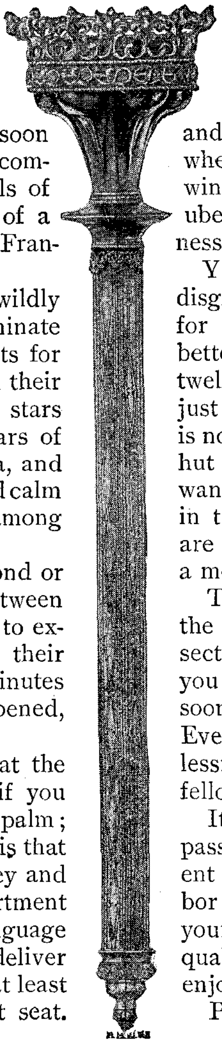
Your fellow-travelers, who, like yourself, have paid this extra florin, look at you and at each other with no welcoming smile, and the atmosphere is decidedly chilly when that hot and stuffy train finally winds its way across the "Blue Danube" into the blackness and darkness of "Half Asia."

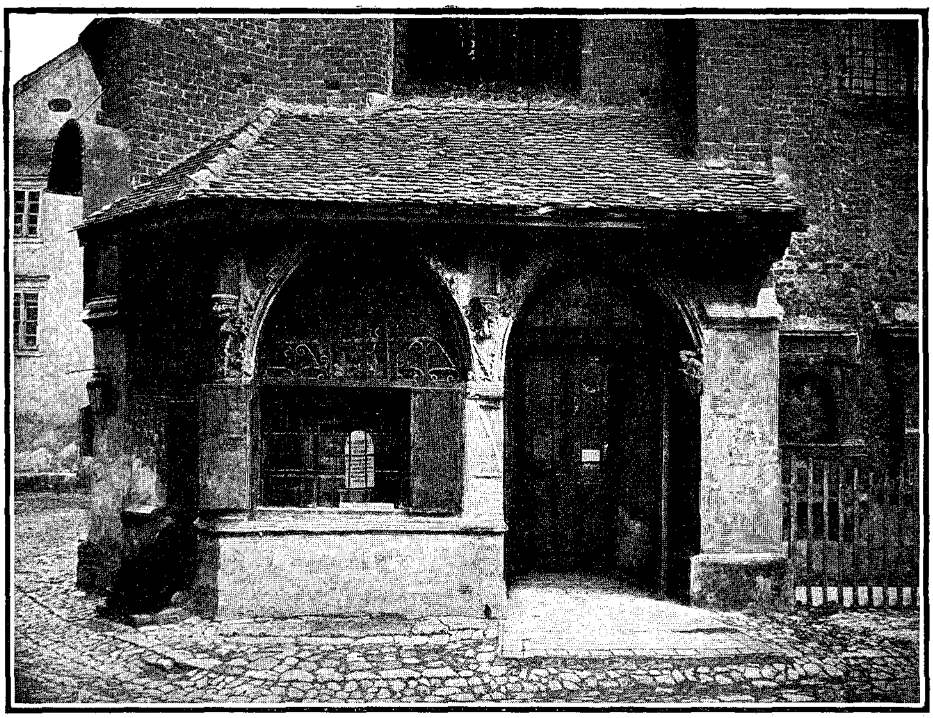
Yet it is best to make up with your disgruntled and rather close neighbors, for you are wedded to them "for better, for worse," during the next twelve hours, during which you might just as well shut your eyes, for there is nothing to see except one little mud hut after another, half-naked boys, wandering pigs, and patches of color in the fields where the Slav peasants are at work, themselves looking like a moving field of gorgeous poppies.

The poverty and squalor increase the nearer you come to the now dissected Kingdom of Poland, and when you are once in the heart of it you soon find that it is a bleeding heart. Everything wears the stamp of hopelessness, and the conversation of your fellow-passengers is not cheering.

It is safe to say that if there are ten passengers, each one will be of a different nationality, and dislike his neighbor as he is disliked by him, so that your journey may afford you the same quality of amusement that Mark Twain enjoyed in the Austrian Reichsrath.

Poles, Bohemians, Germans, and





A PICTURESQUE CORNER OF CRACOW—ST. BARBARA'S CHURCH

Ruthenians will blame each other for economic catastrophes and political stagnation, and invariably all of them will agree that the Jew is to blame for everything, even for the division of the Polish Kingdom. When you reach Cracow, the city of the dead Polish kings and the citadel of the new Polish hope, you may open your eyes, for you have stepped at once into the Old Testament, into the Middle Ages, into a new Apocalypse, and into the twentieth century. The sons of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who are the first to meet you on the street, will do anything you want done, and what they can't do they will make some one else do for you for a commission. They will drive you to the Kosciusko hill, the Willicska salt-mines, or over to the Wavel, the King's castle, and if they can't drive you anywhere else they drive you nearly mad.

They change your money and sell you furs; in fact, every Israelite is a walking department store, and will sell you anything from a paper of pins to a passport into Russia. One half of Cracow is a vast Ghetto, and its sallow-skinned, dark-eyed, specter-like children, who seem to have stepped out of the Old Testament, crowd the streets and the markets; the other half of Cracow belongs to the Middle Ages. The streets are narrow and winding, the houses turreted and needle-pointed, the churches stately, beautiful, and numerous, and the priests and monks nearly as much in evidence as the Jews. By huge city gates and towers soldiers keep watch, and every true Pole has donned his national dress with its mediæval finery, while groups of picturesque peasants walk through the Szukenitzka, a huge bazaar, in which trade is always lively, if not brisk, and the Polish noble, erect and overbearing, drives through the streets of the city of the dead kings, to him the capital of the new Polish Kingdom, which he is always regaining in his dreams, if not plotting for in his waking moments.

You are also in the twentieth century, for electric cars are running, if running it is, through the narrow streets, bookstores have their windows filled by literature translated from foreign modern authors, the streets at night are brilliantly lighted, and, surest sign of this our day, the loungers in the coffee-houses are talking of a bicycle race and a football match. In the Yagelon University the hot-headed Polish youths are made to forget a not entirely glorious past by hard application to modern knowledge, and the twentieth-century spirit sends out its belching breath through numerous smoke-stacks which stand like exclamation-points against the far-stretching horizon.

Rampant nationalism is somewhat checked by the modern knight Labor, who plants here as everywhere in Europe the red flag of Social Democracy, and who cares not for the glory of yesterday in his anxiety for the bread of tomorrow.

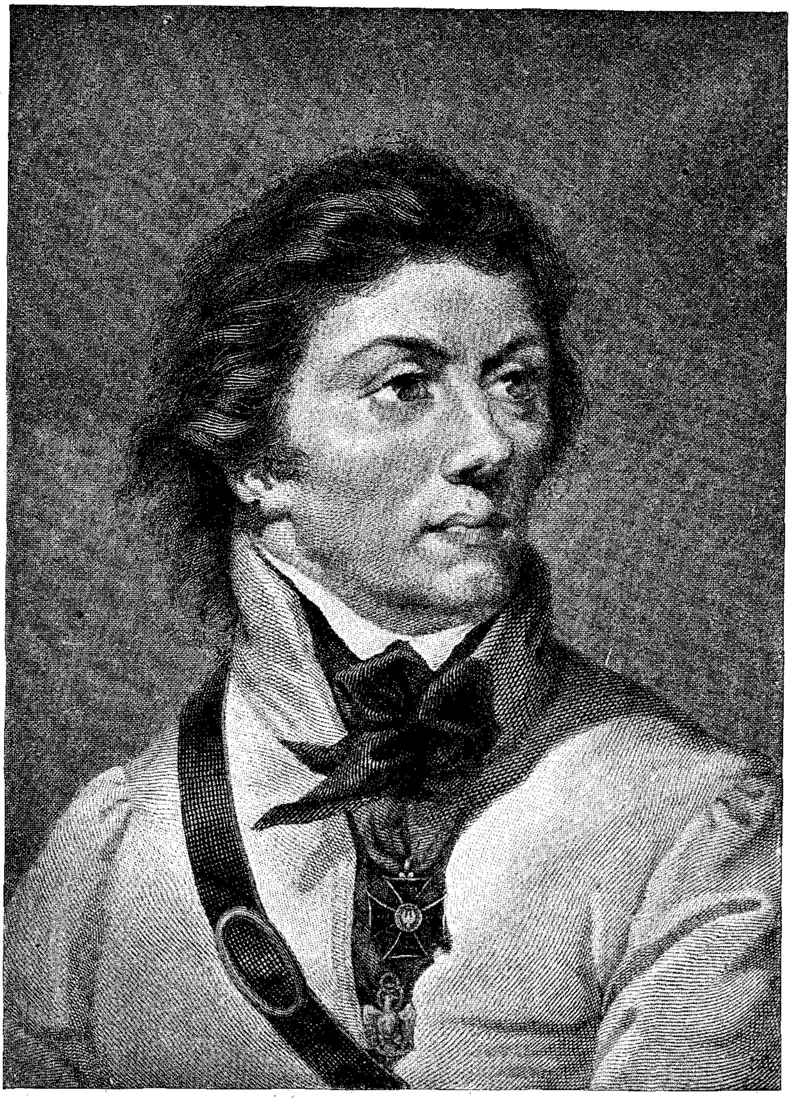
Every city has its own atmosphere, and its spirit can be embodied in some one idea; but Cracow has so many cross-currents that one despairs of analysis, for now it is the old which predominates, and now the new which obtrudes itself; now it is a rare spirit of art manifest in one of the finest picture galleries, as well as in the many studios of prominent artists, and again it is the haggling barter which makes of all Cracow a Board of Trade where the securities which change hands may be anything from old boots to mining stock in Siberia. Sometimes it shows itself as a city of war, with its strong fortress and nearly one hundred thousand alien soldiers, and then as a city of peace, with its numerous churches and its countless priests, monks, and nuns.

And yet I have discovered one predominating atmosphere; it is the dead spirit of the past obtruding itself everywhere in its effort to live again. You feel it in spite of the noise of barter, in spite of the splendor of churches, in spite of the beauty of art and the martial step of soldiers. The air is still filled by the despairing cry of Kosciusko's braves who rallied on this market-place to give battle to the foes who had sent their dissecting-knife three times into the heart of Poland. One fancies that the air is full of weeping, and even the monuments on the streets appear to shed tears.

What sadder story is there in the annals of the literary history of the world than that of Adam Mickiewiecz?

It begins in glory and honor, it ends in shame and misery; he suffered for his country and like his country; his every song a glorification of his native land, he dies half-forgotten and half-starved in Paris, that morgue of the world's genius. His "Ode to Youth" became the Mar-

AN OLD SYNAGOGUE IN THE GHETTO



KOSCIUSKO
From an original engraving by Antoine Aleszczynski Polonais.

seillaise of the Polish Rebellion which was —and which may yet be:

When chaos reigned in darkened night,
And struggled 'gainst creation's light;
God, with one word, " Now let there be,"
Established worlds, for all eternity;
Commanded storms and sent the dew,
Poured out the stars o'er Heaven's blue.

. . . .

While lurking shadows veil our land,
A foeman's sword in our brother's hand,
His love he breathes in fiery rays
To lead the spirit out of darkened ways;
And seeks in youth's warm bosom room,
There to take root, to grow and bloom.

. . . .

The soulless, heartless ice is broken
No error shall obscure the light·
See glowing yonder Freedom's token:
Sun of Redemption, shine with might.

Over the grave of Nimsewitch, the adjutant of Kosciusko, is written the epitaph composed by himself, which best expresses the melancholy spirit of Poland's poets:

Oh! ye exiles who so long wander over the earth,
Where will you find a resting-place for your weary feet?
The wild dove has its nest, and the worm a clod of earth,
Each man has a country,
The Pole has but a grave.

The real grave of Poland is the Wavel, the castle of the kings, where are quartered Austrian soldiers, who sleep in the now whitewashed throne-room, from which every trace of its former beauty has vanished.

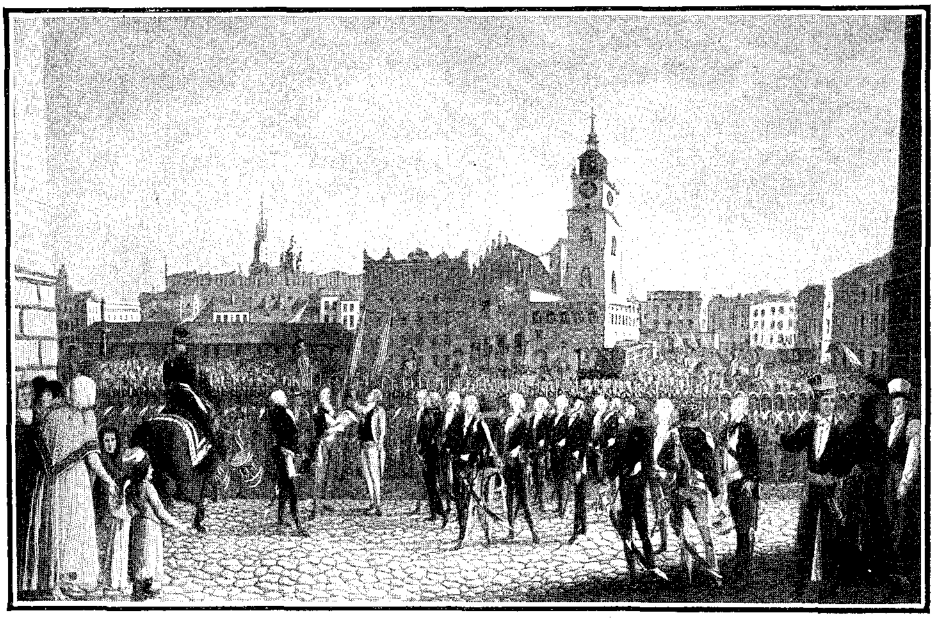
Although Austria has dealt more leniently with the Poles than either Russia or Germany, and has permitted them to use their own language in the schools—a privilege which the other Powers deny them—this quartering of alien soldiers upon the very spot from which kings swayed their scepters seems a studied insult to a conquered nation. The church is the only spot which has not been robbed of its glory, and it has become the place of pilgrimage for every loyal Pole, since here are buried Poland's great warriors and kings. The sacristan, a tall, yellow-skinned monk, collects our dimes, a heavy door is lifted, and we go down into the lands of shadows.

It is all silent: no clank of sabers greets us, no liveried servant appears to make us bow before their majesties; the beggar and the rich man, the noble and the peasant, "for the small sum of ten cents, only one dime," may enter and behold the leaden coffins which hold the men who have fought in nearly every European war, who have crossed the sea wherever the war-dogs were let loose.

In America, Asia, and Africa these men fought, drenching in their blood the soil of the Sahara and the barren ground of Russia. Could they speak now, what tales of conquests, of defeats, of weary marches, of storm and stress, of glory and of woe, they would relate!

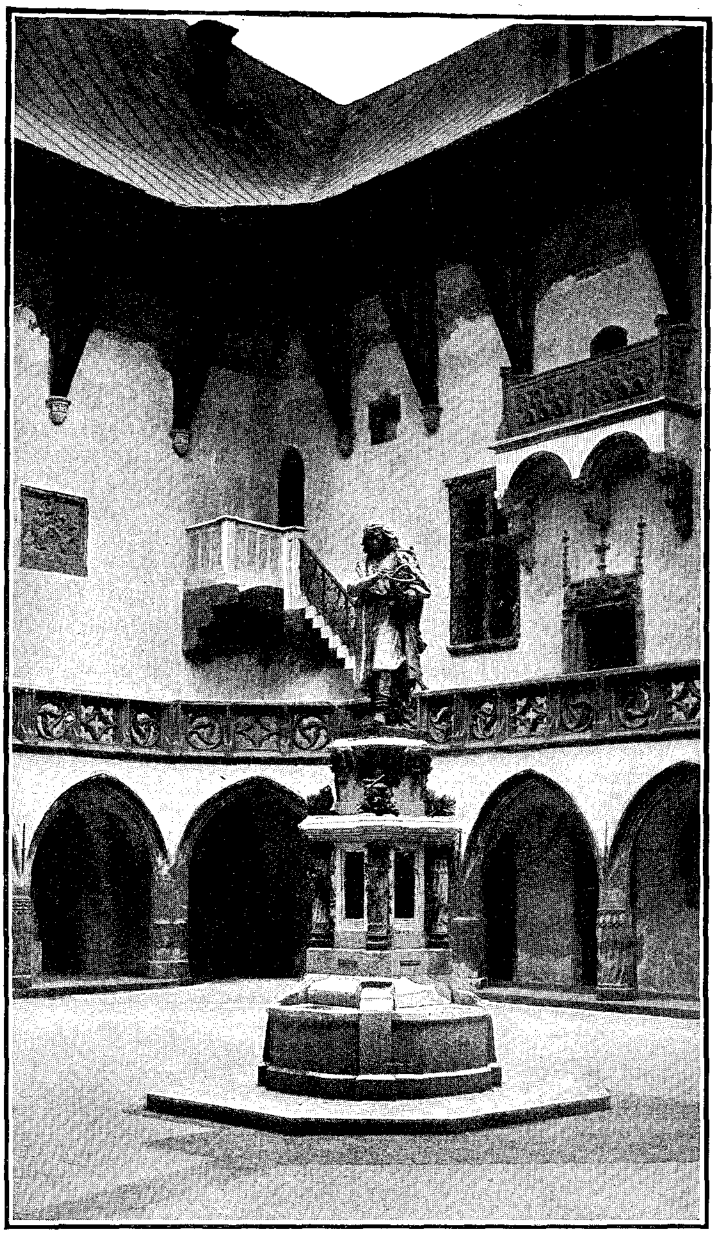
This is all there is left of a nation which conquered by the sword and which perished by the sword—huge piles of battle-flags scorched by battle flames, torn by saber cuts, riddled by flying lead; withered wreaths of laurel, which intoxicated the returned victors; Turkish swords, Swedish guns, and German standards rusting in this dark chamber of the dead, the only remaining glory of war, of continuous war; for there was never a year in which the tramp of soldiers, the weeping of women, and the shrieks of the wounded did not make awful music in Poland's streets.

Yes, this is a time to think and dream; and out of his tomb comes her first-known king, Miczislav, a heathen, who for love of a Bohemian girl became a Christian, and received as a dowry the Kingdom of Bohemia, giving the Pole the Latin stamp of Christianity, and bringing them under the sway of the Pope forever. Boleslas the Brave, the first fighter against the Prussians, leads before me his victorious army, extending his kingdom to the



KOSCIUSKO'S RECEPTION IN CRACOW

From an early painting.



THE ZAGIDON LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CRACOW

German Sea. Then comes Casinde, followed by Boleslas II., who killed a bishop to get a crown, and who, pursued by the avenging arm of the Church, died in exile. Then comes a line of kings who have fallen into their last sleep as besotted fools, loving the cup too much to hold the scepter straight; then Jadwiga, who had to marry a Jagelon to gain some territory.

Now come her great kings, Sigismund I., Casimir the Great, and Steven Batory, the braves among her fighters, but who sowed the seed which ultimately helped to ruin Poland by bringing in the Jesuits; here comes John Sobiesky, fighter of the Turks, deliverer of Vienna, and at last the man destined to be her last king before the partition, Stanislaus Augustus. The sacristan calls the roll of the illustrious dead in his Polish singsong—name after name of men and women who have left barely a name, until at last he rolls over his thick tongue that of Kosciusko, fighter with us for our independence, who carried back with him to his native Poland his undying love of liberty. With sixty thousand ill-armed men he resisted the armies of Russia and Prussia until, torn from his horse, he was carried captive.

Close to the Wavel is the Cassimir, a district now wholly occupied by Jews, which is widely famed for its piety, its Talmudistic learning, and its numerous synagogues. Here the Wonder Rabbi still reigns and works miracles for the faithful; here are the graves of great and sainted Rabbis who still intercede in heaven for all the sick and heavy-laden, and from here ascend the most mournful petitions for the restoration of Jerusalem.

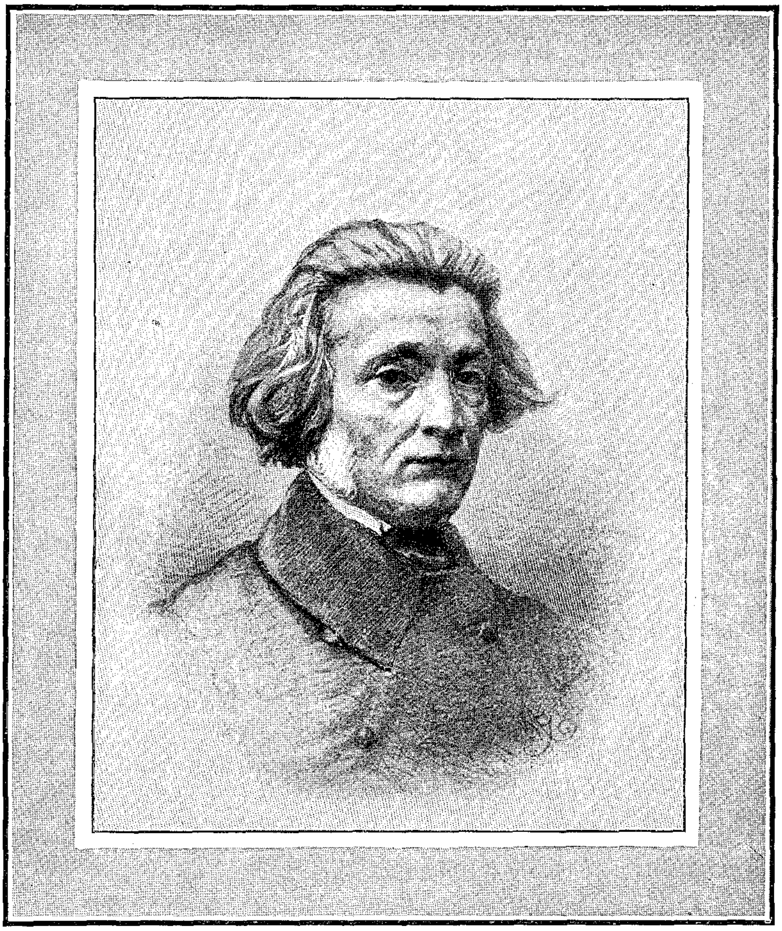
The Poles and the Jews have only one thing in common, and that is an ancient pain, the mourning for a lost country, and a prayer to God for possession of the land of their fathers. At present the prayer of both seems hopeless of being answered; yet in their breasts there was never greater hope than there is now. The Jews of Cracow are nearly all active Zionists, and the Poles are all zealous Nationalists, and to both the national resurrection does not seem far away.

A CITIZEN OF CRACOW

A PEASANT WOMAN OF CRACOW

All the Roman Catholic priesthood is enthusiastically engaged in the task of restoring Poland, for her religion and nationality are one and the same. In the German and Russian portions of the country the people are constantly in the clutches of the law for teaching their children in the native tongue, but in Cracow they do it openly and ardently. If Poland is hopelessly dead politically, which it seems to me to be, it is very much alive in every other way, and that, after all, is the true life of a nation.

The ancient fire is burning in her poets and authors, and the books which crowd the book-stalls are almost bewildering in number, while at each recurring visit to Poland



MICKIEWIECZ, THE GREATEST POLISH POET

I find new names upon the list of her great men and women. The new life manifests itself in her arts and crafts, and the loyal, noble Pole adorns his palace with the products of native skill. In the Slovyansky Bazaar, fabrics, potteries, and carvings are displayed, often the work of peasants, which astonish the beholder by their artistic merit. The national awakening has done much harm and much good; for the Polish peasant, brutal and ignorant, the marks of centuries of oppression have vanished, and in the region of Cracow at least he has become a new creature, conscious of his strength, walking erect, and wearing with pride his peasant garb, once so despised. Long oppressed by the nobles, never conscious of himself or of his strength, he has at last been awakened from his lethargy, and has become conscious of himself as a Pole. The Polish language has become to him sacred, and to maintain it as a living speech and to leave it as a heritage to his children he suffers and sacrifices much.

This may be inconvenient to Germany, which is now hard at work trying to crush the Polish spirit; it does not fit into the plan of Russia, the ancient foe of the Pole; but to the common man in Poland the nationalistic spirit has been a blessing, for it has given him an ideal to strive for, and in striving to be a Pole he begins to be a man. It is not long since eighty-five per cent. of the Poles were illiterate, but now that in Germany and Russia they are not permitted to study their own language in the schools, even those grown up in ignorance study it and their children are taught it secretly by the priests, so that the percentage of illiterates is diminishing in proportion to the rigor of the authorities.

The Kosciusko Hill, a small mountain which rises above the city of Cracow, is not only a monument to their national hero, but also a monument to their national and physical awakening. Every bit of its soil was carried to this spot by enthusiastic patriots. The nobles raised blisters on their delicate hands in raising this monument, and, if they accomplished nothing else, they at least learned that they could do something. To say that the national sin, which is slovenliness or laziness, has been entirely overcome would be saying too much, but there are evidences that in their political struggle, which seems a hopeless one, they have gained some of those virtues the lack of which led to their national downfall. Still, more strength would come to them if their struggle for a national existence had in it less stored-up wrath and bitterness; and one turns with a sad heart from their poets, who sing an endless miserere, and who lose their strength in weeping. A walk through the national picture gallery is like a walk through Poland's graveyard, for, in spite of the brilliancy of the coloring and the vividness of the scenes portrayed on the canvases, nearly every picture deals with Poland's unhappy history.

Fancy walking through a picture gallery and hearing all the artists sighing at their tasks, and saying, "Oh! our hearts are bleeding for our country." This bleeding heart is too much in evidence in Poland for its own health; the people need courage, a larger horizon than the merely political one, a higher mountain than the Kosciusko Hill. One cannot be in Cracow any length of time without being affected by the prevailing melancholy mood, for there is no laughter upon the streets, or even in public places of amusement; the people bargain or pray or weep, and only when the Pole's arch foe, vodka, gains possession of him is there a boisterous joy, which ends in the national pastime, a hand-to-hand fight.

Yet one cannot help sympathizing with a people which, with an intense love for its native country, finds upon the soil of its fathers a cruel master, who with a strong hand tries to silence the native speech and so crush out one of the noblest of human virtues, love of country; and one joins in wish in the national war-cry, "Poland is not lost forever."

Divided

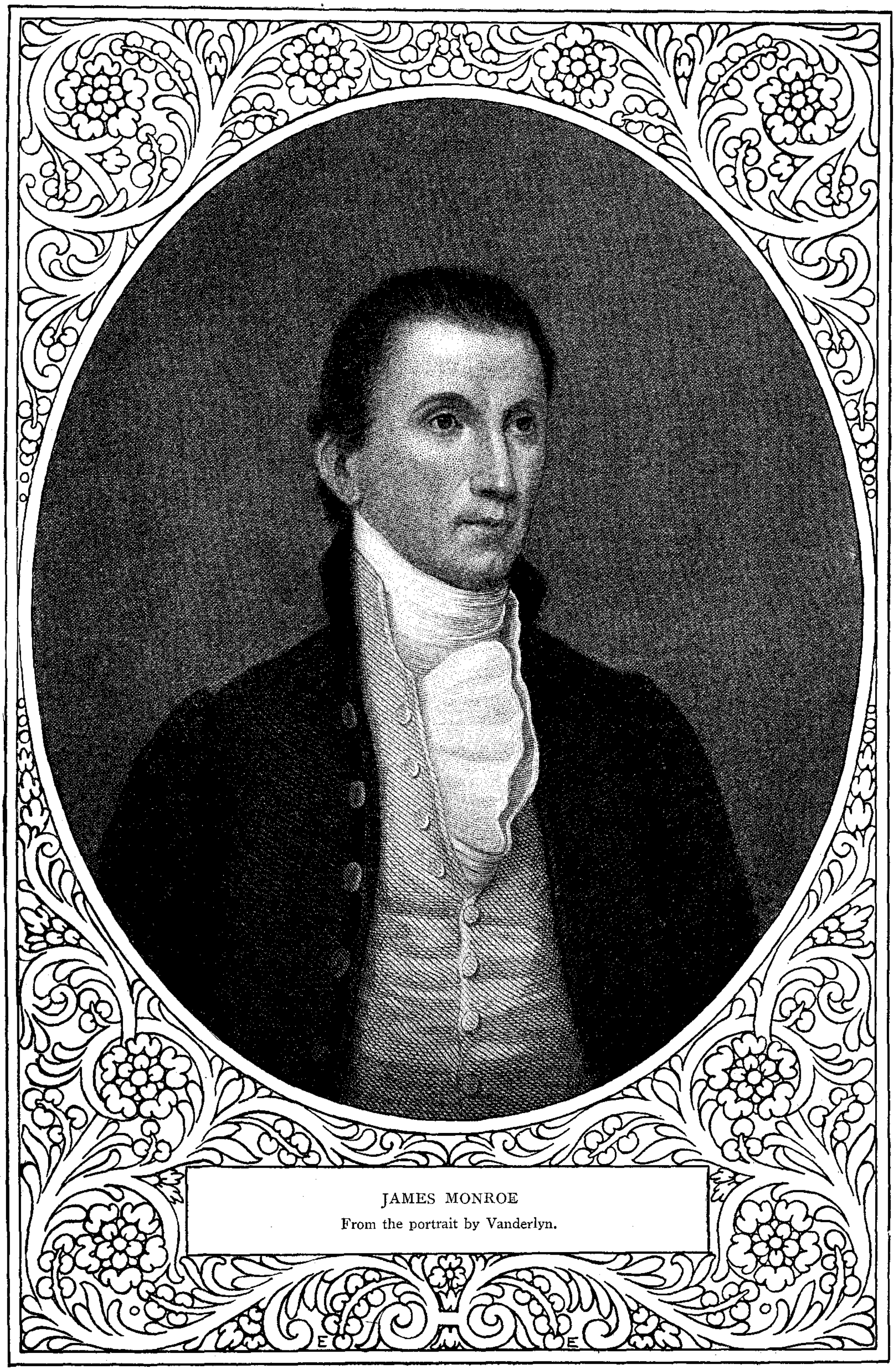
By Moira O'Neill

It's well I know ye, Slieve Cross, ye weary, stony hill!
An' I'm tired, och, I'm tired to be lookin' on ye still:
For here I live the near side, an' he is on the far,
An' all your heights an' hollows are between us, so they are,
Och anee!

But if 'twas only Slieve Cross to climb from foot to crown,
I'd soon be up an' over that, I'd soon be runnin' down;
Then sure the great ould sea itself is there beyont to bar,
An' all the windy wathers are between us, so they are,
Och anee!

But what about the wather when I'd have ould Paddy's boat?
Is it me that would be fear'd to grip the oars an' go afloat?
Oh, I could find him by the light o' sun or moon or star,
But there's coulder things than salt waves between us, so they are,
Och anee!

Sure well I know he'll never have the heart to come to me,
An' love is wild as any wave that wanders on the sea;
'Tis the same if he is near me, 'tis the same if he is far,
His thoughts are hard an' ever hard between us, so they are,
Och anee!



JAMES MONROE

From the portrait by Vanderlyn.

Memories of a Hundred Years[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

V.

JAMES MONROE

WHEN Dean Stanley visited America a few years before his death, one of the queer, pregnant questions which he put to a gentleman who was welcoming him was, "What was the end of the Federal party?"

"As if I knew what was the end of the Federal party!" said his host to me, afterwards, when he was describing the interview. And that ejaculation is a fair enough illustration of the curious difficulty which haunts almost all the political writers and historians. As I have said twenty times in these papers, people who are trained to read histories and to write them cannot rid themselves of the old superstitions which imply that the State of New York to-day is governed by Albany, that the State of Ohio is governed by the city of Columbus, or that the United States is governed from Washington.

Indeed, it is vastly easier to follow along eight years of Washington life in James Monroe's administration, and to call that the "history of America," than it is to read and to write the endless narrative of what really happened in America between 1817 and 1825. The truth is, if anybody could be made to believe it, that the people of America govern America. The various administrations run by the side of the chariot, they make a good deal of dust as they run, and the equerries and the escort sometimes think that they are the rulers. All people on the Continent of Europe think that such persons are the rulers, while in truth the people in a thousand organizations, or without any organization, are carrying the country forward in their own way. In Jefferson's time, as this reader knows, the cotton-gin, the steamboat, the "commerce which whitened every sea," were giving national life to the fourteen States. Mr. Jefferson did a good deal to hinder, he did as little as an intelligent man could do to help, in this business, for he misapprehended the future.

You may read many a "History of America" which does not say one word of the affairs of any State, of forty-five "Sovereign States."

The dynasty of Mr. Madison was broken in upon by the war with England. The war was none of his making, it was no part of his plan, but he could not help himself and it came. Fortunately for him and fortunately for the country, it was a short war. It was a war in which the people, shut up at home as they would have been had the Atlantic Ocean been an ocean of fire, were developing natural resources which are so enormous that to this day we are only scratching at the surface of our treasure. With the peace the Federal party died by a natural death. It had nothing to do. It was pledged to a strong central government. And now Madison had assumed powers which the old Federalist leaders had never dared ask for. It had opposed the war with England, and peace with England had come. No man in America was fool enough to take up the broken fortunes of poor Napoleon, before whom everybody in the administration had been kneeling only a year before. And the Federalist leaders were paying as they deserved for any distrust they had ever felt of the People. The People was taking care of itself and was directing its own future quite unmindful of the intrigues or blunders or the successes at Washington.

Who should be the President to follow poor Mr. Madison? Why, Mr. Monroe was Secretary of State: let him be President. It is clear enough that nobody cared much. Certainly nobody was afraid of undue abilities in a man who had never shown any ability so far. And it is fair to say that James Monroe drifted into the Presidency, drifted through office, and drifted out of the Presidency, while his great master, the American People, was carrying forward its own enterprises and doing its own business. Nobody chose to remember that every year, in every separate State, intelligent men were coming together to take care of every detail of government as well as they knew how. As I have said just now, no mention is made on its page of the success or failure of such enterprise. All the same, these things are done, and society steps forward.

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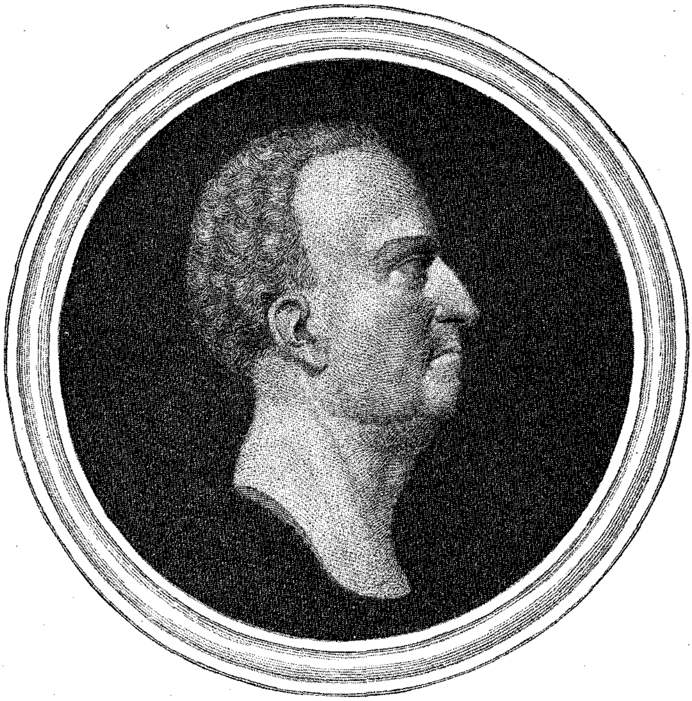
[1] Copyright, 1901, the Outlook Company.

One remembers, of course, whose name is given to the Monroe Doctrine. One remembers that in his dynasty we purchased Florida. In a separate chapter I will try to trace some of the more curious lines of the development of emigration to the West, about which even then the self-styled leaders seem to have been curiously doubtful. The President, as soon as he was President, the same man who "never was in trade and knew nothing about it," arrayed himself to see the commercial States, and even to cross to the new-born West and show himself to the people who were creating a nation there. In my boyhood, this journey of his, which began on the 31st day of May, 1817, and did not end until October of the same year, was called "The President's Progress." Washington's similar journey in 1791 was always called "Washington's Progress." There is a little touch of burlesque when one reads that President Monroe arrayed himself in the old buff and blue of the Revolution with an old-fashioned, three-cornered soldier's hat. There is just a touch of absurdity about this, because his military exploits were, of his whole life, the enterprises which his friends would have most gladly forgotten.



GOVERNOR DE WITT CLINTON
Engraved from the bust by A. B. Durand.

There is a good Harvard tradition which I may put in print without hurting anybody. At a meeting of the little college faculty in the year 1817 it was announced that *Blank*, a spirited senior, must be "suspended." I suppose his marks were not high enough, or his attendance at chapel had been irregular. Dear, courteous, kindly Dr. Kirkland, who was the President, was supposed to be dozing in his chair as the march of college government went forward; but at this proposal to suspend Blank he roused to life and activity. "Send away Blank, when Mr. Monroe is coming? Who will command my Harvard Washington Corps when the President visits the College?" The Harvard Washington Corps was the military establishment of the college boys at that time. Dr. Kirkland could put his foot down when he chose. And so it chanced that Blank was retained in college and that the Harvard Washington Corps, which he commanded, presented arms at the proper time and in the proper way to the President of the United States. And so it happened that, fifty years after, Harvard University received a very important and very expensive new building from an alumnus who on that day commanded the Harvard Washington Corps.

If I could get history written as I should like to have it written, there would be a nice bronze put up in the doorway of that spacious hall, which would tell this story for the next hundred years.

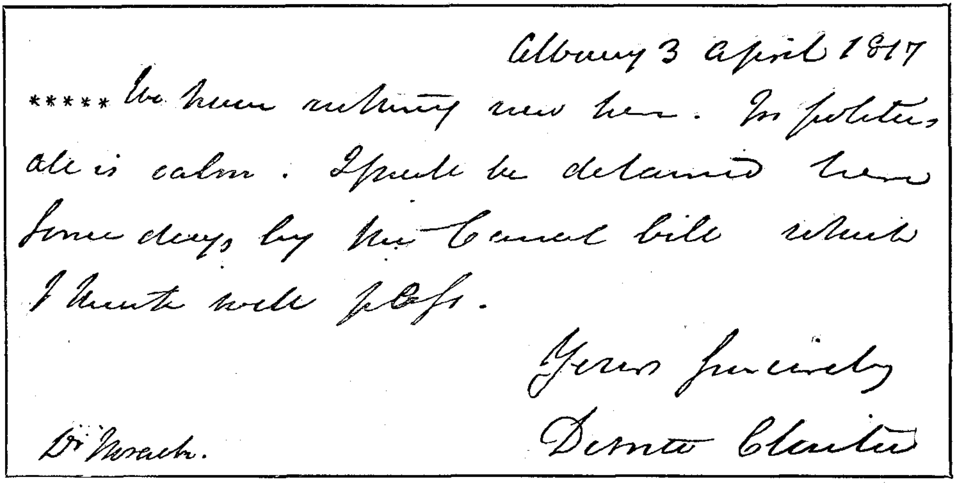
There is yet in the ink-bottle a good historical essay, not yet written, on students who have been exiled from college and those who have not. Fenimore Cooper, for instance, is not in the catalogue of Yale University, although he was a student there.

THE ERA OF GOOD FEELING

This is the old-fashioned phrase, now generally forgotten, which was introduced by some bright person in Monroe's second administration.

The real English of the matter, as I understand it, is that the principle of "two terms" had been well introduced, and was considered as rather a matter of course. The Virginians were in the saddle; they had been in the saddle since the beginning; they had not much else to do than to administer the general government; and, which is the most important point of all, there was not much general government to administer.

That is to say that the Nation as a Nation was still hardly conscious of its own existence. The States' Rights doctrine was still the favorite doctrine of a great many theorists, who believed, as most people do believe, that all the world of any importance is within ten miles of their own meeting-house. And this theory of government lingered among the men who cared for government. But they were not many in proportion. The country was advancing, with the energy and dignity which I have tried to describe, on its own business. The New Englanders were weaving cotton and woolen by the power of their own waterfalls. Nobody seems to understand it, but men really like better to have the rain from heaven drive their looms and wheels than to have their wives work a treadle or make a wheel go round by a crank. The Virginians were selling their slaves to the Southwest at a very high price, and the people of the South and West were selling their cotton and wool at very high prices. People were beginning to find out that there was a West, and such men as De Witt Clinton and others were insisting upon it that there should be highways to the West. What was there for the "General Government" to do? It could fuss



Albany 3 April 1817

***** We have nothing new here. In politics all is calm. I shall be detained here some days by the Canal bill which I think will pass.

Yours sincerely
DeWitt Clinton

Dr Hosack.

PART OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY DE WITT CLINTON IN 1817 and fiddle about treaties which should permit our breadstuffs to go into the West India Islands. It could fuss and fiddle about some claims we had on the Government of Spain for some ships which had been destroyed some years before; but really there was very little National business, as we understand National business to-day. People suffered from a bad currency; but they did not understand what advantage they would gain from a currency like ours to-day, in which a bill on an Illinois bank or an Arkansas bank is as good as a bill issued in the city of New York. Indeed, for one reason or another, the Nation did not assert itself in the management of the currency. The people at Washington could not make up their minds whether they did or did not want to help in the business of highways across the Alleghany Mountains.

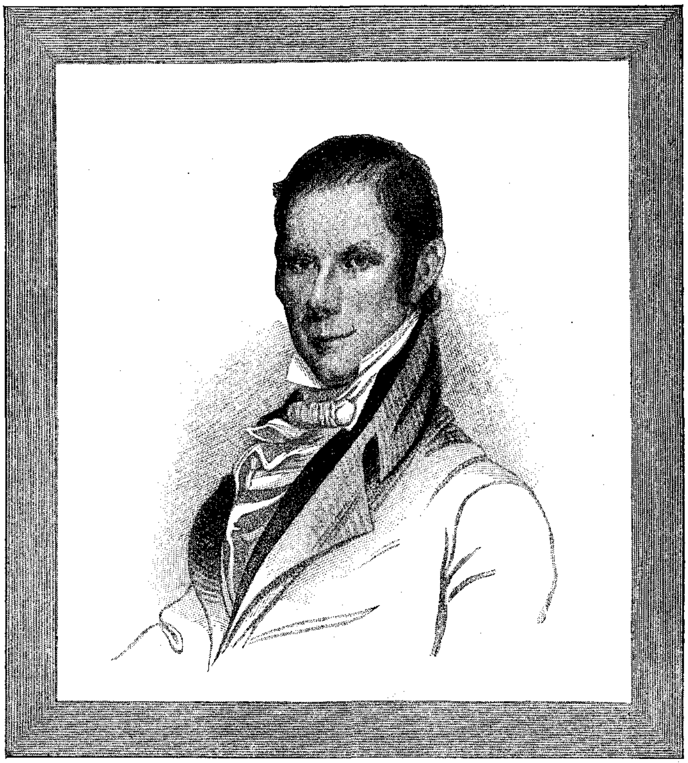
There came about some rather curious illustrations of this comparative insignificance of the National Government, which are perhaps worth jotting down. When the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, as early as 1797, all the officers of Government retired from that city. John Adams lived in Braintree, Mass., for the whole time, and had his mail brought to him once or twice a week from Philadelphia; and there are queer letters in the foreign correspondence which say, almost in so many words, that the business of the Government is suspended until the yellow fever shall be cured. Mr. Henry Adams cites Joseph Hopkinson to say, in 1814, "The general Government would have dissolved into its original elements, its powers would have returned to the States from which they were derived." If the English Government had not been absolutely determined on peace, if they had not crowded it down the throats of the American envoys, Mr. Madison would have gone home from Washington to his own house, and the different Ministers of War and the Navy would have gone to theirs, and the National Government would have stopped.

Under such circumstances, when the year 1820 came round, there was no great clamor for a change of administration. James Monroe had done no harm, if he had done no good; he was as good a cipher as anybody else was; and there was absolutely no organized opposition of any great importance to his election. When the time of the election came, and the electors gave their votes, it proved that he had all the electoral votes but one. This was the vote given by the sturdy old New Hampshire man whose name still exists in honor in another generation—William Plumer. He said, when the electoral college met in New Hampshire, that there never had been but one President who had received a unanimous vote, and that he was not going to have another so chosen by his act, and he threw his vote, therefore, for John Quincy Adams.

It was at this period, July 10, 1817, after Mr. Monroe had been in office three months, that a writer in the "Columbia Centinel" in Boston spoke of his election to the Presidency as marking an "era of good feeling." It was not a bad name, and it lingered in a fashion for a generation among the people who had nothing better to do than to talk politics. In fact, the real interest of the country did not turn, as I have tried to show, on the accidents of the Presidential election. It would, however, be to the last degree absurd to suppose that because nothing "happened" in the line of physical events which the Dry-as-dusts like to write down, nothing "transpired" in the eight years of Monroe's dynasty. The country began to gird itself up to the business of what was called internal improvement, which meant the creation of better roads and of canals, which developed into the railroad system of to-day. The people who call themselves the historians do not care to write of such things. But in truth the opening of a great canal has much more to do with the progress of the world than most of the battles which have been fought on the sea or on the land. Somebody says, and I believe it is true, that more gunpowder is used in peace than in war. War so far arrests the advance of the world in the civilized arts that, though it uses in the killing of men such a quantity of gunpowder, it does not use so much as would have been used had the world been working together about its business.

THE MISSOURI QUESTION

When you count thirty-two years from 1787, you come out to 1819. A generation of men has passed, and you have to

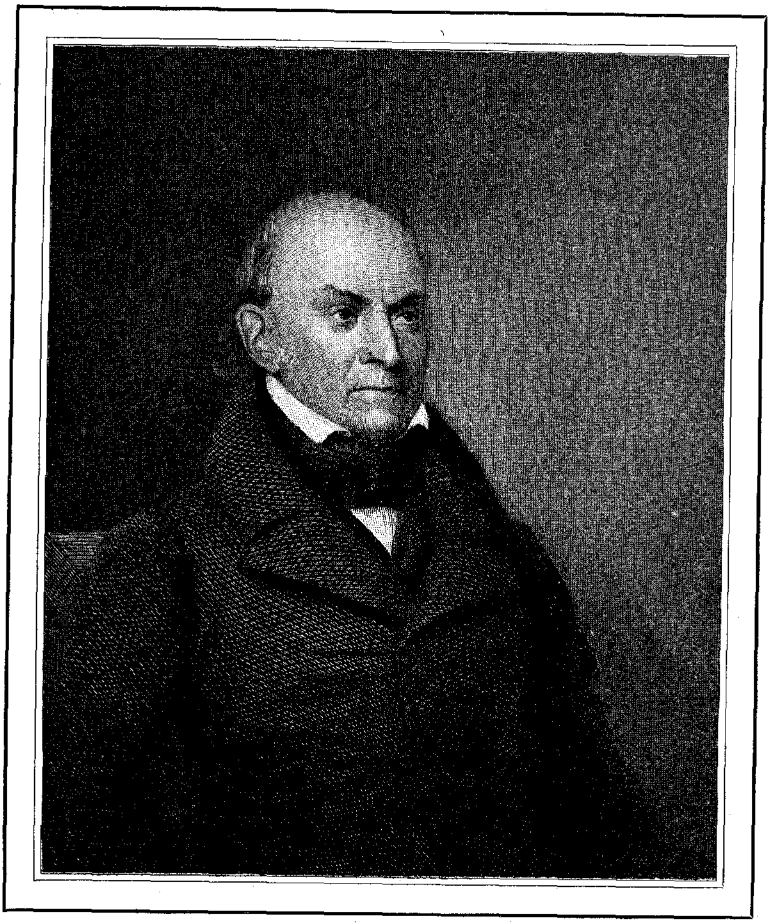


HENRY CLAY AS A YOUNG MAN

do your work over again. By a struggle such as Congress had never known before, in which the North and South were divided against each other, what was called Mr. Clay's Compromise of 1820 prevailed after a year. Under that compromise, with always increasing difficulties, the Nation worked along for another generation, and then in 1853, in another generation, if you please, a few reckless men, blindly confident in their own success, undertook to disown the measure of 1820, and tried to force slavery on the States which had been exempt by Mr. Clay's plan; and the dragon was waked up again. This time his head was cut off, and in that particular form the question was settled forever, after thirty-three more years.

Of Mr. Monroe's so-called administration, and the interior politics of what is called the Cabinet, we have the most edifying and interesting account in the journal of John Quincy Adams. Mr. Monroe recalled Adams from England in 1816 and made him Secretary of State. Now, the unwritten theory had held since Jefferson came in that the Secretary of State was a good available candidate for the Presidency. Jefferson himself had been Secretary of State, Madison had been Secretary of State, and Monroe had been Secretary of State. Naturally enough, the impression had been wrought into people's minds that the Secretary of State would succeed the President, other things being equal. I suppose Mr. Adams thought so, but if he did think so he reckoned without his host, for the Virginians and people who believed in politics as a trade had no such intentions. The business of the country, so far as it came into the Cabinet or these discussions, seems to have been quite secondary to the intrigues of Mr. Adams's friends, and Mr. Calhoun's friends, and Mr. Wirt's friends, and Mr. Crawford's friends, as to the succession. To us at this time what is most curious in the very interesting volumes of Mr. Adams's journal which have been published is to see how little, on the whole, any of them esteemed the importance of the slavery question. Mr. Crawford withdrew from public life on account of ill health. Mr. Wirt died in 1834. Mr. Adams and Mr. Calhoun lived to see that all things beside were not so important as this question which involved eternal principles. But of the history of the anti-slavery movement it will be more convenient to speak in another place.

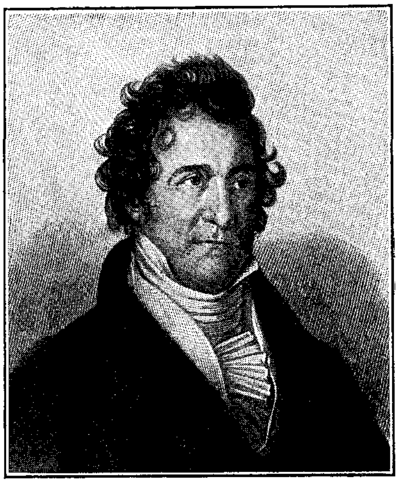
While I speak of Mr. Monroe himself as a person comparatively insignificant, I do not, of course, mean that those eight years from 1817 to 1825 were in any sort insignificant. It is in these years that the curtain rises for those who study the great drama of the century. The drama begins with the gray dawn, half twilight, through which you dimly see a vague distant prospect. The hero of the drama, the stripling nation, comes forward alone, doubtful and even timid. The world is out of joint, and can he set it right? The curtain falls, at the end of the century, really on the first part of a trilogy. The stripling boy, loose-jointed, ignorant, and doubtful, appears then as the strong man, borrowing omnipotence for the duties God trusts to him, and still wondering what those duties are.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

An engraving from the portrait by A. B. Durand.

One of the great questions which the young stripling must decide is the question of freedom or slavery in the region west of the Mississippi. The battle royal comes on which was timidly pushed off in 1787, and which has been dreaded for thirty years—a generation of men. It is not often that great questions are settled once for all; generation after generation comes up to a new round in the battle. And so it was now. The Constitution had in its way settled this question by what are called the "Compromises" of the Constitution. But after thirty-two years, with another generation of men on the stage, it insisted on being settled

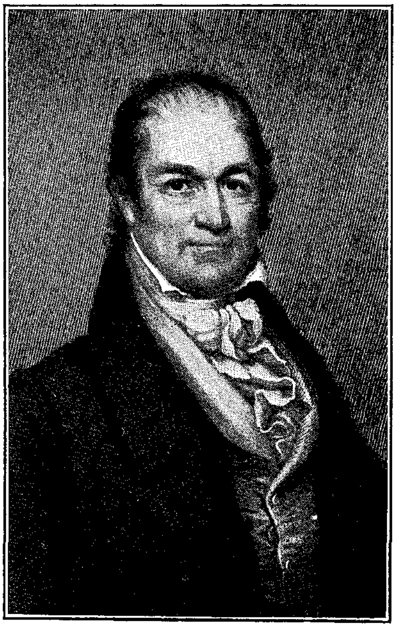


WILLIAM WIRT

Painted by C. B. King, engraved by A. B. Walter.

again. It returned under the title of the "Missouri Controversy."

In the admission of the Gulf States of Alabama and Mississippi, they followed the law or custom of Georgia, to which, in some fashion, their territory had belonged. With the admission of Kentucky and Tennessee, in the same way, it had been taken for granted, almost, that they would be slave States because they were settled from Virginia and North Carolina. On the other hand, for the States north of the Ohio, the admirable forecast of the "Northwest Ordinance," so called, had forever exempted them from the institution of slavery. With more or less questioning as to the permanency of the provision of "the Ordinance," as we still call it, Indiana was admitted to the Union in 1816 and Illinois in 1818. So far, so good. After serious controversy, all the States east of the Mississippi River and the State of Louisiana, made out of the French population at the mouth of the river, took their status in advance regarding the institution of slavery. It was not until one State west of the Mississippi, made from the Louisiana Purchase, was ready for admission that the question as to its future status in this matter could come to a critical contest. That State, as it proved, was Missouri.



WILLIAM HARRIS CRAWFORD

Engraved by S. H. Gimber from a painting by J. W. Jarvis.

In 1803 and 1804, when we had just bought Louisiana from Napoleon, it was taken for granted that we should not send emigrants across the river for a hundred years. That was Livingston's opinion as it has been cited already in these pages. One must not wonder, therefore, that little or nothing was said, even in the bitter debates on the Louisiana Purchase, as to the existence of slavery in territory so far away and so sure to remain in barbarism. But there was already a French post at St. Louis, and one or two garrisons farther down the river, on its western shore. As fifteen years went on, this post at St. Louis became more and more populous. It was the depot of the fur trade of the West. Without questions on any part, its people followed the habit of the original settlers and bought negroes for slaves where they chose and where they could. In 1820 there were not five thousand inhabitants in St. Louis. Around it, however, the natural resources of the country had called in settlers in large numbers, and a population of sixty-six thousand people, of whom ten thousand were slaves, had already collected itself in this region where Livingston had told Europe, seventeen years before, that we should not send an emigrant. Those of these new settlers who were white and who owned slaves had taken them there without scruple, probably without hesitation. In their application to be made a State they took it for granted, or affected to, that their right to their slaves would be recognized.

It was at this point that the contest came. The whole institution of slavery was on a different basis from what it had been when Jefferson came to the

Presidency. At that time he and Madison and the leaders of Virginia were discussing, in a philosophical way, the best methods of bringing the wasteful system of slave labor to an end. At the same time, the exclusion, in the year 1808, of African slaves by a Constitutional prohibition gave an artificial value in money to the negroes born from slaves already existing in the country. I suppose that if in 1803 a vigorous effort had been made to exclude slavery from the territory bought from Napoleon, such a measure would have had the assent of the States of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. But as early as 1819 it was quite impossible to secure any such assent. Southern men were beginning to look at slavery in a much more favorable light than that in which the wisest of their fathers generally regarded it. And so it was that the proposal that the State of Missouri should exclude slavery for the future failed to receive the assent of any Southern State.

So soon as the bill for the admission of Missouri was introduced into the House it was amended so as to prohibit the introduction of slavery, and to declare free at the age of twenty-one all negro children who had been born in the Territory. This amendment passed the House.

But, as we all know, it is easier to legislate for the future than for the past. In hard fact, there were already ten thousand negro slaves in Missouri. There were fifty thousand whites. To take care of the future of people yet unborn would be one thing. To change the status of every black person who should come to the age of twenty-one was quite another. This for matter of detail. Then, as a matter of principle, it is easy to see that the Southern leaders did not mean to cut off the right of emigration from Eastern States to Western territory with the slaves who were their property. And when the bill as amended went to the Senate, it was rejected by a vote of twenty-two to sixteen. The bill went back to the House and failed by the disagreement of the House.

The subject was brought up again at the next session. The North was at a disadvantage, for here were ten thousand slaves in the new State. The debates would seem to show that the whole question of "State Rights" was more considered than the abstract question of the right or wrong of holding men as slaves. Even Calhoun granted that Congress could prohibit slavery in the Territories; but on "State Rights" ground he insisted that no act of admission passed by Congress could limit the power of a State after it had changed from a Territory to a State.

The second time there came a deadlock between the Senate and the House. The Senate, as before, amended the bill by striking out the anti-slavery proviso. The House, as before, disagreed to the Senate amendment.

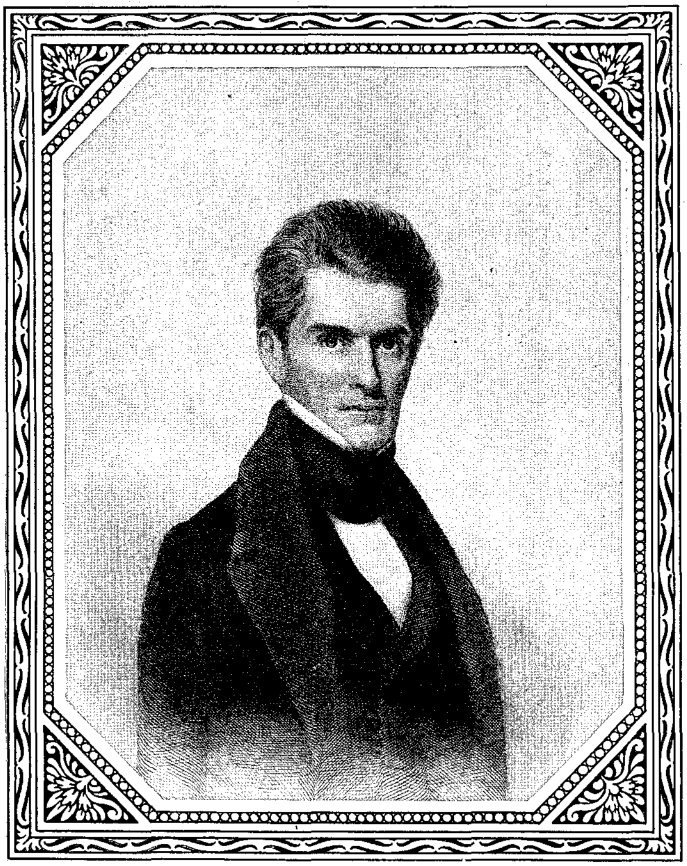
To obtain some "method of living," a Senator from the Northwest proposed a new section to the bill. This was what we know as the "Missouri Compromise." For this one time a slave State was to be received north of the line of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, the southern line of Missouri, and with the proviso that the same should not be allowed again. This proposal, which passed the Senate, was once rejected by the House; but, under the influence of Mr. Clay, who was Speaker of the House, it finally obtained just enough votes for its passage. Missouri was admitted on the 10th of August, 1821, with a constitution authorizing slavery on condition that no other slave States should be admitted north of the southern line of Missouri. At that time there were twenty-two States. Eleven were free and eleven slave. The vote in the Senate, therefore, was equally divided between North and South. But the greater population of the Northern States gave that section a majority of twenty-five in the House. The amended bill, when it first came from the Senate, was rejected in the House by a vote of 159 to 18. After a vote of the Committee on Conference, every Southern Representative voted in the affirmative; and the votes of fourteen Northern States were obtained for the "Compromise" with great difficulty and for many varied reasons, different, perhaps, with every vote from those given for every other.

The contract thus made between the North and South was an agreement broken in 1854, when the Southern leaders, really crazy with their success, proposed to repeal the anti-slavery provision in establishing the Territory, as it was called, of Nebraska, west of the State of Missouri.

At the moment when the "Compromise" passed Congress the feeling of the North touching anti-slavery matters for the future had been more distinctly announced than it had ever been before. There was a great popular meeting held in the Doric Hall of the State House in Massachusetts, under the lead of Daniel Webster, who made a strong speech insisting upon the duty of the North to reject all proposals which could enslave the States made west of the Mississippi.

The substance of that speech is in the address which that meeting sent out to the people of Massachusetts. And it is one of the infamous suppressions of history that in George Ticknor Curtis's life of Mr. Webster all allusion to this address is omitted—undoubtedly intentionally omitted.

What was called the "Compromise" did not for a moment suppress the feeling of protest. I have heard it said, and believe it to be true, that hardly one of the fourteen Northern men whose votes were given for it was ever returned to Congress. I know that the two or three New England men who voted for it came home to find themselves very coldly treated by their constituents. All the same, however, Missouri was admitted into the United States, the more readily because the district of Maine, which had always been a part of Massachusetts, was admitted at the same time. There was a general understanding, confirmed by this arrangement, that no Northern State should be admitted without a Southern State; and this held when Michigan and Florida were, so to speak, "paired" against each other, and when Iowa was admitted at the same time with Arkansas.

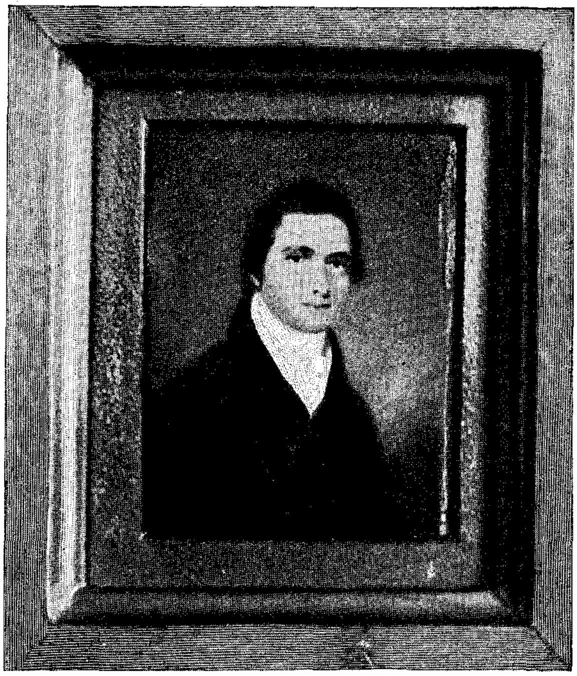


JOHN C. CALHOUN

From a miniature by Blanchard.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

James Monroe now lives in history because, fortunately for him, his name is attached to the Monroe Doctrine. In



ALEXANDER H. EVERETT

From an old miniature owned by the author.

1823 George Canning made the suggestion of something of the same sort to Mr. Rush, who was our Minister in London.

I think that the earliest memorandum on paper of the project is in John Quincy Adams's letter to Mr. Rush of the 2d of July, 1823. "A necessary consequence [of the independence of the South American States] will be that the American Continent will be no longer subject to colonization." Canning's conversation with Mr. Rush took place in the next month. He proposes a joint declaration of England and the United States that they would not view with indifference any foreign intervention in America. That conversation, when reported at Washington, called the attention of the President to the matter, and Monroe asked the opinion of Madison and Jefferson. Jefferson in reply said squarely, "Our second maxim should be, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs." Mr. Madison, referring to some threats on the part of the Holy Alliance, said that "they call for our efforts to defeat the meditated crusade." The President's message is dated the 2d of December in that year. It contains the celebrated passage, "We owe it to candor . . . to declare that we should consider any attempt on the part of the allied powers to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." So far the "Holy Alliance" is alluded to. And this statement goes no farther, but the message goes on to say, "We could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing [the South American States] or controlling, in any manner, their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

The next year he says: "It is gratifying to know that some of the powers with whom we enjoy a very friendly intercourse and to whom these views have been communicated have appeared to acquiesce in them."

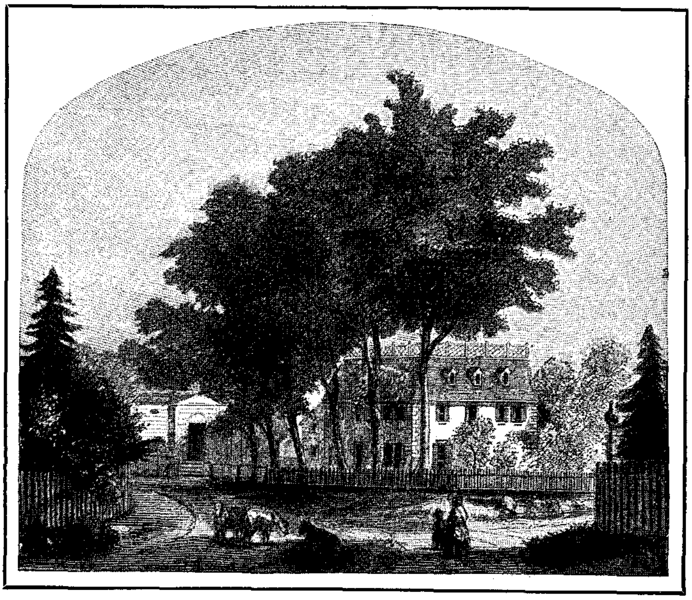
William Plumer in his biography says that the President told Adams that he had doubts about that part of the Message of 1823 which related to the interference of the Holy Alliance with Spanish America. He said he believed it had better be omitted, and asked him if he did not think so too. Adams replied: "You have my sentiments on the subject already, and I see no reason to alter them." "Well," said the President, "it is written, and I will not change it now." This was a day or two before Congress met.

It seems probable that John Quincy Adams drew the passage which has given Mr. Monroe, fairly enough, the honor of naming the proviso.

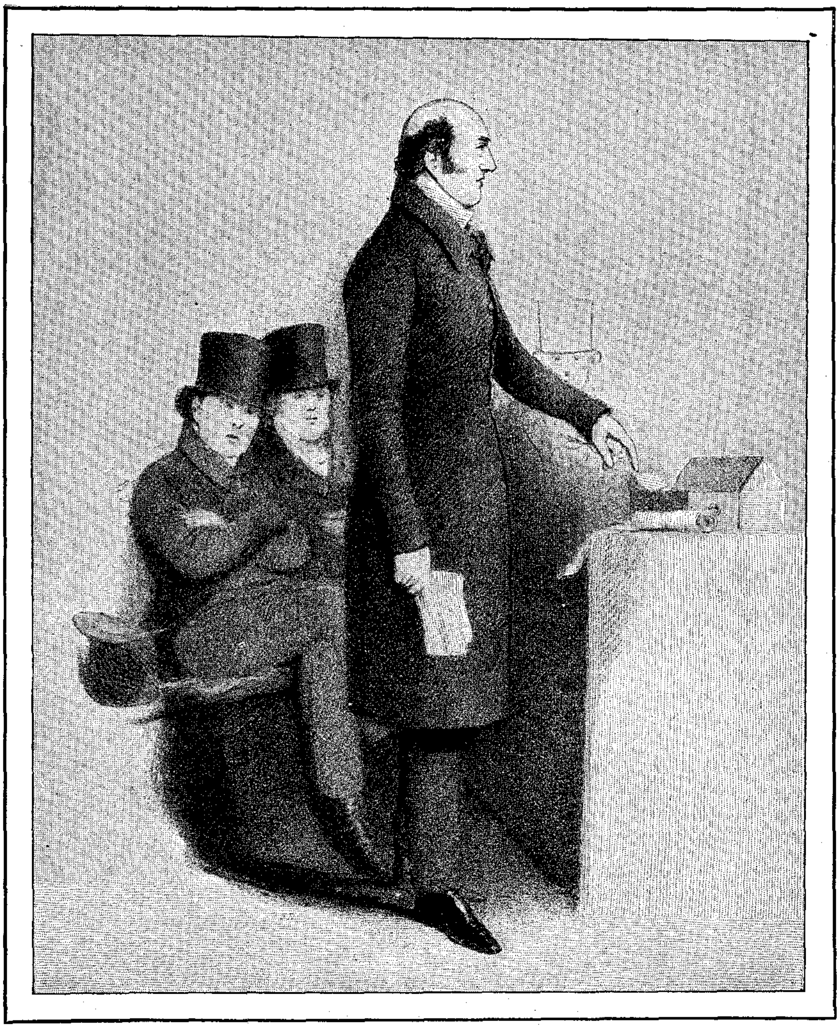
PERSONAL AND GENEALOGICAL

The reader of these pages will have to follow a good many memoranda in the Everett handwriting; and it will save foot-notes or other explanations if once for all I account for my own middle name of Everett. It will be enough to say that in the first generation of Massachusetts Bay, as early as Lechford's "Journal," John Everett appears, now in Boston, now in Watertown, now in Dedham. What is odd and what nobody understands is that he is "John Everett, alias John Webb." So Cromwell sometimes called himself Williams. The Williamses of Taunton are descendants of the Cromwell family. The descent struggles along, always in the Everett name, through the regular eight generations, the most prominent person in it being a commander of the train-bands who was frequently on permanent duty in New Hampshire and Maine. I think he was somewhere in that region at the time of Lovell's fight. From this blood there appears in West Dedham, otherwise called Tiot, now known as Norwood, Ebenezer Everett, whose house was standing there a few years ago. He had had the courage and good sense to go over to Andover and marry Joanna Stevens, of the Andover Stevens blood. Of their children, Moses Everett and Oliver Everett were sent to Harvard College. Oliver Everett graduated there in 1772.

The first time I was ever at a formal dinner-party, being a rather frightened young man of twenty, I met dear old Dr. John Pierce, who called himself in joke the Catalogarius of Harvard College. He spoke to me across the table, breaking up the other conversation to say, "Mr. Hale, your grandfather, Oliver Everett, was born in 1752, graduated in 1772, took charge of the New South Church in 1782, left that church in 1792, died in 1802; you were born in 1822 and will take your second degree in 1842." It was one of the instances, almost absurd, of the curious accuracy of his memory in any detail which related to college history. To me it has been a very convenient memorandum. It is a little hard for us to connect the statistics of our personal life with the chronology in books. I once had, as a piece of hack duty, to write the life of Wolfgang von Goethe in the same summer in which I wrote the life of my great-uncle, Nathan Hale. I confess I was a good deal surprised when I found that Goethe, whose death I remember,



THE EVERETT HOUSE AT DORCHESTER



GEORGE CANNING

The English Champion of the Monroe Doctrine

From a sketch made in the House of Commons, March, 1826.

was born five years before Nathan Hale, who was killed by General Howe in the autumn of 1776.

Both my grandfathers were born in the last half of the eighteenth century, Enoch Hale in 1754, Oliver Everett two years earlier. For ten years he was minister of the New South Church in Boston, where he was a predecessor of Kirkland, who went from that pulpit to be President of Harvard College. His second son was Alexander Everett, with whom this reader will have a good deal to do. His third son was Edward Everett, whose name I bear. His second daughter was Sarah Preston Everett, who was my mother. His health failed him so far that he could not carry on the duties of a large Boston parish. His brother Moses Everett was a minister in Dorchester, now a part of the municipality of Boston.

I suppose this was the reason why Oliver Everett, when he retired from his ministry in Boston, bought a house, which was pulled down only a year ago, which stood on what is now known as Edward Everett Square in Dorchester. In this house my mother was born, on a day ever to be marked with red in the history of my own family—the 5th of September, 1796.

I was sorry enough when the supposed exigencies of modern life made it necessary to pull down this building which really belonged to what are called the colonial days.[1] I suppose it to have been built by one of the West Indian planters who used to like to come up from the islands to live for the summer in Boston or its neighborhood. Jamaica Plain is named for such people. Some of them had the wit to plant English walnuts at the Dorchester house which throve and bore fruit, as, for some reason, English walnuts do not seem to do when they are planted in New England now. My mother herself planted a honeysuckle there before the year 1806; and for the convenience of gardeners I may say that this plant was alive in the year 1895. The stem was at that time three or four inches through. In this house my grandfather died in the year 1802, when his sons were but boys, leaving my grandmother to bring up a family of eight children. Two of those children, Alexander Everett and Edward Everett, lived to hold distinguished positions in the administration of the State of Massachusetts or of the Nation. John Everett, his fourth son, who came next after my mother in the family, had a very brilliant career in college, and died at the age of twenty-eight. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was his classmate, often spoke to me of his remarkable ability and promise.

In what now seems to me rather a helter-skelter way, my mother grew up in this widow's household, her father having died when she was six years old. In after life she almost worshiped the two brothers, Alexander and Edward, who from her earliest recollections had interested themselves in her education. So little had schools to do with this education that I cannot at this moment name any of her school-teachers. But her brother Alexander went to St. Petersburg in 1809; and in his first letter to her he proposes that this girl of thirteen shall write to him in French, and this she seems to have done.

Her brother Edward went to Germany in 1815, and either then or before she mastered the German language, and I cannot remember the time when she did not read it with ease. This is now a common accomplishment, but in 1830 she could not buy a German book in Boston. The duties of life under rather struggling pecuniary circumstances in a village like Dorchester gave her a sort of household training such as is harder for a young woman to have in our days. As early as 1807 she enjoyed, as a girl would enjoy, the friendship and advice of Joseph Stevens Buckminster, who was the minister of Brattle Street Church. Thus she gained on Sundays the immense advantage of his emancipation from the mechanical religion of the preceding century. Such training as this for a girl who had thoroughly sound health and a temper of great sweetness and even balance made an all-round woman, a little of the Die Vernon type if you please, of whom there were not many in New England in the first twenty years of the century. Such a girl twelve years of age was in the home to which Alexander Everett took his Exeter friend Hale on their first vacation visit to Boston. One of the traditions of the family is that when her brother and his friend for the first time cut off the queues which had adorned their young heads until then, they gave them to her to make hair for her doll. Another similar tradition of about the same time is that when they came home from a Phi Beta dinner they gave her for the millinery of the baby house the pink and blue ribbons from their Phi Beta medals. But girls of twelve grow up to be women of twenty, and sometimes they marry their brothers' nearest friends. My mother married one dear friend of one dear brother the day she was twenty years old, which, as I have said, is a day to be marked with vermilion by me and mine.

From this marriage began a happy life for her and her husband, with every range of experience and fortune, of which these pages need say nothing more but what relates to the more public affairs of the century.

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[1] Purists say "provincial days" when they speak of the period after Massachusetts was a "province" until the 19th of April, 1775. But we people in the Bay, who are in fact a little provincial, do not like to be called provincial, so we speak of a "colonial" house, even of a house built in the eighteenth century.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARSHALL, BOSTON

THE RIGHT REV. CHARLES H. BRENT
Bishop of the Philippines.

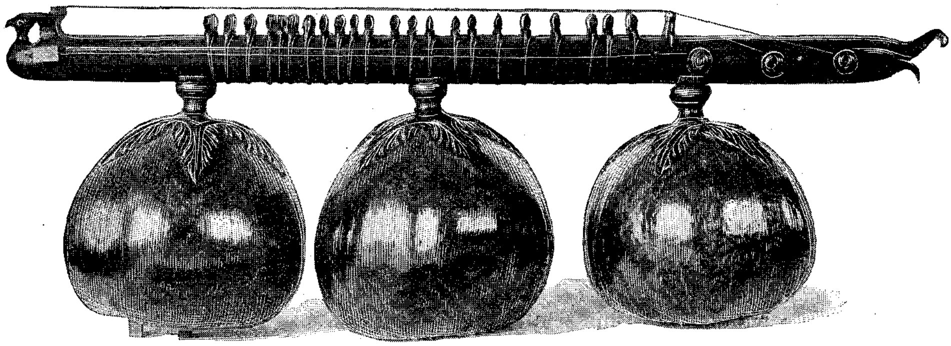
The First Bishop of the Philippines

BISHOP BRENT came to Boston in 1888, and entered as a "novice" the clergy-house of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, popularly known as the Cowley Fathers. Here he lived in obscurity for three years, in no way distinguishable from the other gentlemen who wore a most unbecoming and conspicuous uniform. These years were, however, most fruitful, for he showed that he had the gift of ministering to another race. St. Augustine's Church is a monument of his zeal for the colored people. But Phillips Brooks was elected Bishop of Massachusetts in 1891, and "Father" Hall, the best known of the Cowley Fathers, was removed from an important and prosperous work and sent back to England, and the two novices, Torbet and Brent, who had never taken the full vows of the order, withdrew. They turned to the new Bishop and found him a Father in God. He placed them in St. Stephen's Church, one of the chapels of the Episcopal City Mission, and here they labored faithfully together until the death of Mr. Torbet less than a year ago, and the elevation of Dr. Brent to the episcopate.

During these nine years Mr. Brent showed that he had rare gifts in ministering to all sorts and conditions of men, that he was an effective preacher and a man of singular transparency of character. So, when it was known that he had been chosen Bishop for the new possessions, the Church said, "Well done. We shall send to the island of unrest a man simple, earnest, devout, with the gift of adaptability."

Bishop Brent is a high churchman. It is sometimes thought that the Episcopal Church has a monopoly of "high, low, and broad," but it is not so. They are in every Church, for, however it may once have been, these terms are now less party designations than descriptions of temperament—ways of looking at things. There are high churchmen in every Church who have become such by reaction. These are the partisans. And there are others who are such by inheritance and early training, as is Bishop Brent. And in him churchmanship takes its most attractive form. It compels him, because he so clearly sees the glory and dignity of the corporate body, to think humbly of himself and leads him to exalt himself in service. No fear that the episcopate will spoil his simple, rugged nature; he thinks too highly of the "office of a Bishop in the Church of God" to use it for personal ends.

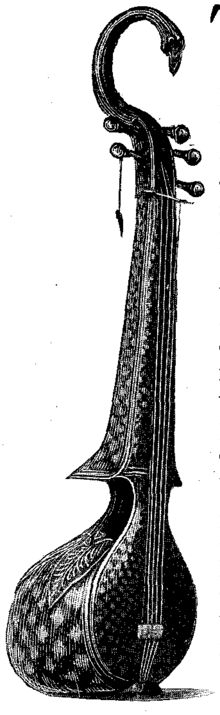
But perhaps the thing that has given most satisfaction is the knowledge that this man is a patriot. He set an example, which it were to be wished more of his fellow British subjects would follow, by identifying himself by naturalization with the country of his adoption. He loves the country; he has no fears that paralyze, but an awful reverence that inspires. What he may be able to do for the spread of the Episcopal Church in those far-off islands we do not know, but we do know that the Episcopal Church has done well in sending to those alienated people so fine an example of an American patriot. He will be the implacable foe of every evil that, under the protection of the flag, would exploit those people. What his opinion may be on the question of imperialism we do not know, but this the American people may be sure of, and it should create an interest in his mission far beyond the borders of his own communion: he will tell us the truth. He is a cautious and a judicious man; one can depend upon what he says. He is a brave man, and no fear of inconsistency will lead him to keep back the truth. As a man, as a churchman, and as a citizen Bishop Brent deserves honor.



KENNARÉ VINA, THE NATIONAL STRINGED INSTRUMENT OF INDIA

SOME RARE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS[1]

BY WILLIAM ADAMS BROWN



SURSANGA
India.

THE history of the Metropolitan Museum collection in New York may be summed up in three words. It is the story of a growing interest, of a generous co-operation, and of an educational purpose.

Nothing was further from the collector's thought when she began the decoration of her music-room than the formation of a public collection. The change of purpose has been a gradual one, one step following another naturally but inevitably. At first the motive which led to the selection was pure delight in the beauty of form. Presently came the desire to understand the musical significance of the unfamiliar visitors. Books were bought, and read, and put aside as unsatisfactory. With each month came a new realization of the vastness of the field and of the inadequacy of the helps at the disposal of the student. When the work began, there was but one collection of any importance in the United States—that of the National Museum at Washington, and this was incomplete, ill arranged, and uncatalogued. Clearly, here was a gap which needed to be filled. What had been begun as a private pastime suggested attractive possibilities of public usefulness. Five years had not passed before the home collection, now grown to 270 specimens, was transferred to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and a printed catalogue embodied the results of the studies which had been made up to date. From that day to this the growth has been steady and rapid, each year adding its contribution, till the 270 instruments first presented have multiplied themselves almost tenfold.

Of the generous co-operation which has made this result possible, this is not the place to speak in detail. It is sufficient to record the fact. While the plan has been from the first that of the collector, in the execution of her work she has received willing and generous assistance from hundreds without whose aid she would have been helpless. From the authorities of the Museum to the most distant missionary on a Pacific Island, she has had only to ask to receive. Men of large learning and of wide experience have willingly put both learning and experience at her service. Men who were unknown to her even by name have been quick in their response to her appeal for aid. When Mr. Church, the artist, was journeying through a distant pass in the Andes, he came upon a retired hut in which a number of Indians were dancing to the accompaniment of a small rattle of singularly musical sound. After long bargaining the rattle came into the possession of the traveler, from whom it passed to its present place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The incident is cited as an example of hundreds of others.

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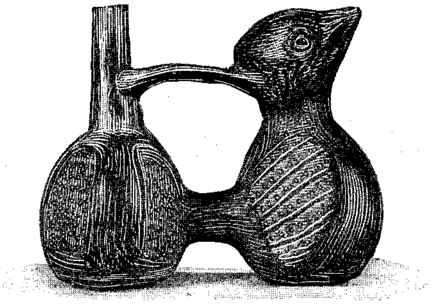
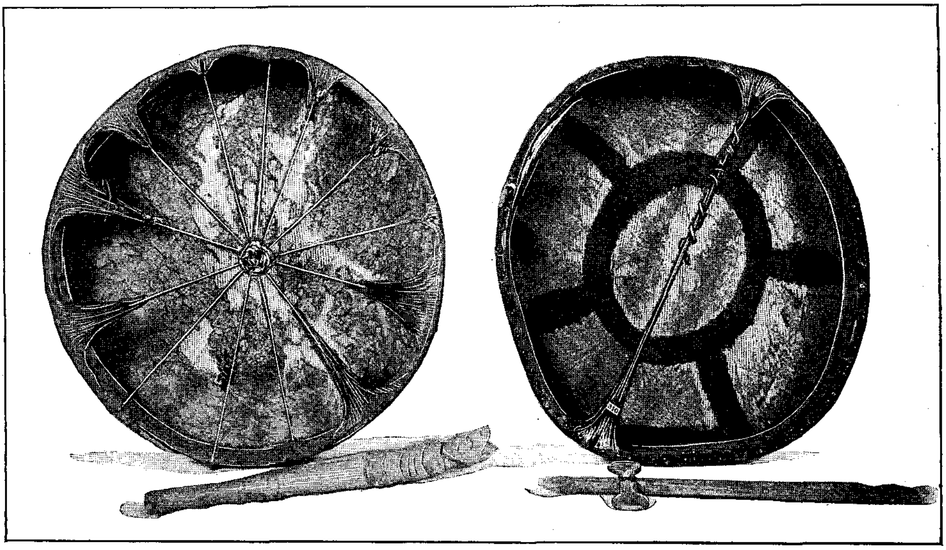
[1] Seventeen years ago, through the kindness of a friend in Florence, Mrs. John Crosby Brown secured a few Italian instruments to decorate her music-room at Brighthurst, Orange Mountain, New Jersey. Others were added from time to time, and in 1889 the collection, which had grown too large to be easily accommodated at home, was transferred to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it is at present housed in the four large galleries (25–28) of the north wing.


AZTEC POTTERY WHISTLE
Mexico.

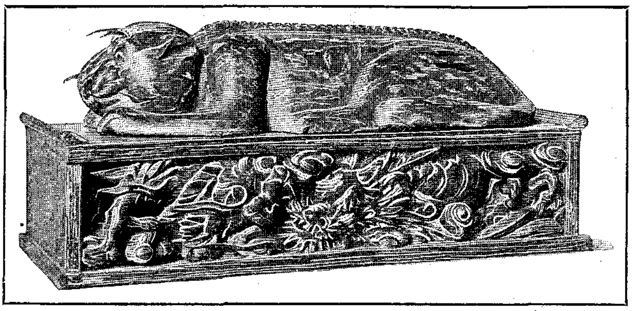
With the growth of the collection in numbers the problem of effective exhibition has become ever more pressing. Here the educational interest awakened by early study has deepened into a controlling purpose. To make the galleries not only interesting but instructive; to put each instrument in its right place so that it could be seen in its relations both to the types which precede and to those which follow; to group the more developed forms after their families; to follow the missing link with unwearying patience until it was found; to secure reproductions of the best existing specimen when the original could not be obtained; to gather photographs and drawings showing the manner of playing the different instruments and models of their mechanism wherever possible; in short, to do whatever could be done in order to make the collection intelligible to the visitor—this is the aim which has been constantly in mind. Much still remains to be done before this ideal can be fully realized, but the work is constantly going on, and each year will, it is hoped, make the collection more worthy of the great city which is its home, and of the hospitable roof under which it finds shelter.

The arrangement which has finally been adopted is geographical. Each of the four galleries has its definite field, and is in a sense complete in itself. Gallery 27 is the home of the Asiatic instruments. Beginning at the left with China, we pass successively to Japan, Korea, Siam, Burma, India, Asiatic Russia, Persia, Arabia, and Syria. The three cases of Gallery 28 are given respectively to America, North and South, to Africa, and to Oceanica. Europe fills Galleries 25 and 26, the latter containing the wood wind and the strings, the former the brass wind and the instruments of percussion. The keyboard instruments occupy the larger cases in the center of each room. Leaving the European rooms for later inspection, let us stroll for a few moments


ESKIMO DRUMS FROM ALASKA

through the earlier galleries, and see what thoughts come to us as we pass from case to case.

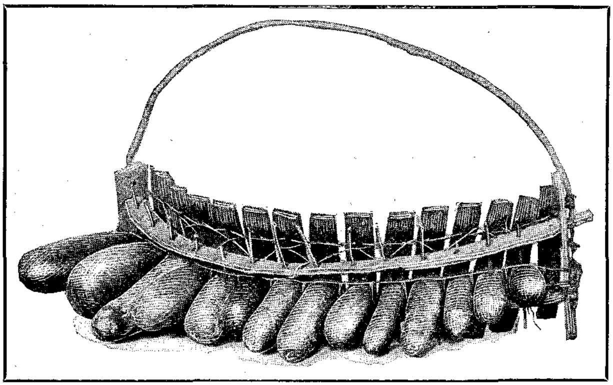
First of all, we are impressed with the universality of the love of music. To one whose previous acquaintance with musical instruments has been confined to the contents of the European orchestra, the revelation of new forms is simply bewildering. No country is so remote, no tribe so uncivilized, but has its representative. Egypt sends the harp and the sistrum; Mexico and Peru have restored from the mounds the clay whistles and trumpets long ago buried with their ancient inhabitants. China contributes its gongs of sonorous stone, and from its hoary temples brings forth the *gyo*, or crouching tiger. From far Alaska come rude drums made of skin, and shaped like a palm-leaf fan. The North American Indian sends his love-flute, and his brother of the South his rattle. Java has the *anklang*, with its musical bamboo tubes in octaves, giving a sound like running water. From more distant islands come the pan-pipes and the nose-flute. And so one might run on indefinitely. No people or tribe so primitive or so remote but they have invented some device to gratify their love for sweet sound. If it be but to cut down some flat pieces of wood and lay them across two parallel logs, as in the simplest form of the African *marimba*, or to split the side of a reed so as to obtain a miniature clarinet, as is done by the Indians of South America, or to fill a gourd with pebbles so as to make a rattle, or to cut off the end of a conch-shell to make a trumpet—somehow the man we call savage manages to bend nature to his artistic purposes, and to reinforce the earliest of all wind instruments—the human voice—by some mechanical accompaniment.



CHINESE TEMPLE INSTRUMENT

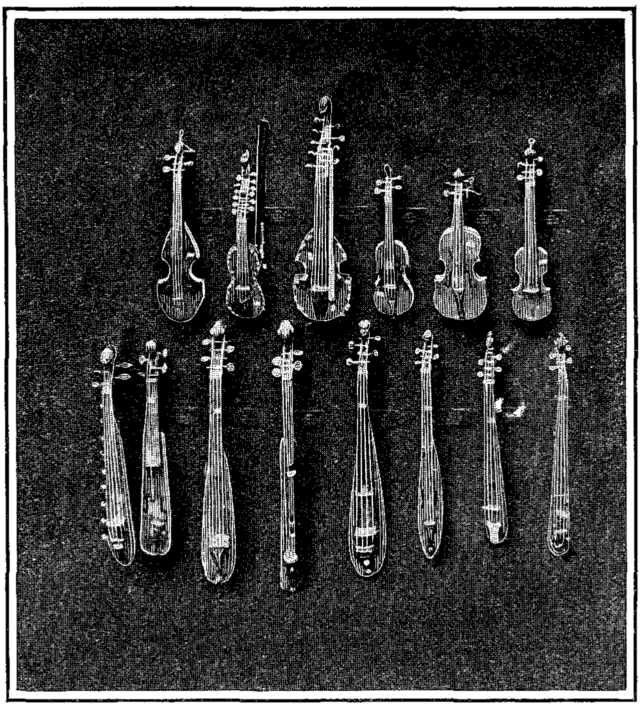
Played by rubbing the back of the tiger with a stick.

Scarcely less striking than the universality of the musical instrument is its uniformity. This seems a strange thing to say in view of the extraordinary diversity of the forms represented. In face of so bewildering a variety, uniformity would seem to be the very last word in place. Yet more careful observation shows that the disorder is only in appearance. As in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, so in the world of music, certain simple types persist, and one of the greatest charms of musical study is to recover these primitive types from the artificial coverings with which they have clothed themselves. With the exception of a few bold fellows like the drum, or shallow ones like the tambourine, your musical instrument is of a retiring nature. He does not carry his heart upon his sleeve. To understand his mechanism and the principles on which his sound is produced, you must often cut away his outer coat and seek your answer within. When you do this, you find that the devices which man has used for the production of musical sound are, comparatively speaking, few. Besides resonant bodies like the gong, the bell,



AFRICAN MARIMBA

Wooden Harmonica with resonant gourds.

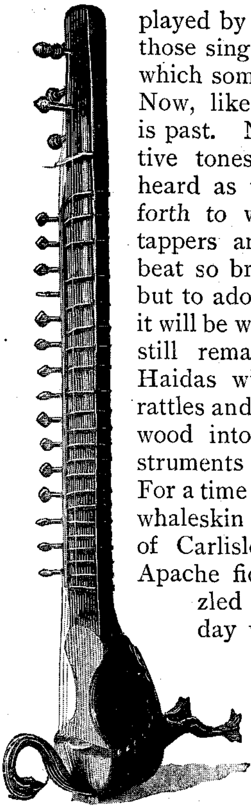


A GROUP OF KITS

The old-time dancing-master's fiddle.

and the rattle, and those which produce their sound by the vibration of a membrane, like the drum and the tambourine, there remain only the wind and the strings. Here the possible variations of principle resolve themselves into three or four in either case. The flute or whistle, the reed, double or single, the trumpet or horn with its embouchure, the reservoir of air—here you have the possible varieties of wind instrument, from the combination and differentiation of which the entire family has arisen. In the case of the strings, there are but three possible methods of producing sound. You may pluck, as in the case of the lute, the guitar, or the harpsichord; you may strike, as in the dulcimer, the clavichord, or the piano; you may rub, as in the viol and the violin. All the rest is simply a matter of sounding-box and finger-board. The singular fact revealed by such a collection as the Metropolitan is that all these devices were known to men from the earliest times, and may now be found among men of the rudest forms of culture. The piano of Cristofori and the African *marimba* are first cousins. The modern oboe had a sister among the ancient Egyptians, and the family is to-day represented in almost every quarter of the globe. China has known from time immemorial the use of the free reed which gives us our harmonium, and the reservoir of air which makes possible our grand organ is found in every gypsy bagpipe. Even unusual inventions like Benjamin Franklin's glass harmonica prove not to be so original as they appear. The principle of producing different musical tones by rubbing smooth surfaces of different size has been applied by the natives of New Ireland in the Bismarck Archipelago, who in their *kulepa-ganez* have devised an instrument in which four distinct musical tones can be obtained by rubbing as many polished surfaces of wood.

Special interest gathers about the cases which contain the instruments of our own American Indians. Here may be seen within narrow compass what our Western Hemisphere has contributed to the development of the musical art. A pathetic interest attaches to many of the specimens. There is that fine collection of the Sioux instruments. But a few short years ago and you might have heard their like



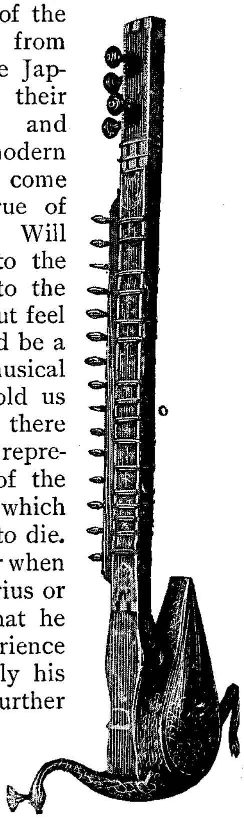
TAUS

India.

played by their makers in one of those singular orchestral concerts which sometimes lasted for weeks. Now, like the buffalo, their day is past. No longer will the plaintive tones of the love-flute be heard as the young brave goes forth to woo his bride, and the tappers and drums which once beat so brave a dance now serve but to adorn a museum wall. So it will be with the specimens which still remain. For a time the Haidas will carve their curious rattles and bind strips of vibrating wood into the coarsest reed instruments the world has seen. For a time the Eskimo will beat his whaleskin drum, and the Indian of Carlisle perpetuate the little Apache fiddle which has so puzzled the scholars. But the day will surely come when, with the passing of the savage life, the savage instruments will disappear. With every year the primitive specimens become more difficult to obtain. It is so in Africa, in Australia, in the islands of the sea. The native Hawaiian instruments are no more. Travelers tell us that there are many regions where the favorite instruments of the African negro are the jewsharp and the hand-organ. Taking the specimens in Gallery 28 as a whole, it may be said that they represent a stage of human development which is past.

It is otherwise with the great civilizations of the East. Here we meet with an art which is living, and which in many cases has attained a very high point of development. A race which can detect and enjoy intervals smaller than a semitone, like the Arabs; a people who have made use for centuries of the principle of sympathetic stringing, like the Hindus; a nation whose profound researches into the theory of music antedate the birth of our Western civilization, cannot be dismissed with a sneer. Merely as specimens of artistic workmanship, Eastern instruments repay the most careful study. What could be more graceful than the Burmese harp, or more original in form and design than the *sursanga* or the *vina* of India?

As we pass from one of these great civilizations to another, from China to Siam, from Siam to India, from India to Persia or to Arabia, we are struck by the strong marks of national peculiarity. The principles are the same, but the application differs widely. Material, workmanship, decoration, form—each bears the stamp of the country from which it has come. Instruments which have been domesticated, as is the case with the Chinese instruments in Korea and Japan, take on a new character with the new environment, and persist as distinct types. One feels the isolation of conservatism—the civilization which grows from within, and which owes little or nothing to foreign contact. The geographical arrangement of the collection emphasizes this diversity of type, and well expresses the contrast between the work of each of the great civilizations and that of its fellows. One wonders how long this independence will maintain itself, in view of the ever-growing pressure from the West. Already the Japanese are abandoning their national instruments and adopting those of modern Europe. Will the day come when this will be true of India and of China? Will the *chêng* give place to the harmonium, the *vina* to the violin? One cannot but feel that such a result would be a distinct loss to the musical art. If half that is told us by travelers is true, there are many instruments represented in the cases of the Metropolitan collection which should not be allowed to die. May the day come rather when some Eastern Stradivarius or Cristofori, taking all that he can learn from the experience of the West, may apply his new knowledge to the further perfection of the instrumental types of his own land. If Phillips Brooks could expect great things for theology from the contact of East with



TAUS

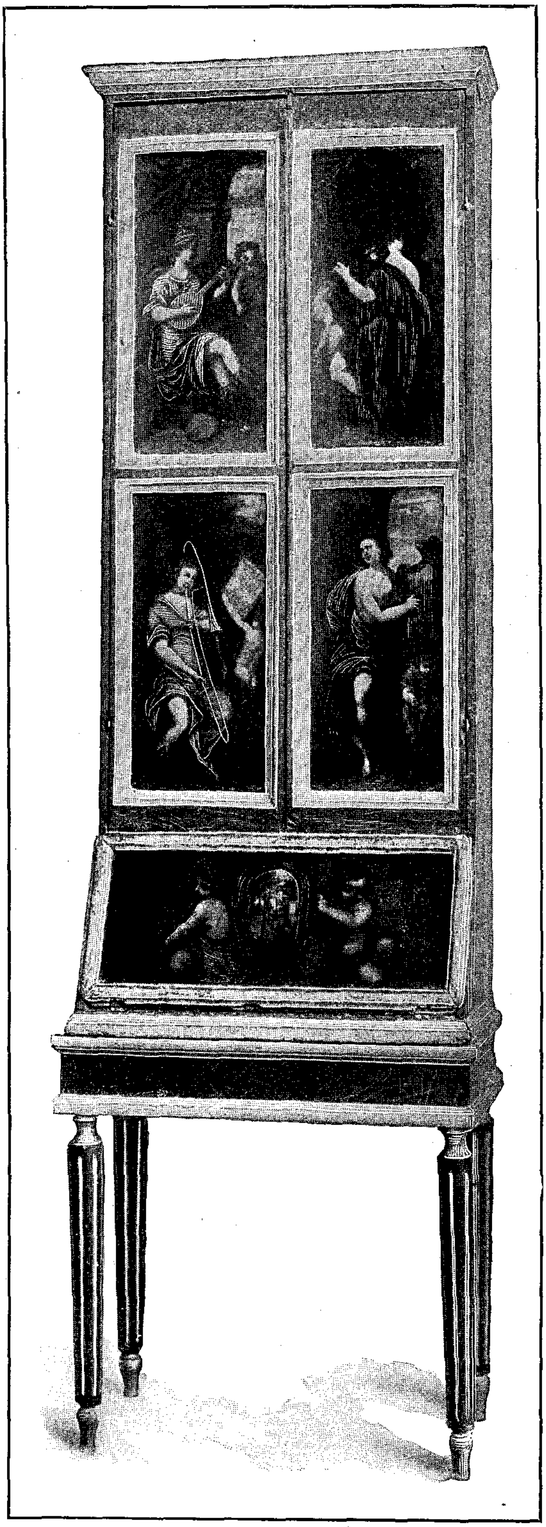
Peacock guitar with sympathetic strings.

West, why is it unreasonable to hope the same for music?

As we enter the European rooms we find ourselves on more familiar ground. Here are to be seen the immediate predecessors of the instruments in common use to-day—the lutes and the flageolets, the cithers and the viols. Here, too, are found the finished forms to which the earlier development has led. The divided streams through which the river of progress once flowed have united in a single river, which now flows broad and straight. The several types of instrument have reached such a pitch of perfection, as a result of united effort, that individual variation is possible only within the smallest limits. The history of music has become cosmopolitan, and the work of each man, whether with hand or brain, becomes the common property of all the nations.

These facts have their bearing upon the problem of arrangement. Instead of the geographical distribution adopted in the other rooms, the instruments are grouped after their kinds, and the several cases tell the story of the development of each of the more important types. Here you may see side by side with the latest form of each instrument specimens which illustrate the earlier steps of its history. Here, too, you may see its relatives nearer or more distant. Many a family, now obsolete, or represented in our orchestra by only a single survivor, here finds its members reunited.

Let us take our stand at the center of the long case in Gallery 26. Before us are two harps of quaint construction, without the upright pillar which is so characteristic a feature of the European instrument. They are reproductions of two Egyptian harps, over the originals of which, now preserved in the Louvre Museum, thirty-five centuries have passed. To the right are two small metal pipes, also Egyptian, of which the originals are in the Oxford Museum. In these four specimens we have the direct ancestors of the two



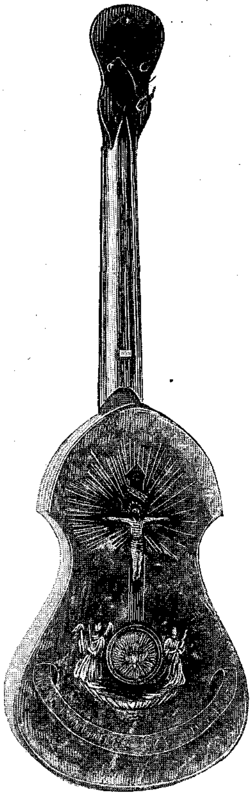
UPRIGHT SPINET FROM EUROPE

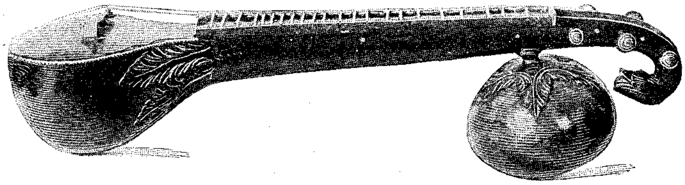
The case closed to show decoration.

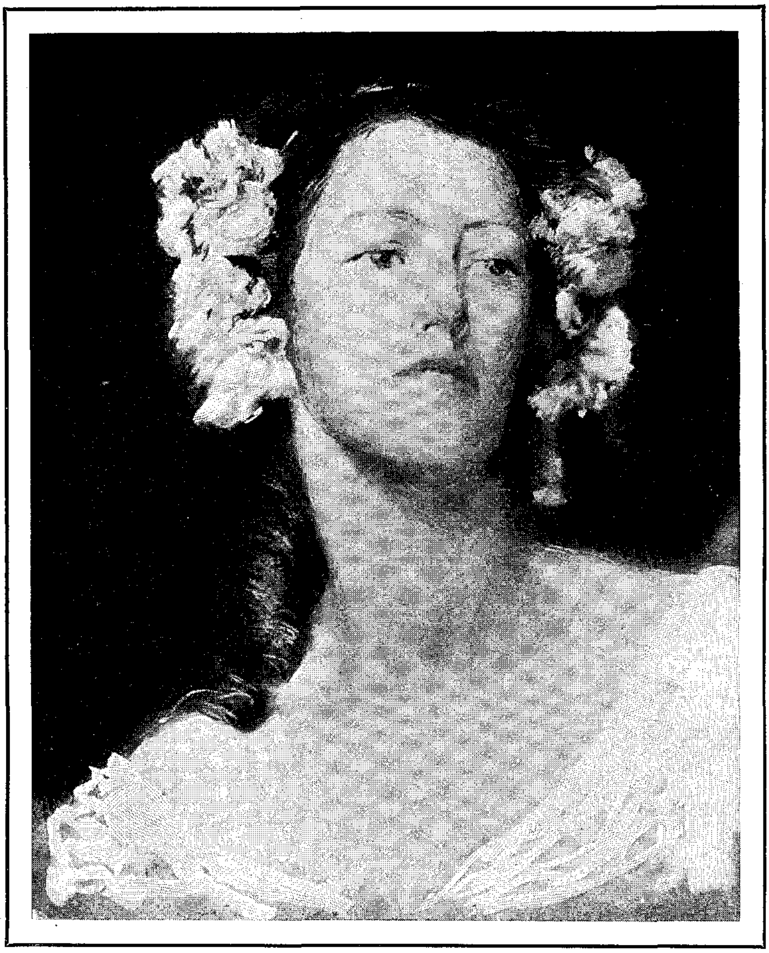
chief divisions of our European instruments—the stringed and the wind. Moving toward the left from this central group, we pass in review the chief families of the former division: first, those which are played by plucking—the harps, the lutes and archilutes, the cithers, the guitars, the mandolins; then those which are played by striking, like the dulcimer; finally, the viols, violins, and the rest, in which the tone is produced by the bow. Going back to the same position and moving to the right, we pass in succession the chief families of wind instruments—the flutes and whistles, the reeds, single and double, and the bagpipes, which combine both principles. The last great group of wind instruments, those played with cup-mouthpieces, fill almost the whole of Gallery 25, leaving the drums, bells, gongs, and other sonorous instruments to bring up the rear.

The keyboard instruments, which fill the large central cases, form a class by themselves. In Gallery 27 are the spinets, harpsichords, and others in which the tone is produced by plucking; in Gallery 28 the pianos and clavichords, in which the tone is produced by striking; in Gallery 26 are the organs and other instruments in which the keyboard principle has been applied to the wind; while in Gallery 25 are typical examples of each class of the stringed keyboards, so arranged as to illustrate the development of each from its primitive form.

Among this goodly company one deserves special mention. This is the Cristofori piano, one of the oldest specimens of the pianoforte in existence, and, with one exception, the only extant example of the handiwork of its inventor. The quiet gray case, unbroken by any attempt at decoration, shows modestly beside the ornate workmanship of many of the harpsichords and spinets which were its predecessors. But to the student of music it has an attraction all its own. It seems a simple thing—now that it has been done—to substitute for the quills of the harpsichord the hammers which had long been used in the dulcimer. But it took centuries to do it. In this well-preserved specimen, long cherished as a family heirloom by the descendants of its first owner, and now at last allowed to tell its story to another continent, we have one of the historic steps through which the notable transition was made. Of other points of interest which the European collection presents there is no space to speak. Here we enter a field where generalization breaks down, and only details are satisfying. To see the instruments for which the great composers wrote their music; to hear again the tones of the clavichord with Bach or of the spinet and the harpsichord with Haydn; to discover old friends now obsolete and out of date—the recorder, the viola bardone, the viole d'amour; to recognize the workmanship of famous makers—a Couchet, a Ruckers; to find illustrations of principles no longer in use and specimens which stand alone in musical development—all this is to taste a delight which those who are most versed in musical history will best appreciate. The higher an art, the more its history deserves study. Such a collection as the Metropolitan fulfills its highest function in bringing together the materials for this study, and in suggesting some of the more interesting of its results.


SPANISH GUITAR
Made by Father John, of Apsam, in 1688.


SOUTH INDIAN VINA



MUSIC INTERPRETING THE WORLD
Mosaic, after the cartoon by Ella Condie Lamb.

The Sage Chapel Art Memorial

By William Elliot Griffis

CORNELL University at Ithaca stands on a plateau overlooking the blue waters of Cayuga Lake, in the heart of the lake region of New York. Sage Chapel, where worship the members of the University family, is in the center, and near by is Barnes Hall, built to nourish "the life of God in man." Noble as was Ezra Cornell's plan and generous as were his gifts, his friend Henry W. Sage was "the second founder." He lavished not only time, unremitting care and sound business judgment, and much over a million dollars in money, but, in one sense, he gave the University a soul. Without him it is just possible that "Cornell" would have been rather a great technological school, with an annex of instruction in the classics and arts. Among Mr. Sage's gifts were the library building and endowment, the college for women, the school of philosophy, the professorship of comparative religion, and the chapel; while his sons, besides their other gifts, endowed the preachership and gave their father's mansion as an infirmary, thus upholding grandly the family tradition of generosity, especially in the humanities.

Reserving for a little description of the superb memorial in art which the University has raised to its benefactor, let us glance at the religious history of Cornell University. Not nominally, it is yet practically, the State University, because endowed with the land gifts of the United States to New York and because it educates, free of tuition charges, no fewer than six hundred students selected by free competitive examination. Its existence is due to the combined wisdom and bounty of the United States, the State of New York, and Ezra Cornell, who would "found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." It was incorporated April 27, 1865. Its intellectual life and organization came through the union of the minds of Ezra Cornell and Andrew D. White. So, on the hill farm belonging to "the inventor of telegraph poles," where the cows had pastured, began on the 7th of October, 1868, the new experiment, which was like the Constitution of the United States in attacking no creed and propagating none. It was provided in regard to the board of trustees that "at no time shall a majority of the Board be of one religious sect or of no religious sect," and that in the faculty "persons of every religious denomination or of no religious denomination shall be equally eligible to all offices of appointment."

From the first all this was curiously misinterpreted and strangely misunderstood. Who would argue, from the Constitution of the United States, that we are a pagan, atheistic, Mohammedan, or irreligious people? Who, indeed, apart from a small minority of good people with peculiar notions? Who could misunderstand excellent Christian men in carrying out a truly noble and American purpose except those blinded or made strabismic by the power of tradition? All sorts of misrepresentations and even personal abuse were lavished upon the beginners of the University at Ithaca, and dreadful things were prophesied of such an "atheistic" institution.

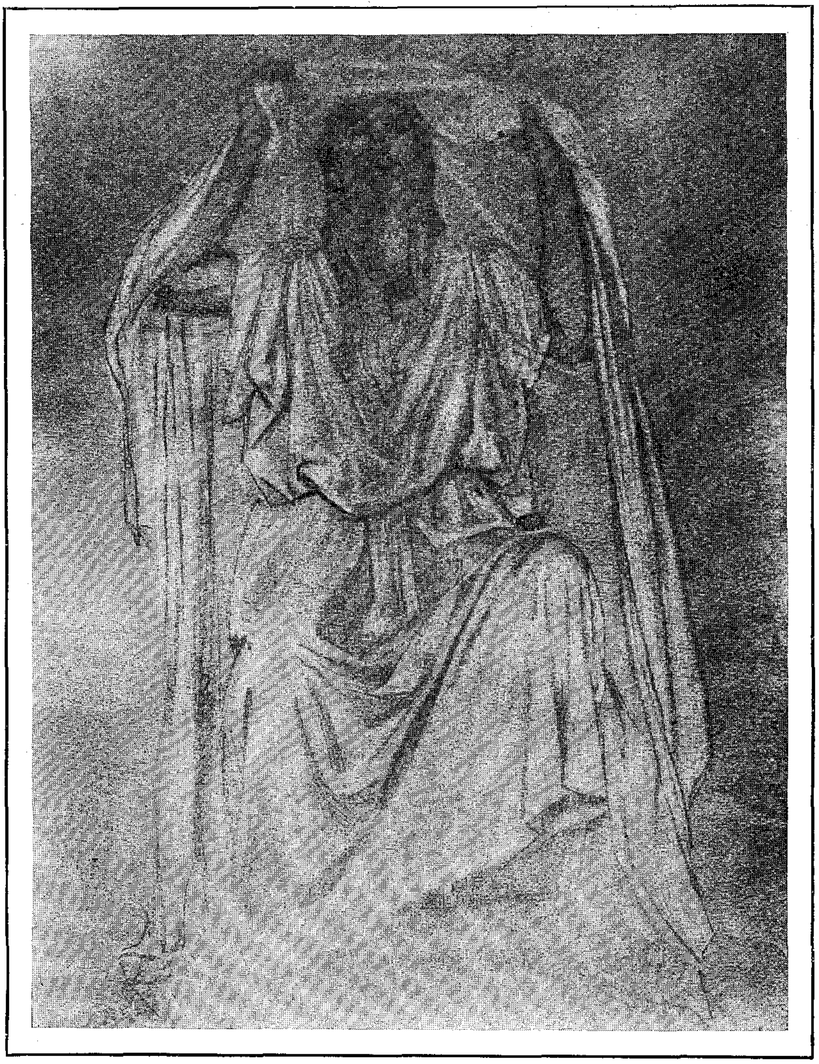
As a matter of fact, morning prayer began from the first, conducted, as a rule, by the Rev. Professor William D. Wilson, of fragrant memory, to whom, during this past summer, on the walls of Sage Chapel has been reared a chaste tablet, appropriately near to and of the same size and design as that to Moses Coit Tyler, of delightful remembrance.

There were also prayer-meetings and voluntary religious instruction, with occasional preaching on Sunday. In 1874 Mr. Henry W. Sage gave the chapel which was named after him, and Mr. Dean Sage, his son, endowed the preachership with the sum of $30,000.

The "dear little old chapel," as we love to think of it in Ithaca, was not always big enough, even in Cornell's day of small things, to hold the students and townsfolk who came even to worship and to hear. When Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher appeared on the hill, the Armory had to be thrown open to hold the listeners. In the list of preachers for the first year we find the names of Phillips Brooks, J. A. Twichell (who visits us annually yet), C. D. W. Bridgman, E. G. Andrews, Samuel Osgood, Thomas Hill, Thomas M. Clark (Bishop), O. H. Tiffany, H. B. Ridgeway, G. D. Boardman, Leonard Bacon, William Ormiston, J. Lewis Diman, E. A. Washburn, Henry Ward Beecher, E. H. Chapin, R. A. Parke, Noah Porter, A. P. Peabody.

In a word, Christians of all names and ecclesiastics of all polities were and have been invited, natives and foreigners, champions of the true, truer, and truest Church whether broad or narrow, of the New and of the Old, Catholics of the Greek, Roman, or Anglican type. I believe that occasionally a Rabbi is heard. They whose business it is to show the different ways of being a Christian have shown numerously the way. Curiously enough, the preaching is very much alike. Its substance is practically the same, seeming to demonstrate that when men with a message are detached from the ecclesiastical sword and purse, the political and pecuniary part of Christian corporations, they are at unity. It is only over the purse and power, and in the theories that control these, that they quarrel.

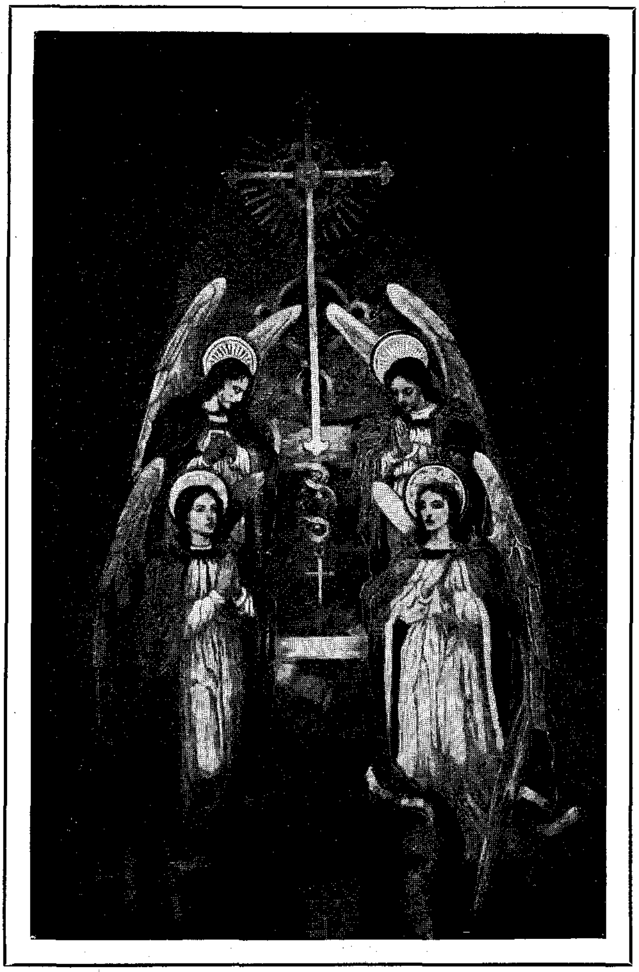
While new faces and names come every year to show the different ways up the mountain of holiness, there are certain favorites that "the boys," young and old, will and must have. Such men as Vincent, Collyer, Munger, and other veteran preachers and lovers of their kind come again and again, partly because they cannot stay away and partly because they are not allowed to. Two services are expected of the officiating clergyman. One is the regular worship and preaching, like that in the average church, in the morning. The other, in the afternoon, is a forty-five-minute service, chiefly devotional and musical, with a brief address. This is the one which the writer, active in his own pulpit morning and evening, frequently enjoys. I find a path to God at either end of the Chapel—at the west music and choral song, at the east the processional in gold and mosaic, which forms the Sage Memorial.



PHILOSOPHY'S APPEAL TO FAITH

Mosaic, after the cartoon by Charles Rollinson Lamb.

How appropriate that in the University Chapel, rich in sweet associations of prayer, praise, worship, and inspiring message by the rites of bridal and burial, there should be a worthy memorial in art of "the second founder"! In America the generosity of patrons of education has not failed of recognition. Here as elsewhere the minor details of tablets and stained-glass windows have been selected and set up by the trustees or friends. Yet it was reserved for Cornell University to improve a notable opportunity, and, for the first time in America, to worthily dignify a great behest of both manhood and money by a unique artistic memorial.



GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

Mural painting by Frederick Steynmetz Lamb.

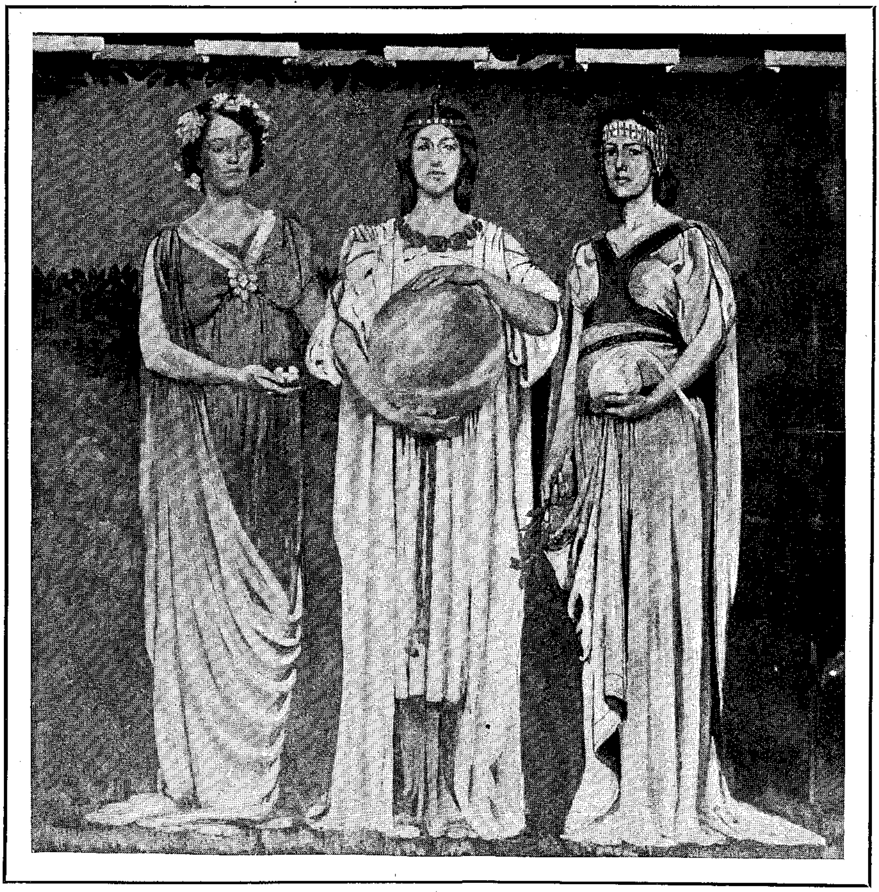
Is not this the first time that the higher education in America has been thus personified in a comprehensive way? Is it not a response to the new conditions of our National life, in which recognition of munificence is increasingly given in art? So far as I am aware, this work in mosaic is one of the most important in size and character of anything executed in the United States. It ranks in this regard with that recently undertaken by William B. Richmond, of the Royal Academy in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the great processional in the Madeleine Church of Paris by Charles Lehmair, the panels on the new façade of the Cathedral at Florence, or what has been wrought by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones in the American Church at Rome. This art work in Ithaca was designed by Mr. Charles Rollinson Lamb; the paintings and studies of detail in the processional were made by Mrs. C. R. Lamb (Ella Condie Lamb), the paintings on the ceiling in the groined arches being by Mr. Frederick S. Lamb.

The "dear little old chapel," which stood unaltered from 1874 until 1899, was enlarged fourfold. Then the artistic problem was to decorate the totally unadorned apse, to the orient end of the Chapel, with a tribute from the University to the memory of Henry William Sage and his wife Susan Linn Sage, whose dust reposes below, under snow-white marble.

The outcome of a survey of the subject was a reservation of the lower part for the expression of the idea of education, the center for that of life and character, and the ceiling for that of religion. The lower wall surface, forty-two feet in the length of the semicircle and seven feet high, suggested for its best treatment a processional. In this the subjects of the sciences and the arts are placed on the north and south arcs, with philosophy, reconciling both, in the center. The extreme figures at the western ends, those of young manhood and young womanhood, suggest co-education, in which Cornell leads. In the center of each arc is a group of three female figures, representing Science and Art, respectively, and beyond, between them and the seated central figure with his two attendants, is, on either side, the leader of the procession. On the left the white-robed virgin, Art, holds in one hand a rose and in the other the form of the Venus de Milo, thus suggesting beauty, while the other, in cowled head and sober garments, Science, holds aloft in her right hand a globe and in her left a pair of compasses, emblematic of

Truth. All these figures, nine in number, are of life size, and it seems life indeed in its fullness and splendor. The nest and egg, planisphere, leaf and alembic, starfish, crystal, skull with philosophical apparatus, suggest the world of nature as man finds and must inquire concerning it—Science. The scroll, lyre, temple, with book, pencil, and tablet, show " thought's interior sphere," and how by imagination man by art makes beautiful his earth-home.

In the midst of all is a venerable man with a long white beard sweeping his breast, having on his lap, and falling down on either side, a scroll which, fully unrolled, is held up at either end by an attendant, young, yes, even in childhood's years. Between the groups and standing single figures the trunks of young trees rise gracefully and spread abroad, so that over the heads of all is abundant bright foliage, and near each are pure white flowers. Wonderfully lifelike are these processional figures, and certain ones are fascinatingly beautiful. Their heads are set in a band of gold and under a leafy canopy of glorious color that suggests the attractiveness of nature and the charm of the world beyond walls. By nearness and inspection we see that the general effect has been secured by thousands of bits of mosaic, the size of dice. It is genuine Venetian fretwork, enriched with pure gold and silver and mother-of-pearl. At a distance, though the bodies are seen against a subdued background adorned with lovely flowers, the heads appear transfigured against a golden atmosphere, under a Vallombrosa of as yet unfallen leaves, the whole suggesting the richness of culture and associations of the Old in



THE EARTH AS MAN FINDS IT

Biology, Astronomy, and Chemistry

Mosaic, after the cartoon by Ella Condie Lamb.

harmony with the energy and the earnestness of the New World.

But all this, lovely as it is, is but the foundation—only one of a trinity of great thoughts. Looking at the central figure, Philosophy, we see that, while holding the united scrolls of art and science on his lap, he uplifts his hands. Throwing back the white cowl from his head, he gazes upward as if to seek, after long study, a solution of the mystery of the universe in the appeal of faith. There, just above his eyes, rises the "storied window richly dight," where, in the glory of light sheathed in warm colors, are represented, in two rows of four each, eight of the choicest parables of Jesus, "most human and yet most divine," and, between these, four of the Christian graces, Temperance, Truth, Charity, and Modesty, while over all, in the pointed arch of the window, are four angels. These hold scrolls, making fourfold ascription of holiness to Him who was, and is, and is to be.

Yet this is not all. Above the line of masonry thus pierced by the windows of the apse, and but a few days ago filled with memorial figures of those dear to the "second founder," stretch between the groined arches three spaces. These rise in concave from window-arch to ceiling. Here the artist has wrought a unique triumph, and has certainly solved a problem as great as that on the lower wall. In the right or south space are two superb and impressive angelic figures: the one, alert, limbed in manly beauty and "girded with strength," rests hand on sword; the other, tranquil-browed, bears lilies, as if in token of triumph. Eloquent with the strength of man, glorious with the loveliness of woman, seem these august figures. They represent the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant. On the left or north concave are two other archangelic forms, likewise with halo and pinions, robed in celestial sheen and each bearing symbols. To one who holds the reality under the symbol, the angelic pairs make not only artistic antiphon, but an æsthetic appeal that is potent to

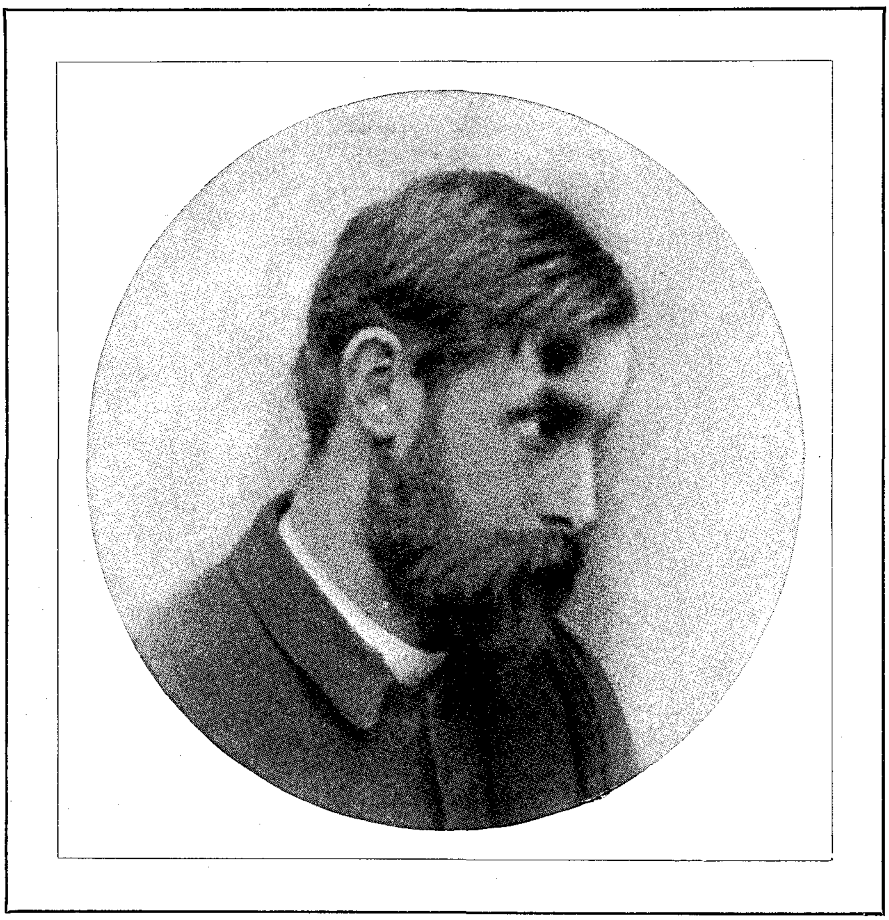
dissolve my soul in ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

Yet, though seeing these, we have not, after all, come into the presence-token of the King. *Ad excelsis!*

Thus, far below, are the human servants, and here above are the angel guards—Michael and Gabriel on the right, Uriel and Raphael on the left. Yet they are but as ushers. Do art, science, philosophy, yea, even Christian virtues and graces and angelic presences, look or lead one no higher? Happily, yes. Standing here, we can say that both in truth and in art this is so, for, loftier than the radiant angel forms, above the apex of the window, in which Christian virtue shines and angels and archangels give glory, rises the cross. Before and about it, in immediate presence, the angels do not stand. They kneel. Haloed, winged, radiant with richest sheen that irradiates the dark niche-shadows, they clasp the hands and bend both knee and head in adoring reverence beneath the cross. For, highest above all, set against rays of light that suggest "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person," is lifted the symbol of lowliest humility, of highest service, of purest truth, yes, even of the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Thus, who seek "the life of God in man" in Sage Chapel and find spiritual help and keenest enjoyment in art, thank both the giver and the maker of this feast for eye and soul. Here, looking above the white marble which covers the dust of a friend once dear, we see as in an allegory, expressed by pictured gold and mosaic, the life of him who loved science, art, philosophy, and truth—for both man and woman. Here is the earth, as man finds it, to subdue and interpret; there the earth, as man may leave it, replenished and adorned. Beauty and truth, science and art, are reconciled in Philosophy, which yet, holding on his lap the scroll of ages, of thought and achievement, is not satisfied, but seeks through the Christian graces and virtues to realize highest truth in life, yes, even to continue *in excelsis* the harmony of beauty and truth in the symbolism of the cross, itself the formula of the truth coming and to come—the sign of Him "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

[The illustrations in this article are from photographs loaned by J. & R. Lamb, of New York.]



THE REV. CHARLES GORE, D.D.[1]
Bishop-Designate of Worcester.

Canon Gore: A Sketch

By Richard H. Lane

Formerly a Resident of Oxford House, London

MUCH of Canon Gore's manner of thought is to be traced to his Oxford life. He is a Balliol man, and his breadth of mind is due largely to that great Master of Balliol, Benjamin Jowett. Dr. Gore's ecclesiastical attributes, however, may be traced to another master, Benson, of the Cowley Fathers, at Oxford. If the Canon had gone to Christ Church, for instance, he would hardly have been the large-minded man he is.

Canon Gore has never had an Oxford doctorate. I do not know why, whether for ecclesiastical reasons or not. He received his D.D. from Edinburgh. Of course Oxford will now have to give him one, since he is to become Bishop of Worcester: the University almost always thus honors its graduates who are elevated to the episcopate.

When Dr. Gore was called to Westminster as Canon, his friends at Oxford said that he could not reach the common people; that his life should continue to be spent at Oxford, where he was at home, where his traditions were; and that he would make a prodigious failure at Westminster. The very opposite has been the case. He has been the most popular preacher in the Abbey since Dean Stanley's day. For instance, when he preaches during Lent or Advent, certain portions of the Abbey are reserved for business men until a quarter of an hour before the service begins, and by that time these portions are always filled by them.

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[1] Photograph by Hills & Saunders, Oxford, England. Courtesy of the "Churchman."

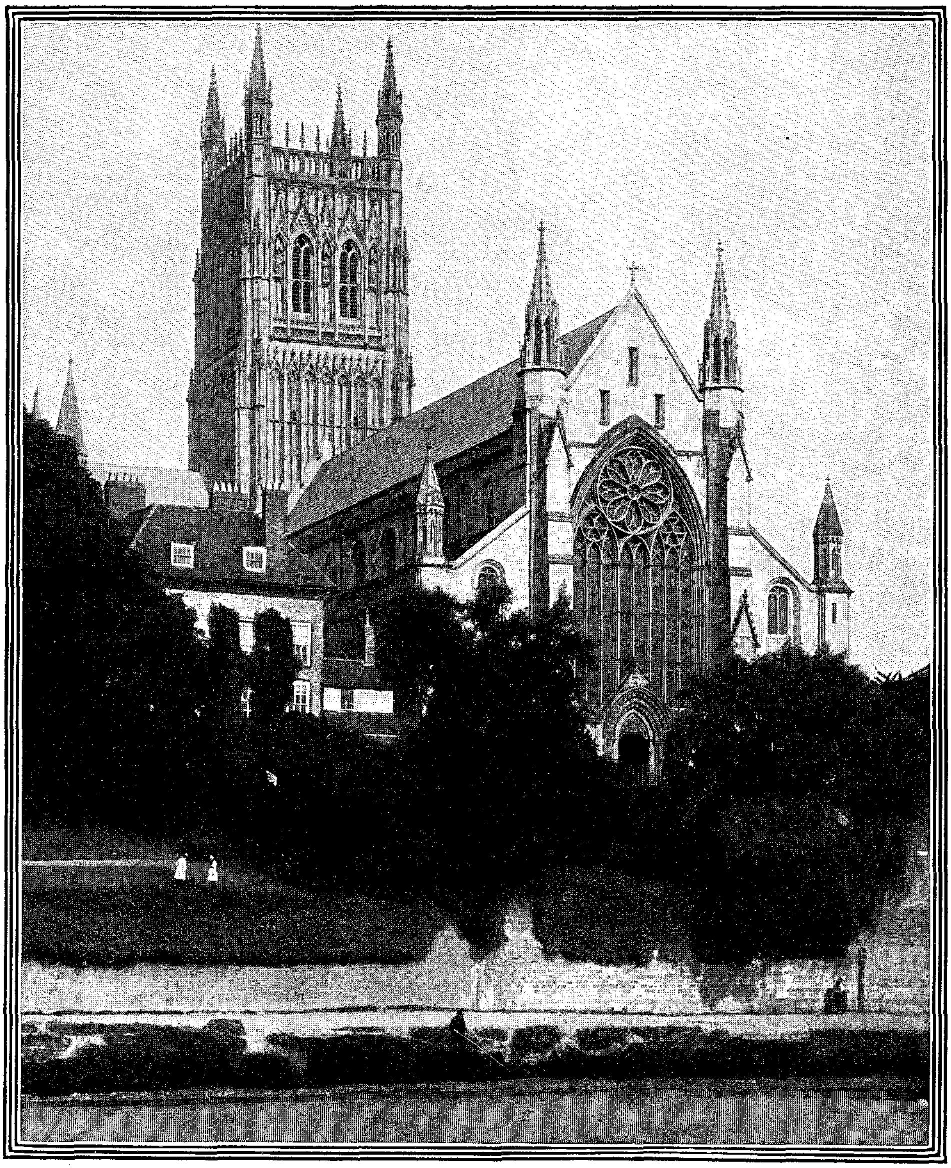
Dr. Gore's salary as Canon of Westminster was a thousand pounds (five thousand dollars) a year; as Bishop of Worcester he will get five times as much. The present Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram, and Canon Gore have been accustomed to live on about one hundred and fifty pounds a year, so the story goes; they certainly have lived very simply. Besides his salary, Canon Gore has a private income; and, as in the case of Bishop Ingram, I suppose that all this income goes practically for charity. Yet the Canon lives well, too. He does not live high, but he likes good living. He learned to live even better by reason of his trip over here some years ago. When he went back, he told his companions that one of the principal things he had learned in America was that the Community of the Resurrection (a semi-monastic society which he had founded) must live better in the future than they had lived in the past. You know that a part of this community and their friends resided in the Canon's house at Westminster with him. They occupied their first house near Oxford, where they had a church. During the last few years they have been living at Merfield. Young men used to go up there now and then and stay with Canon Gore. He was very nice about it. Members of the society must be unmarried and take vows for two years; married men could be associate members only.

Dr. Gore has now resigned from the Community of the Resurrection, from the Church Union, and from the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. He resigned from all those things so that he might be free as bishop to pass on anything that came before him. I think that the Community will die now. The Canon is out of it, and he was the leading spirit. Outside of the Roman Catholic Church, the Anglo-Saxon mind does not take very much to monasticism.

As to what has really been accomplished by the Resurrection Community, Dr. Gore told me that, as a result of his own experience there, he was satisfied of the possibility of a common life among a group of people who are individually holy. Notice the emphasis on the "individual." The Canon thinks that Socialism is possible when every individual in a community has himself the right conception of life. For that reason he has no sympathy for any plan of Socialism brought about by State laws. He says that such a plan must fail of necessity, maintaining that the groundwork of all Christian or other kind of Socialism must lie in the individual. Now, Canon Gore believes in Christian Socialism, and he has made a great many enemies by his outspokenness on that subject. He always makes the point that in the early Church there were not only socialists but communists. He is interested in any movement looking toward social amelioration, such as the Christian Social Union, which in some places has forced British shopkeepers to treat their employees decently.

You see Canon Gore at his best at those little suppers when a few of his friends gather about him of a Sunday night when he has preached in the Abbey. Then he relaxes entirely, and, with chosen comrades about him, is free and talks. There are generally about a dozen at supper. There you find good cheer, good wine, good food, good company. Of course a hundred and fifty pounds a year does not furnish supplies for a house filled with Resurrectionists; but every man in the house contributed his quota. They generally had birds and claret for supper. It was not elaborate at all; just a good brisk supper, a Sunday night supper, a thing you would find all over England. With the coffee there was much smoking. Each one had his special pipe. Canon Gore would hand them out, saying, "This is your individual pipe; no one else smokes it."

On his trip to this country Dr. Gore arrived in New York on a Friday night with Allington, a Master at Eton, a Fellow of All Souls', and a good fellow; he came over here nominally as the Canon's secretary, but really because he wanted to see America. We all took the morning train from New York and journeyed to an episcopal city. The Bishop with whom we were to stay met us with a carriage and we all went up to his house. After dinner we went into the hall for a chat, and the Bishop said to me, "Will the Canon smoke?" and I said,



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL

"Certainly," to which the Bishop replied, "I never knew before why Gore's books were so hazy, and now I know." The Canon said, "Bishop, I do not think you like smoking." He said, "I don't mind, I don't mind at all, Gore." I smiled. I liked to hear a parson prevaricate, and went upstairs and got the pipes, and Canon Gore and Allington and I each took one and proceeded to fill the hall with smoke. The Bishop got nervous and began to squirm and open the doors, and then I suggested to him that I liked to hear a Bishop tell such a story, but I liked better to have him keep to it after he had told it.

Though Canon Gore was much interested in the founding and early existence of the Oxford House, he did not go there often during my residence. At that time Dr. Ingram, later Bishop of Stepney and now Bishop of London, was head of the House. He maintains a lively interest in it; even now he goes down there and plays fives every Monday morning. They have a little hard ball and put on gloves; they go into a court and bat the ball about.

Every one knew Dr. Ingram all over Bethnal Green when he was at the House, and still more intimately afterwards when he became Bishop of Stepney, that rather unsavory part of London. The present Bishop of London has an immense knowledge of men and things, which he employs well in every-day use. He also inspires conviction. He can "jolly" every one—the University Rector, the University student, the club man or the laboring man. He is somewhat of a Yankee. In fact, I used to say that he was the biggest Yankee at the Oxford House except myself.

If Bishop Ingram appeals to all classes alike, Canon Gore is pre-eminently the man who, perhaps more than any other, has influenced and is influencing the thought of the younger university men, and especially is he influencing the ethical thought of England. He appeals strongly to the intellectual side. Possibly he could not go to the East End of London and captivate the workingman in his daily conversation or fascinate a multitude in some big meeting. Wherever scholastic life is represented, however, Dr. Gore appeals irresistibly. A man in this country who reminds one of Canon Gore is President Hyde, of Bowdoin. Dr. Hyde is a thorough American, and Dr. Gore is a Britisher through and through, but there is a strong similarity of type, it seems to me. In fact, I do not know any man in America more like Canon Gore than President Hyde. Both are interested along many of the same lines, but Dr. Gore has naturally a greater appreciation of tradition, both ecclesiastical and historical, than has Dr. Hyde.

In politics Canon Gore would hardly call himself a Conservative. He was a Liberal, but I think is now to be classed with progressive Conservatives. He would be a follower of Viscount Peel on political lines. They feel very strongly on social questions and are much interested in them. Young Lord Hugh Cecil, the Prime Minister's son, is in that group. He, I should say, was a coming man in politics. Of course Dr. Gore would incline more toward Liberalism than would Lord Hugh. The great thing about Canon Gore is his absolute devotion to principles. You saw that the other day, when he came out with a very severe letter against the British Government in regard to the conduct of the Boer war as shown in the concentration camps. In the ultimate analysis, Canon Gore holds his place in Church, State, and society by his compelling honesty.

When I was returning from England, I had supper with Dr. Gore, and I said: "One thing, Canon: I am rather sorry I have not seen the Establishment in a very satisfactory way, as I have seen it only at its worst in the East End, and it is hardly fair to judge it throughout the whole country from that." The Canon said: "No; you have not seen it at its worst; you have seen it at about its average." At one time he rather believed in disestablishment. The Established Church—in England a large part of all social and settlement work is connected with it—did little really satisfactory work in the East End until Toynbee came there, twenty years or so ago. Since then the universities have sent some of their best physical as well as mental blood there—not the sickly kind, but the men who pulled an oar or played on the 'Varsity team—both to teach and to learn. Such work is as necessary for the future growth of the British Empire as is that of those who go to Africa or Asia to bear their share of the white man's burden.

The Birthday

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

MRS. GIBSON had been ailing for a long time, feeling altogether discouraged, and spending much time in seeking reasons for her suffering.

She could not satisfy herself by throwing the responsibility upon her manner of life, or upon that of her ancestors. She knew little of her ancestors, and if she had lived unwisely herself, she did not confess it. And so she carried her thoughts back into the question of the origin of evil, and said that if the Almighty were omnipotent he could have prevented it, and if he could not prevent it, then he was not almighty; and she felt rather elated at her syllogisms till she found herself tangled in their vicious circle.

The world looked dark to the poor soul. The children at their play seemed only born to die. If she saw two lovers on the path, she thought how soon it would all be done with. "Dust and ashes, dust and ashes," she said over and over to herself, and wished she were through with it; and when her oleander-tree blossomed in a profusion of fragrant, rosy bloom, she thought only that the tree was poisonous; and when her cactus-flowers started up like live flames, she thought only of the prickly spines on the stems; and while she tended the plants that latticed her windows, she thought that vegetable life was the only life to live; and when she saw the woodbine over her gate hang like a drooping crimson banner, she said that beauty was a cheat and only masked decay.

"Of course all this is disease," said the minister—for he often came to see her, even feeling her a peculiar charge, and eagerly desiring to help her.

"Disease!" said Mrs. Gibson, with small reverence. "I'm as well as you are. Except, of course, for this neuritis."

"Any one with neuritis needs toning up. If you will let the doctor give you a tonic, you will take a more cheerful view of life presently."

"I am going to dismiss the doctor and his tonics. And I take a reasonable view of life now."

"Well," said the minister, "it is acknowledged that human reason is fallible. I don't know why yours should be better than that of many great scholars and thinkers."

"Because they all began biased," she replied, warming to the argument with a great but silent glorying in her intellect. She had taken a fancy to the young minister, partly because he was young and partly because he had the face of a saint, she said; adding, for consistency's sake, if there were such a thing as a saint, a fair-haired, blue-eyed saint.

"What would you think of a little creature, that can see no further than it can dart its tongue, which should undertake to criticise the movements of the stars?" he asked.

"Just what I should think of him if he undertook to explain their movements," she replied, with a triumphant self-laudation in her tone.

"Mrs. Gibson, you are certainly a most unhappy woman."

"That is so."

"And I am a very happy man."

"I have your word for it."

"You must confess that that is best for us which gives us the most happiness?"

"That is best which makes us stronger," said Mrs. Gibson, grimly.

"Stronger for what?—if this is all."

Mrs. Gibson looked up with a slightly startled air. Could he mean that her troubles were the purpose of making her stronger for another life? She laughed a dreary laugh.

"It would take a good deal in your other life to strike a balance with this one for me," she said.

"You speak as if there were a balance due you, as if you had a right to happiness."

"Why, so I have! If God is good and his laws created me," she said, her eyes flashing. "He had no right to make anything in the world only to suffer."

"He never did."

"Well, then, there is a good deal to be made up to me. I have lost all my money but just enough to drag along with. I have lost husband and children and friends and family. My house is as still, as lonely, as the grave can be—no youth, no life, no hope, no joy in it. I am ill, with an illness that taxes strength and patience. I don't know of a pleasure I have, except that of talking to you!"

"Did you ever think of making an end, then?" asked the minister, daringly.

"I—I suppose I am afraid," she faltered.

"You have given up the whole point. Afraid? You can be afraid only of a hereafter. You can be afraid only of a power in that hereafter. You confess the existence of that power, then, by your very fear—that power the furthest, the highest, of all power. Why not also confess that, as that power is the highest, it must have the highest of all expressions?—and the highest of all expressions is love."

"Love!" she exclaimed, with sharp scorn.

"Yes. Love. Even although you fail to see it. But because it must be there! For there is no logical possibility that it should not be there. Convince yourself of that, my friend. You value reason. This is pure reason. But don't you know—I am sure of it—faith is something of a finer quality than reason? If you were clinging for life to the face of a precipice, and I, above, told you to reach up to me one of the hands with which you held on, you would do it, even though reason told you to hold on. You would have faith in me, in my goodness and wisdom. Try and have faith in the goodness and wisdom of that higher power." And the minister went out without giving her a chance of replying.

The minister's manner had been so gentle, his smile so kindly, that she had none of the angry antagonisms she usually had when exhibiting her point of view. "I won't say any more," she thought, complacently as the fly on the wheel. "I wouldn't like to unsettle his mind. He takes such comfort the way he thinks. Why can't I take comfort in it?" she cried, angrily. "Dear knows I need it!" And then she turned to the letter she had been reading when the minister came in—a letter in which May Vance, her husband's cousin, had written to know if she might spend the next year with her. May could have a position in the new library that would enable her to pay a small board, sufficient to cover any additional expense; and she was quite alone in the world and strongly desirous to be with some one who belonged to her. "As if I hadn't enough before, without that!" moaned Mrs. Gibson. "Of course I can't refuse her, with all the spare room in the house, and she Captain Gibson's only relative. Of course she must come and revolutionize all my habits—and I a sick woman!" And, looking round the spacious room where the rugs and curtains of long ago, rich yet, even if faded, and the stately and ancient mahoganies made deep and pleasant shadow, where the old portraits, reflected in quaint mirrors, seemed to people it, and the yellow ivories and hammered silver and brass that Captain Gibson had brought back from the Orient gave a certain foreign interest, she felt a pang of parting with the personal sense of possession and quiet. "No," she said to herself; "if any one belonging to Captain Gibson wants a home here, why, here it is. I suppose it will seem pleasanter to her than it does to me. For my part, I'd like to fly away from it all, if I didn't know it was myself I want to fly away from, after all!"

And May Vance came; rosy, smiling, her face like a sunbeam, her laugh contagious, full of life and health and gladness. She started the garden herself; filled every jar in the house with wild-flowers, and with big green boughs when there were no flowers; could be heard singing the first thing in the morning; came from her work at noon like a delightful breeze blowing into the house; went to church on Sundays and to evening meeting on Wednesdays as naturally as she breathed; and took it for granted that Mrs. Gibson was as pleased to have her there as she was pleased to be there. "It is so good," she said once, "to be with your own people." Somehow it touched Mrs. Gibson to be thought of as any one's own people.

"You seem to be very content," she said.

"Yes, indeed," May answered. "How can I help it—in such a beautiful world!"

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Gibson. But she checked herself; if the girl were content, let her be content. It wouldn't last. It couldn't. It was all a delusion—dust and ashes, dust and ashes!

And yet it was a beautiful world that June day; every wind brought the breath of roses or of new-mown hay, soft films of snow-white cloud wandered over the velvety blue of the sky, and the sunshine was like golden ladders between heaven and earth. And at night, when evening bells rang over the water with a far-away sweet and subtle music as if ringing from some unknown land in the afterglow of the west, where a new moon melted in the light, and when the slow, faint stars came out in a powder of silver over the purple depths, it made May, at any rate, wonder how any one could live and breathe and not feel the divine in it all, and the presence and value of beauty in the supreme thought.

Mrs. Gibson could not have told you why it exasperated her to see the minister walk home with May from the prayer-meeting on these summer nights when, to them, at all events, the old planet swung very near the regions where time and space cease; it was such idleness, she reasoned, such a tempting of fate, such a self-deception, such a heaping up of trouble for young folk to imagine they were happy! May was very blushing and radiant in those days; the minister used to drop in for a cup of tea that May served on the veranda, and it did not need the perfume of the sweetbrier and honeysuckle there to make him drink it as if it were nectar; and although he praised the old china, yet all the time he was looking at May, who then was more blushing and radiant than ever; and May always strolled down the path with him, and they stood under the great tree-boughs through which, as they glanced up, the white flames of the stars seemed the very lamps of the golden city. It disappointed Mrs. Gibson, as she remarked to the empty room, that ministers should be nothing but men.

Mrs. Gibson was feeling very bad at that time; she suffered, and the medicaments to which she had returned seemed to be doing her no good. Yet the doctor had said that she was progressing properly, and with a little more courage and self-forgetfulness one day the nerve-force she was accumulating would show itself, and she would find that she was practically cured. She did not believe him, to be sure. Who could forget themselves in such trouble!

She presently found out who could. For May Vance came home one night with a flushed face and an aching head, and by the morning was in a high fever; and when the doctor went he sent a nurse, and for weeks life hung in the balance.

"Oh, I'm sorry to be so much trouble!" May sighed, in a lucid interval. "And I've so upset your house!"

"There's nothing to upset. And you're not a mite of trouble!" said Mrs. Gibson, bending over her. "You just get well, dear child. That's all I ask."

For suddenly Mrs. Gibson found that the months with this young girl had made an immense and happy difference in her life. Cheer and stir had come into the house with an atmosphere of peace and pleasure; she had looked for the home-coming at noon and night, had taken interest in the novel pursuits, had had her horizon enlarged, her point of view shaken ever so little, and her thoughts snatched away from herself. And if she were to return to the old brooding and loneliness—no, no! the whole world would be blacker than before! And when the minister came, she felt like imploring him to ask for May's life. And when the doctor said May would recover, Mrs. Gibson would have dropped prostrate with thanks before the unknown powers of the universe, if she had been sure to whom she should address those thanks.

She heard the ringing of the church bells with a new and indescribable sensation that day. She wished she did know to whom to give thanks; she wished she knew how to reach that far-off power or person. Those bells reminded her of a time when she used to go to meeting between her father and her mother with a rose in her little gown. There was a note in the tone of those bells that vibrated in her heart as if she were young again and glad.

She felt this more and more as May's wan smile changed to a gay laugh, and when she sat up, and when she came downstairs, although weak and white, and still forbidden outdoors.

The doctor had been congratulating himself on the faint bloom upon Mrs. Gibson's cheek one day. "It's the little cap May made for my birthday, and the reflection of the pink ribbons," she said. "I was trying it on when you came in."

"Trying it on me," said the doctor.

"You know, or you don't know, I've a birthday coming this week, and I've half a mind to make a little feast of it—anyway, so far as a good dinner goes, though goodness knows when I've done such a thing before! I haven't been in the way of being glad I was born. But—I don't know—somehow May makes me feel as if it were worth while to be here."

"A tonic, to be taken ad lib.," said the doctor.

"Yes; I'll have a nice little dinner—clam bouillon with whipped cream, roast duck, grape-fruit salad, floating island. Perhaps the minister'll come—"

"I wouldn't wonder."

"And then I'm about tired of toast and tea. Something else would relish, maybe."

"A good hearty dinner," said the doctor. "And it will make a man of you!"

May was nearly quite herself; and as she sat in Nora's spotless kitchen the next day, straining the cherry cordial made before she was ill, she sang softly half under her breath.

"My mother used to sing that hymn," said Mrs. Gibson, in the doorway. "I wonder what is the peculiar pleasure in singing hymns."

"Why," said May, "there is nothing quite so sweet and fine as music—except prayer, you know. And put prayer to music, and it sometimes seems to give you wings; and I don't know why, but those very wings seem to lift you over trouble, and to flutter when you are happy."

The bell was tolling through the twilight for the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, an hour or two later.

"Oh, I wish I could go to prayer-meeting!" said May, looking out of the window wistfully.

"The idea! Well, you can't," said Mrs. Gibson, authoritatively.

"You go for me," said May, caressingly, with sudden daring and persuasion.

"I!"

"Yes, dear, you. I should feel almost as if I were there."

Mrs. Gibson said to Nora that she hated to refuse Miss May anything.

"Sure, 'twould be a crying shame—the little white lamb she do be," said Nora.

But Mrs. Gibson hesitated. Why, she wasn't in the habit of going out evenings. Yet, as all her other habits were being reversed, she might, she might possibly, give up this point too. It was only a few steps. She was certainly feeling better. But then the night air—well, perhaps it wouldn't do her any harm. She had no earthly interest in prayer-meetings, to be sure, or unearthly either. But if it would really give May pleasure—and—and—what would the neighbors think? Well, she had not much cared, all her life, what the neighbors thought, or said, for the matter of that! She wouldn't begin now. To her own amazement, Mrs. Gibson went.

The minister happened to meet her at the door, and he took her in and seated her himself. She did not join in the prayers at first. Why should she? She had come only to please May. How could she? She had long lost the habit of praying. But she listened to the psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," and a new meaning struck her in the words "He restoreth my soul;" and she found herself rather intent as the minister read the chapter of Corinthians, rendering it, "The greatest of these is love." And then, as he turned back the leaves and read the thirty-eighth and following psalms, "Thy hand presseth me sore. . . . I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly. . . . I am fallen and sore broken. . . . Forsake me not, O Lord! O my God, be not far from me! O spare me, that I may recover strength! . . . I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me. Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God!" she found herself joining in the petition of it with a wild cry of her heart. "Make no tarrying, O my God!" she implored silently and with all her might. She remembered, as the singing presently stirred her, the time when she went to meeting in her young days; she felt as if her father were sitting beside her now; the tears welled into her eyes and fell over on her cheeks. And when the minister prayed for a humble and contrite spirit, and that a sense of the Divine Presence should go with them all, she herself was praying with him with an urgent and compelling force.

It was only a few words that the minister spoke, from the verse "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." But Mrs. Gibson felt with sudden conviction as if folds of darkness had fallen from her eyes, that "all these things" were of no consequence before something infinitely beyond them. She went out at last with a strange humility in her soul, conscious that reasoning was a foolishness, conscious that she was a child to be instructed, to be led, that she was a beggar imploring bounty. What was it the minister had once said about faith as finer than reason, faith itself as evidence? Yes, he had said love was the highest; but would that highest stoop to her, so far as to her—old, unlovely, rebellious? Yet what of that? she said swiftly; the soul is a thing of immortal youth!

It was a soft, close night, with an unusual balm and fragrance of fallen leaves in the air. She paused a moment inside her gate, and looked up at the dark sky where the stars were flung out in a gauzy banner of subdued luster. As she went on, a light wind came and blew through the mist, and as she glanced up across the bare branches of the elm the great evening star flared out at her like the face of a shining spirit; and to her excited emotion the deeps of heaven appeared to open, and something—was it a comforting hand laid upon her, was it that Divine Presence come to her?—something, something, was making her aware of love and power and protection, as if it upbuoyed her over all the gulfs, in a way she had never known, had never dreamed. She fell upon her knees there in the path, hidden in the dark. "Lord, I know thee! Lord, I thank thee!" she cried aloud.

Mrs. Gibson's face wore an unused serenity when she went in. "It does you good to see people," she said to May. "I think I shall go to prayer-meeting always now. I have been shutting myself into the dark, and all the time heaven was so near!"

May ran and put her arms round her neck. "There are different regions of heaven," she said, hiding her face. "I have been in one heaven ever since I began to get well. For—the—the Minister—I—the Minister."

"May!" cried Mrs. Gibson in alarm. "You're not in earnest! Oh, what does this mean! You're not going to leave me now for all the ministers in creation!"

"No," said May, drawing back, laughing and blushing. "Only for one of them."

"You sha'n't!" cried Mrs. Gibson then, after she had poked the sea-coal fire a minute and sent a rosy blaze dancing through the room. "You never shall in the world! This house is big enough for ten. You shall live here with me. I will keep to my own quarters, and you shall fit up the other rooms for yourselves in any way you please, and I won't bother you a bit, or ever argue any more with him. I'm feeling as if I had been cured, whether it's by medicine or by miracle—the way the doctor said I would be. And I'll have a share in the goings and comings, and in the life and love!" she cried, rapturously. "Oh, he setteth the solitary in families. I wonder if all this happiness is what was meant by 'these things shall be added unto you'? Child, what a blessing you are! What thing will you be the means of my doing next? You never will know anything about what you have done for me already, because I can't talk about it. But if I get into heaven at last, it will be by holding on the skirts of your garments. Do you suppose the minister will come to dinner to-morrow if I send round and ask him? I've something to say to him. It's my birthday, you know. Not just my birthday on this beautiful planet, but the birthday of my soul into everlasting life!"

* * *

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Elementary Catechism (An). By Rev. W. E. Barton, D.D. The Advance Publishing Co., Chicago. Paper bound, 5c.

Dr. Barton's versatile pen has added to his work on the Psalms and his story of "The Prairie Schooner" a work of considerable originality and merit in this Catechism. Judicious teachers will find it suggestive at many points, though they may incline to skip or modify some statements. Its interest in reality is marked at the beginning, and its evangelicalism is of the broadest type. Its adaptability to children may be open to doubt at some points, but not in the main.

Fryeburg Webster Centennial. Published by A. F. Lewis, Fryeburg, Me. 5½×9 in. 81 pages. Paper bound, 50c.

Five months after graduating from college Daniel Webster spent part of a year as preceptor of the Academy at Fryeburg, Me. The centennial of this event was modestly celebrated at Fryeburg on the first of January, this year. The record of this occasion is published in a pamphlet containing a biographical sketch, appreciative rather than critical, other brief addresses, letters, now first published, from Washington, Jefferson, and Adams (two of these being addressed to Webster's successor in the preceptorship), and facts of interest regarding Webster and the Academy.

Giant's Gate (The). By Max Pemberton. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 393 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Pemberton has the bold idea here of taking for his plot a well-known episode in recent French history—that of the preposterous attempt at revolution which ended abruptly with the personal attack on President Loubet at the Longchamps races. The hero of this book is a young French General, the idol of the people, whose friends attempt to take advantage of the Dreyfus excitement to make him Dictator. Closely connected with this plot is the story of a newly invented submarine boat, in which General Davignon crosses the Channel. The author's title is intended to indicate the way in which France may advance by means of such boats to the conquest of England. We cannot say that Mr. Pemberton has succeeded in making his imaginary history seem very real; and the story is in many ways clumsily put together, and sometimes overwritten.

Mediæval Rome: From Hildebrand to Clement VIII. 1073-1600. By William Miller, M.A. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

It is interesting to compare this book with the volume recently published in the Mediæval Towns Series by Mr. N. Young. The latter book is less systematic and more discursive, but perhaps to the ordinary reader a little more entertaining than the present volume. It must be added, however, that Mr. Miller has shown great ability in throwing into a well-proportioned and clear narrative the immensely complicated facts which make up the history of Rome in the Middle Ages. Taken all in all, the book is worthy to form one of a series which, in the main, have been as admirable in their execution as in their plan and purpose. The illustrations of the present volume, though not particularly original or striking, are sufficient to bring back to the mind many important features of Mediæval Rome. The book covers the period from Hildebrand to Clement VIII.

Methods of Lady Walderhurst (The). By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. $1.25.

We believe that in England this book is combined in one volume with the pleasant story known here as "The Making of a Marchioness." Mrs. Burnett's "Lady Emily" is such an amiable and altogether lovable personage that one dislikes to find her involved even as the all-but-victim in such cheap, melodramatic attempt at villainous murder as constitutes the main plot in this story. Here, as in several of Mrs. Burnett's books, we find that one character—in this case Lady Emily—is so thoroughly imagined and well drawn that the reader's admiration is almost unqualified, while other parts of the book are of a decidedly lower literary grade.

Oxford Studies. By John Richard Green. Edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss K. Norgate. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 302 pages. $1.50.

This volume is a foot-note to Mr. Green's longer histories, dealing as it does with one of the most representative English institutions—a university which, in its development, has registered every stage of the unfolding of English life. His purpose in the preparation of this volume, which first appeared in the form of essays, was to prove that the University of Oxford had "killed the city of Oxford, and that the Church pretty nearly killed the University." This was a humorous statement of one aspect of Oxford history. What Mr. Green did, as a matter of fact, was to tell the story of Oxford, with which, both as a native and as a university man, he was intimately acquainted, and in which he was almost passionately interested. In the initial chapter on "The Early History of Oxford" he tells the story of the rise of the city and its gradual absorption by the University, which grew with it and grew beyond it, so that the town presently existed for the sake of the University—a fact which Mr. Green had in mind when he declared that the University had killed the city. The longest chapter in the book, "Oxford during the Eighteenth Century," is a characteristically clear and interesting study of the life of a critical period in the history of the University and of England. Mr. Green is both accurate and vivid in style, and makes his readers understand the wide difference between the life of the eighteenth century and the life of the nineteenth century, emphasizing what he regards as the utter worldliness of the earlier period. This volume is marked by the characteristic eloquence of Mr. Green's style, an eloquence which has its rise in the direct play of his imagination upon his thought, which sacrifices neither accuracy nor exactness, but which vivifies the narrative without in the least diminishing its historical integrity.

Pen and Ink: Papers on Subjects of More or Less Importance. By Brander Matthews. (Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 277 pages. $1.25, net.

The third edition of a characteristically entertaining book by a very accomplished essayist who knows many things at first hand, who has a light touch and marked definiteness as a literary workman. This edition is revised and enlarged.

Selections from Irving's Sketch-Book. Prepared and Edited by Claude Towne Benjamin, A.B. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 192 pages. 50c.

Semper Fidelis: A Group of Lenten Meditations. By Rev. Edwin Heyl Delk. Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. 40 pages. 10c.

Through Science to Faith. By Newman Smyth. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 282 pages. $1.50, net.

As a guest in scientific laboratories, and an admirer of the researches therein conducted, Dr. Smyth accepts the results of such researches, to interpret their relation to the larger realm of thought and life. As a student of life in its higher as well as lower realms he studies the infra-human world with the justifiable prepossession that it is only from the higher that a satisfying account of the ultimate reality of life can come. Fully accepting all that science has made good in fact by the concurrent as separate from the conflicting testimonies of her hierophants, he stands for the continuity of the whole evolutionary process without any real break. He admits no real dualism between persons and things. "If personality is found existing . . . it must have come there in a natural way." "Natural evolution has been more spiritually-minded than we had thought." From point to point the increasing evidences of mind, or spirit, at the heart of nature are followed to the conviction that, while it misses the truth to identify personality with anything below it, "we shall also miss the truth if we fail to take up the whole process of nature before it into the idea of personal life and its fullness." The basic principles of life are next pointed out. Its regenerative vigor, its setting free of spiritual energy as the evolution advances, its law of diminishing sacrifice and increasing service, especially its habit of perfecting its work from stage to stage, are shown in their bearing on the problem for the future involved in man's present spiritual incompleteness. "Biology leaves the onward way of the soul clear." Embryology has shown the dependence of personality on the material world reduced in its origin to microscopic minuteness. "If the adoptive and constructive will to live is in man the last and highest result of evolution, so far then its continuance and self-maintenance in other and perhaps better conditions . . . would be rather the natural completion of the will to live which we should scientifically expect to see fulfilled." The entire argument is marked by cautious reserve as well as intellectual force. There are passages of beauty and some gleams of mild humor. A line of study is opened that younger preachers especially will find it profitable to follow. But when Dr. Smyth, in answer to "anxious theologians" asking, "How can evolution account for the fall?" answers, "Very naturally, and also very profoundly," he seems to have forgotten something. The sort of fall that evolution accounts for, as he explains, is not that which "anxious theologians" teach, viz., the fall of all mankind in and because of the sin of the first man. This no evolutionist cares to notice except with incredulity.

Valid Objections to So-Called Christian Science. By Rev. Andrew F. Underhill. Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 5×8½ in. 49 pages.

Wistons: A Story in Three Parts. By Miles Amber. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 346 pages. $1.50.

Like Leland's novel, "The Gypsies," on which Paderewski's opera, "Manru," is based, this story has for its motive the struggle between the domestic instinct and the instinct of the wanderer, the savage, the pagan. An Englishman of retiring nature and cultivated mind marries a Gypsy woman. It is about the tragic future of their two daughters, with their mingled strains of civilized and wild natures, that the story revolves. Though there are some keen psychological touches and some clever writing, especially in the amusing conversations of the children in the first part of the book, there is a tone of unreality throughout the whole narrative. There is no excuse for peopling most of the stage with creatures that are both repugnant and impossible; and to wind up the tale with four paragraphs in italics, setting forth in rhetorical style the moral, as the author has done, is to commit an offense as obvious and less pardonable, because more hysterical, than the offense of the painter who tags to his picture the legend, "This is a cow."

Wolfville Days. By Alfred Henry Lewis. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 311 pages.

The collection of stories entitled "Wolfville," by Mr. Lewis, has proved popular, and has led to the writing of this additional series of stories about the same imaginary town on the Southwestern border. Each tale is complete in itself, although there is a general connection. The stories are amusing, but one rather wearies of the immense amount of drinking, shooting, gambling, and lynching, which, according to the narrator of these stories, seem to make up the whole of the life of such a town.

Correspondence

The Excise Law

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In criticising the stand taken by the Parkhurst Society with regard to the Sunday-closing question in New York you claim that "when a law is enacted in one community to be enforced in another community," a wise statesmanship will be influenced in the degree and extent of its enforcement by a consideration of the sentiment of the community in which it is to be enforced. But is it a true description of an act of a State legislature (in which are to be found representatives from every portion of the State) to say that, as far as it affects a municipality, it is "a law enacted by one community to be enforced in another"? All law is more or less a pressure upon us from without, and the obligation to obey it has nothing to do with our opinion as to its wise or beneficial character. To give to every community within the State the veto power over legislation passed for the whole State—to permit all persons intrusted with its enforcement to govern their conduct, not in accordance with the terms of the law, but according as they think will be most popular with their constituents—would be simply local anarchy instead of local option or municipal autonomy. Just this very sort of local anarchy exists to an alarming state in our country to-day, and will certainly increase if time-serving officials are enabled to find encouragement for their law interpretation of their oaths of office by the example of the Mayor of New York. There are a great many communities where the majority of the voters would be glad to see many State laws repealed, but where, nevertheless, a determined official may easily enforce those laws. The principle laid down by The Outlook would make it a piece of statesmanship to quietly cease endeavoring to enforce the revenue laws against the moonshiners of Kentucky and elsewhere, and the tariff law against returning American tourists, for in both cases the sentiment is almost unanimously hostile to the law. Obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law involved the decision of the question whether a citizen is morally bound to obey a law which he believes to be actually immoral, passed in support of an inhuman institution, and not for the benefit of the whole country but in the interests of a class. That is not the question here, which is simply whether a public official is justified in refusing to even *attempt* to enforce a law by the fact that a great many people whose votes would be useful to his party do not believe in the law. F. C. HARTSHORNE.

Kittanning, Pa.

The Philippine Problem

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your editorial on "The Philippine Problem" in the issue on February 1, you say (page 263) that the capacity in a community for self-government "may be developed by centuries in the hard school of experience;" and you instance, in illustration, the development of Anglo-Saxon capacity for self-government by the revolutions and civil wars under the Norman, Tudor, and Stuart kings. "But," you say, "it may also be developed in one community under the tutelage of another community in incredibly less time and with incredibly less tragic experiences."

This second proposition is so attractive that you only need convince lovers of humanity of its truth to win for it universal acceptance. Did you, when you wrote, have in mind illustration of it—either a single instance or a number sufficient to prove the case—as apt as your illustration of the first method of developing self-governing capacity? If so, it was hardly just to your readers to withhold it from them, for such illustration is what many of them have vainly sought. Surely you do not find it in Ireland, with its decimated and impoverished population under English rule; surely not in India, with the increased intensity and threefold multiplication of its famines since it learned the blessings of British tutelage. Or, if it is only a "hope" which you share with President Roosevelt, what is there in our own country's dealing with the native races here to justify and sustain that hope? Hope, I take it, is something more than wish; it contains an element of expectation resting upon reasonable ground. But, to keep to the original question, have you the historical illustrations of self-governing capacity developed under tutelage in incredibly less time and with incredibly less tragic experiences than in the hard school in the old way? If you have, will you not give them to your readers? If you are without them, have you not fallen into the error which you have so often condemned in the columns of The Outlook, of advocating a course of action in disregard of the teachings of experience? JOHN E. JENKINS.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.

[If nothing is ever to be attempted which has never before been accomplished, there is an end to all human progress. Nations have attempted before to govern other nations, but no nation ever before attempted what, by the Philippine Commission in the Philippines and by the United States Governors in Cuba and Porto Rico, America is attempting to teach another nation—the art of self-government.—THE EDITORS.]

The Garden of Eden

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A friendly correspondent informs me that a rumor is in circulation in some parts of the country that I no longer hold to the view relative to the cradle of the human race set forth in 1885 in the work entitled "Paradise Found." To correct the rumor I desire to say that the progress of historical and archæological research since the date mentioned has only confirmed me year by year in the belief already published. In this connection it is of interest to note that Professor Herman Gunkel, of Berlin University, in his new Commentary on the Book of Genesis, accepts and defends the view that, according to the most ancient Hebrew tradition and belief, the Garden of Eden was situated at the North Pole. His Commentary is one of an important series in preparation by the most eminent of Old Testament scholars of Germany, under the editorship of Professor Nowack, of Strasburg. Though published only a year ago, a part of it has already been translated into English and published in Chicago.

WILLIAM F. WARREN.

Boston University, President's Office.

The Boers in Bermuda

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Owing to some slight misunderstanding, some gifts for the Boer prisoners of war on Hawkins Island (one of the Bermudas) were returned to the Relief Committee in Bermuda. This has given rise to the report that gifts will not be allowed to enter the prison camps. So far as we know, this is not true. A letter from one of the Relief Committee, under date of February 9, since the incident alluded to, says: "We are now allowed to go on sending all gifts, but must notify the English before they are sent, so that they can have a place prepared to put them." The need of clothing is much less than it was, and the Committee now keep it in hand ready to use when required. We are still sending food and money from our office. M. C. WHITMAN,

Secretary Lend a Hand Society.

1 Beacon Street, Boston.

Book-Making

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Do you favor the method of publishing books with the *edges uncut*, as seems to be a "fad" (or style) these days? If so, why? I enjoyed reading "The Making of an American" as it appeared in The Outlook a short time ago, and now it is out in book form (The Macmillan Company), and, like many other books by various publishing houses, has the edges uncut. It is an admirable book every other way, as many books are; but why not *finish* a book before putting it on the market? The "fad" of publishing books with rough, uneven, or uncut edges is about as good taste as to shave only one side of the face, or wash one part of a garment or dinner-plate.

Good books are worth keeping, and such as "The Making of an American," by Jacob A. Riis, or "Up from Slavery," by Booker T. Washington, will be good for any young man to read fifty or one hundred years hence; but why not *finish* any book?—at least let them have evenly cut edges before they go on the market or on any library shelf. Books with rough, uneven edges catch more dust and are harder to keep from dust when not evenly cut. Books are not so convenient in turning from page to page when leaves are uneven or roughly cut, and I know of no civilized reasons why a good book should not be finished by those who can and whose duty it is to finish it before putting it on the stand.

A painting, a house, an engine, is more desirable when complete and more serviceable; and while we like a book for the contents, we also like our tea from a smooth-edged cup. Give us books with edges *evenly cut*, for "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." R. L. D.

[We think there is some reasonable ground for your complaint against the uncut pages of books; but they are not the result merely of a fad or style on the part of publishers. It was formerly the common practice in England, and is still to some extent, to issue books of any permanent value in a temporary binding which could be removed and the books bound to suit the wants and the library of the individual purchaser. Rebinding necessitates some trimming down of the margins, and therefore the leaves were left uncut in order to give the purchaser as wide a margin as possible. Our own belief is that there are still many instances in which an untrimmed book is desirable; but we think the practice is over-indulged in by most publishers.—The Editors.]

Folk-Lore at Hampton

Among the many evidences that Hampton Institute is keenly alive to the demands of the times is the existence of the Hampton Folk-Lore Society, organized some eight years ago with the purpose of studying the folk-lore and ethnology of the negro race in this country. This society is doing its work quietly and unostentatiously, and at the same time much is being accomplished along this line by the attention given at Hampton Institute to the singing of plantation melodies. These songs, or "spirituals," as they are appropriately called, in view of their decidedly religious tone, are the embodiment of the history of the negroes in this country. Unwritten as they were, they were sung from one generation to another, and were preserved in the memories of a people who could neither read nor write until they were made permanent in the song-books of such institutions as Tuskegee and Hampton. One who has heard the songs sung only by quartets or comparatively small choruses passes through a thrilling experience in listening for the first time to that great chorus of seven hundred young voices in the Hampton chapel rolling out these songs of faith and trust.

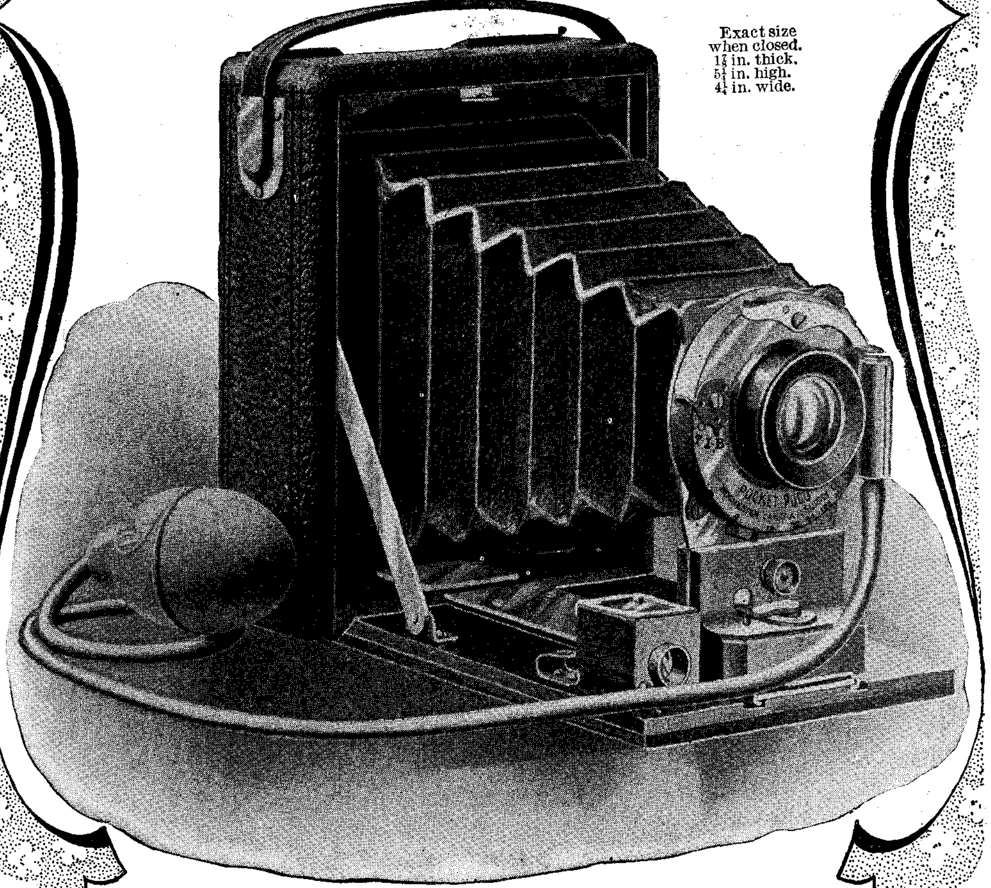
The impression does not lose in suggestiveness by the proportion of Indian boys and girls, perhaps one-fifth of the whole number, who join in the singing. Sitting at twilight in the beautiful Armstrong Memorial Church and listening to the choir singing the battle hymn of General Armstrong's colored troops with its frequent refrain—

For they look like men, they look like men,
They look like men of war—
All armed and dressed in uniform,
They look like men of war,

one has visions of the noble army of soldiers, black and white, who died that these young people now singing the songs of slavery need not wait to "go home, to go home to my God and be free," as one of the songs has it, but be given their freedom and the education incident to it in this life. The colored people express themselves easily in song, not only when giving vent to their religious feeling, but at work or play. Even now the negroes at work in bands on the railroad or highway sing as they work, keeping time with pick or shovel to the rhythm of the song, and some of the old-fashioned game-songs are full of their natural and childlike humor.

Although the history of the Indians is different and they have no common bond of slavery to unite them, everything that will dignify in their eyes the history and tradition of their people, and even that which helps to preserve their old-time customs and games, is encouraged at Hampton.

Just at present a company of ninety of the Hampton students of both races is preparing a Folk-Lore Concert to be given in New York on the 7th of March. They enter heartily into the study of the old-time songs, and the authorities feel that such an entertainment, setting forth in song and action the bygone customs and experiences of their peoples, must be an important factor in educating the participators to an appreciation of and reverence for all that is fine and noble in their histories. * *



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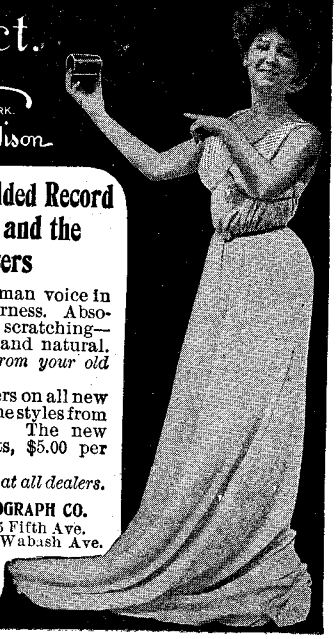

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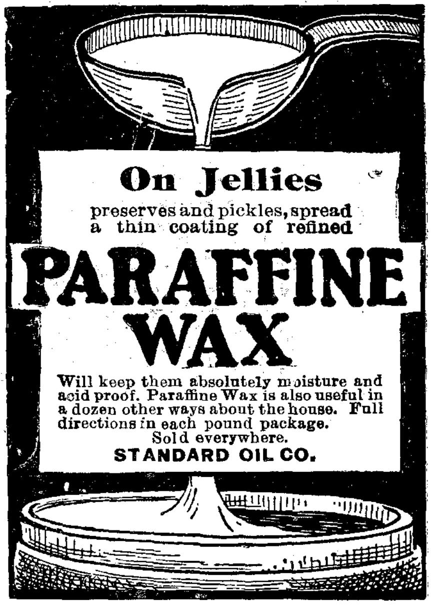

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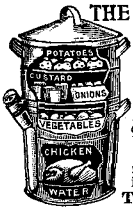

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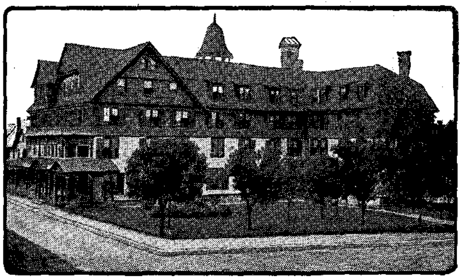

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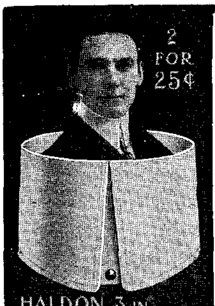

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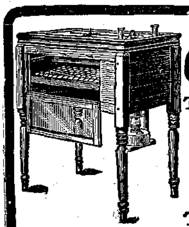

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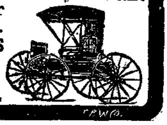

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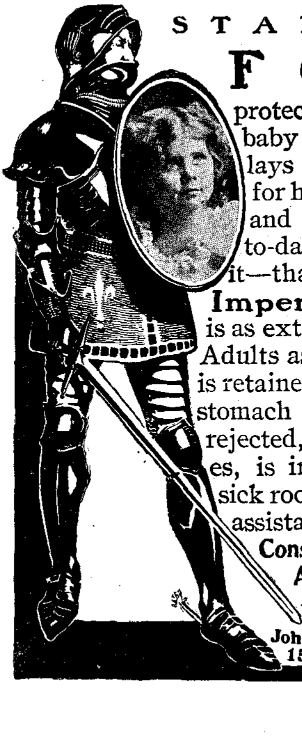

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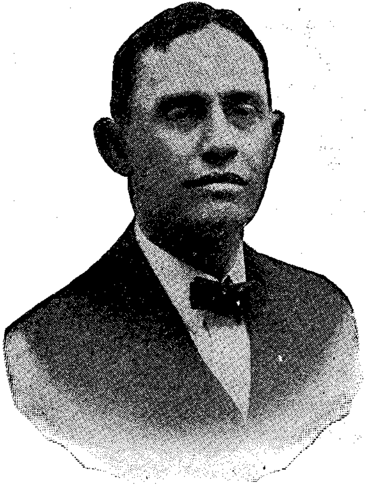

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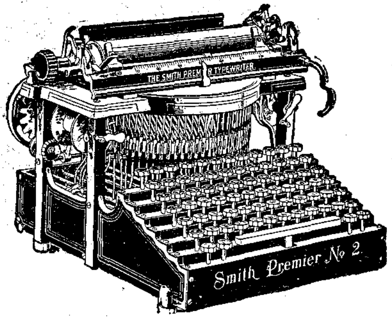

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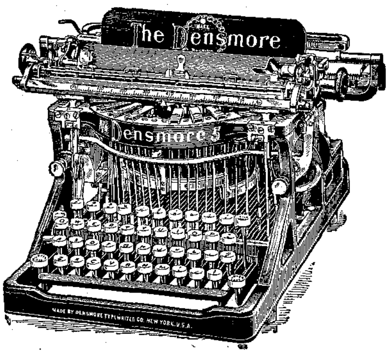

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